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THE NEW YORKER

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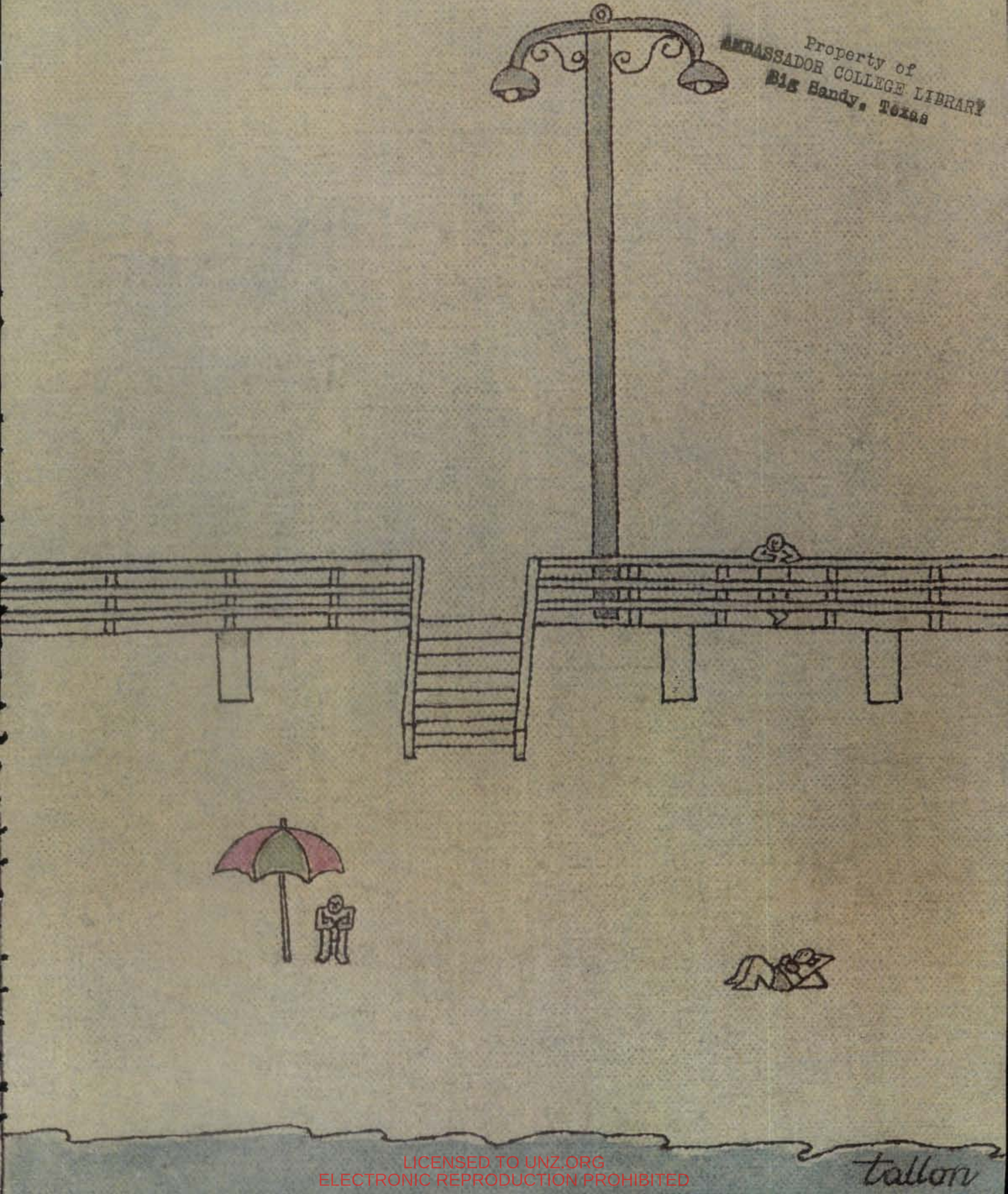

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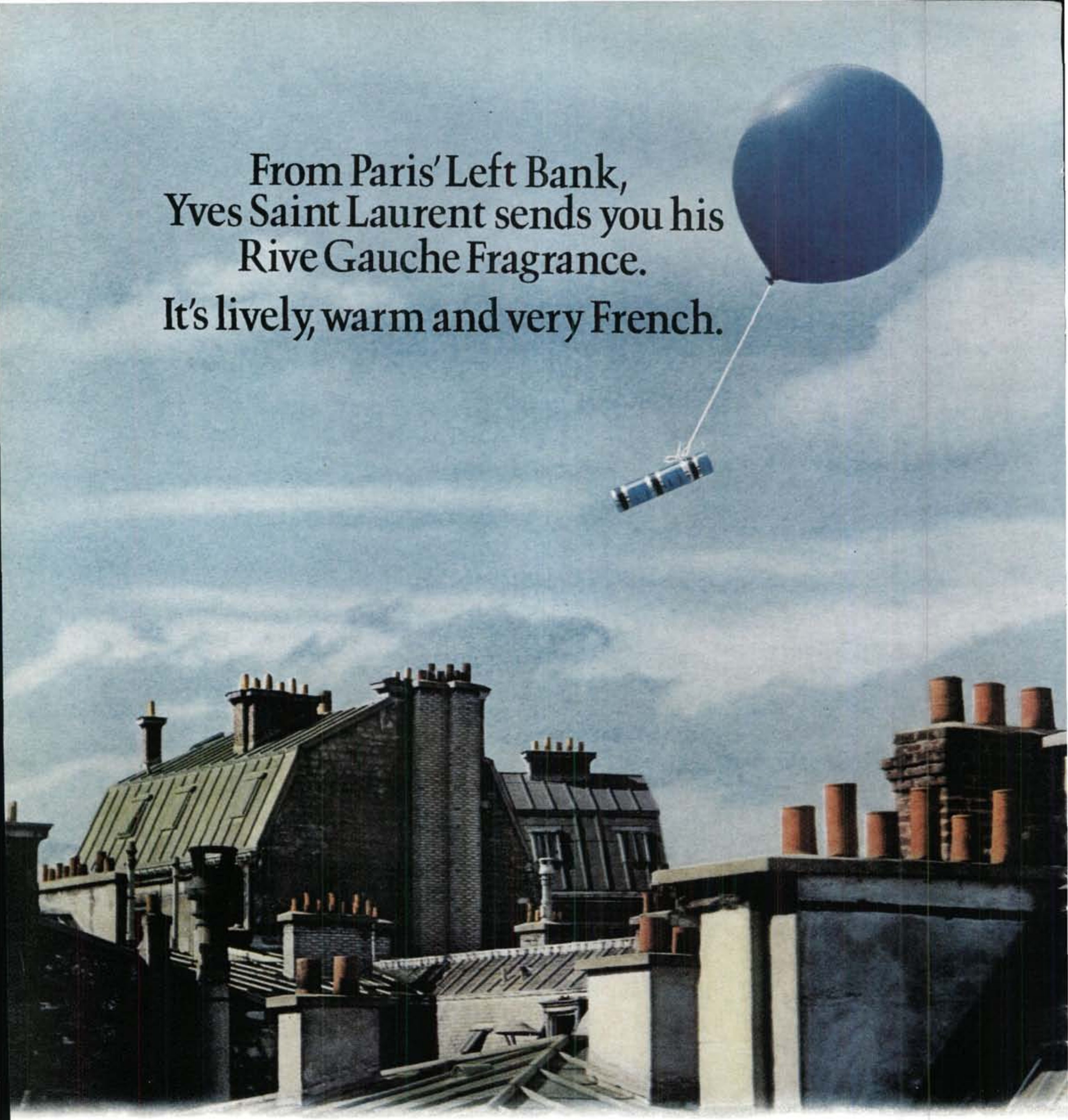
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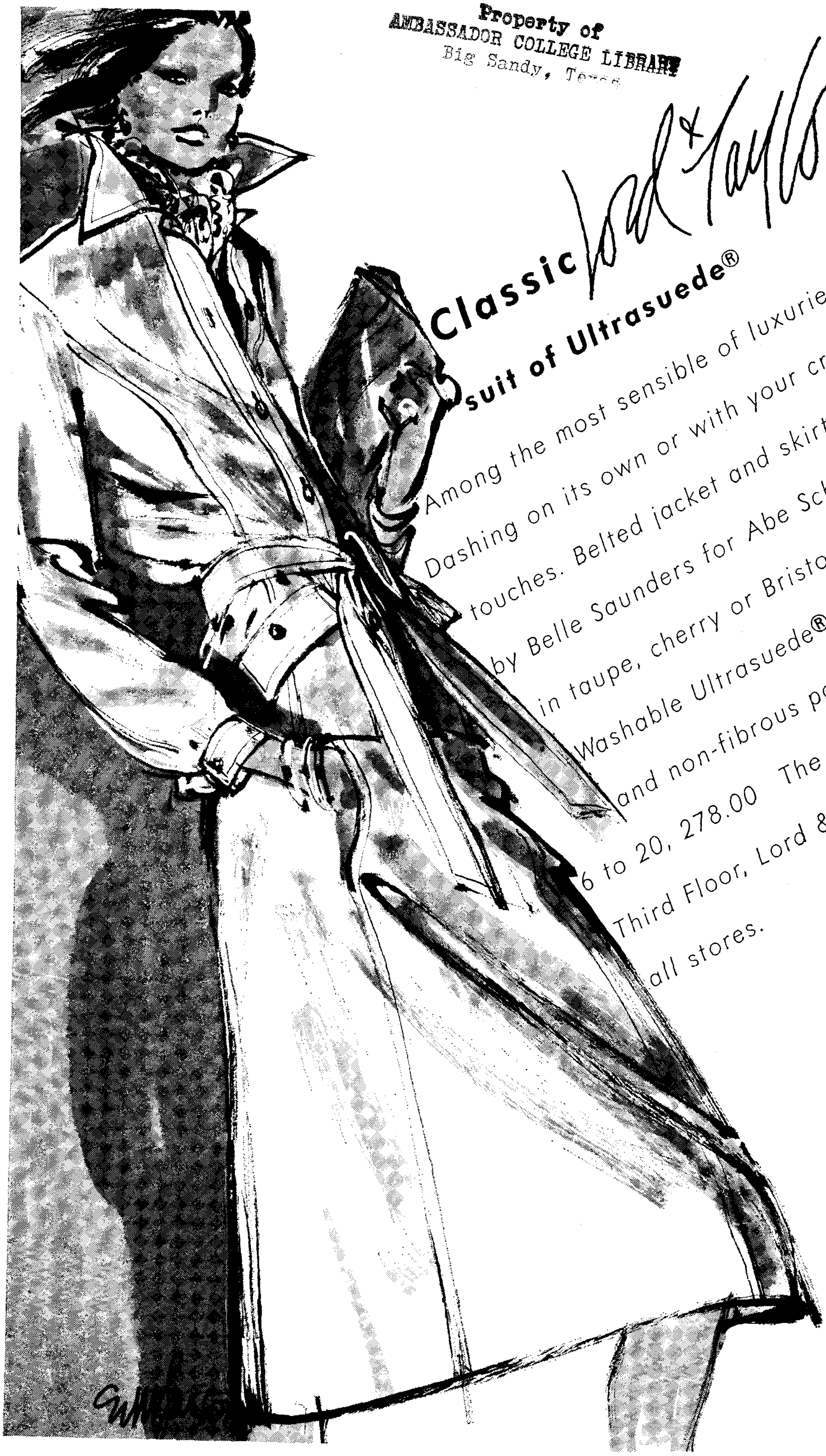

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 12.)

Checking Out—A play by Allen Swift in which Mr. Swift and Joan Copeland will appear. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews Thursday through Monday, Sept. 9-13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 14. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Moves uptown for a Broadway opening on Wednesday, Sept. 15; previews Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 10-14. Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

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Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—Boy meets boy: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LII, No. 30, September 13, 1976. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1976 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $24.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Douglas Campbell, Keith McDermott, and Marian Seldes. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,817 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.).... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Moves on Wednesday, Sept. 15, to the Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St., 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. Reopens Saturday, Sept. 11. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES—Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Morgans, Andalusians, saddlebreds, thoroughbreds, palominos, and Arabians. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2:30.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Nearly a hundred years ago, this building housed the offices of the Jennings Lace Works, which was the first concern to import Chantilly, Alençon, and Breton lace into this country. Today, most of the building is divided up into studios and residences for artists, musicians, and dancers. The only commercial space is Ali's Alley, on the ground floor, a former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious, bar and soul-food night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus **RASHIED ALI.** On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, bassist Hakim Jami heads up a combo; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 10-12, **ALI** will work with tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, bassist Jyme Merritt, and pianist Eddie Green; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 14-16, violinist Billy Bang leads his group, Survival; and on Friday, Sept. 17, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will arrive with his quintet. Music from about ten.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** is in charge of a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 11. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 13-14, tenor saxophonist **PAUL JEFFREY** will be at the helm of a vigorous, rousing octet that features practically every one of its members in first-rate solo spots. The charts are good, too—especially Coltrane's "Some Other Blues" and Jimmy Heath's "Gingerbread Boy." On Wednesday, Sept. 15, saxophonist George Adams will return with his quartet. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The great and altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** is here Wednesday, Sept. 8. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, Jamaican folksinger Joan Armatrading will swap sets with former Village fixture Richie Havens. Popular singer Jane Olivor will be present Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 13-15. Beginning Thursday, Sept. 16, the lively gospel group the Staple Singers will appear opposite the Meters, an R. & B.-disco quintet from New Orleans. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Hugh Lawson, the new Sunday-night pianist, holds forth all week, too, until Sunday, Sept. 12. On Monday, Sept. 13, **JIMMY ROWLES** will take over the weeknight duties. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL,** an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans, ends his relief work for Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar on Saturday, Sept. 11. On Monday, Sept. 13, **MARIAN McPARTLAND** returns. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing (in fact, there's usually none at all), no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11, one of the more successful of the regular bands, the Ramones, will plug in. Their tunes are short, loud, simple in melody and lyric, and frequently indistinguishable from each other. Their appearance is teen-age punk—T-shirts, jeans, dirty sneakers, leather jackets, and shades. The band's four members, who have all taken Ramone as their stage name, are in their mid-twenties and come from Forest Hills. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs on Wednesday, Sept. 8 (her last night here), with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a Kansas City legend and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, will step in with her bassist on Thursday, Sept. 9. Sundays are claimed by pianist **DICK HYMAN,** a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, who plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Sept. 12, pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** and his quintet will perform from eight. Dinner.

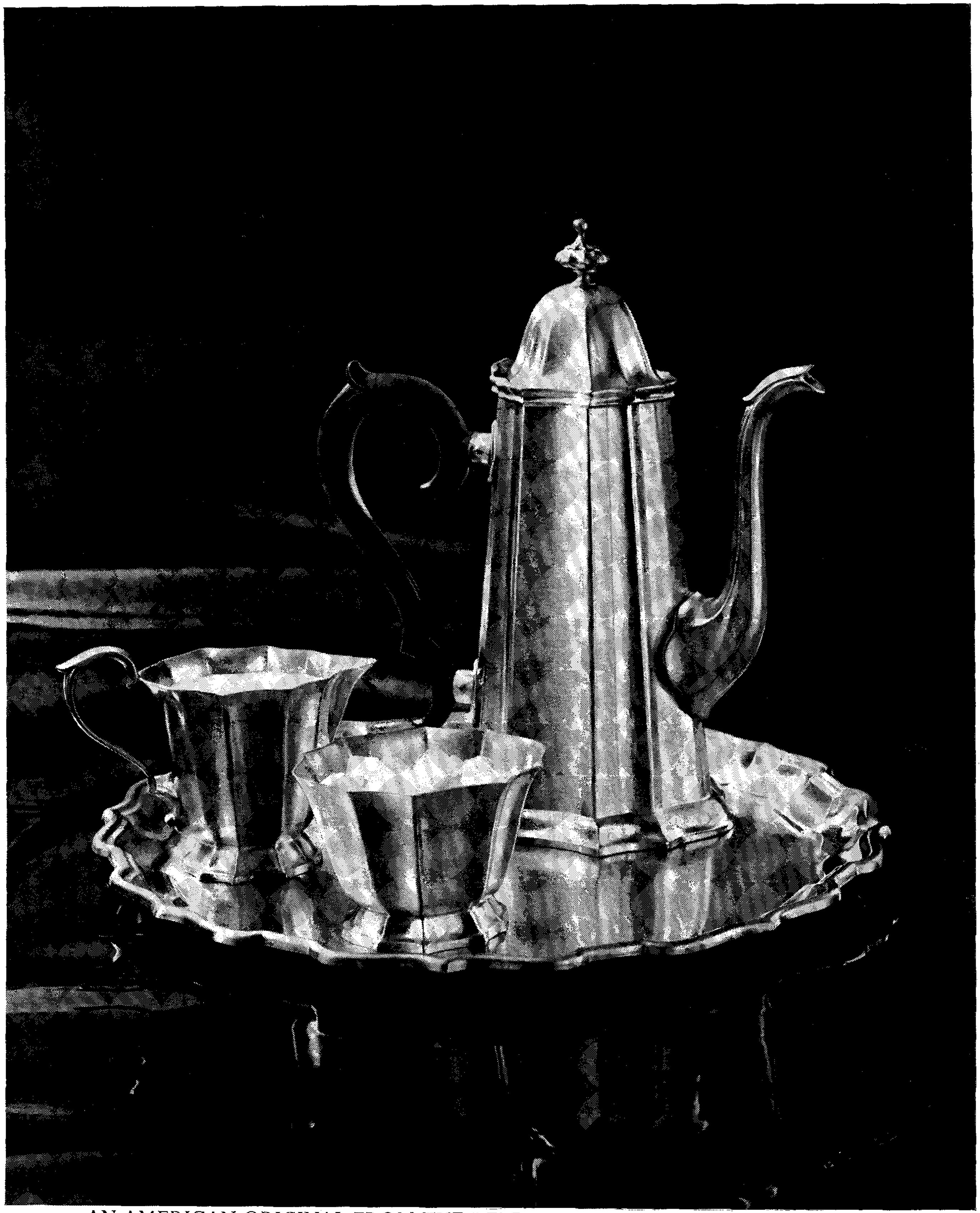
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays accommodate vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist **JACK SIX.** Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Six will be back again from five to nine on Sunday, Sept. 12, but this time they'll work with guitarist George Davis. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, **BARBARA CARROLL,** a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, is heading up a trio. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While Roy Eldridge is away, Max Kaminsky will fill his shoes by directing the regular sextet until Monday, Sept. 13; then, on Tuesday, Sept. 14, **JIMMY McPARTLAND** will take command. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A quartet comprising tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, pianist Ray Bryant, and drummer Cliff Leeman performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side



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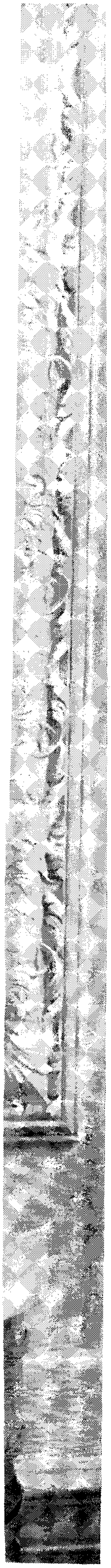

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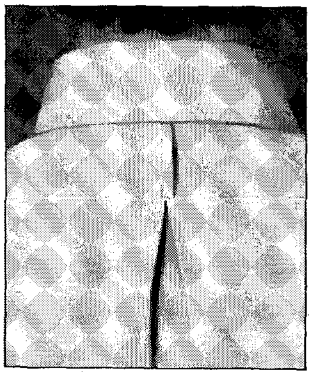
Contemporary new silhouette and tapered sleeve for a clean new look.



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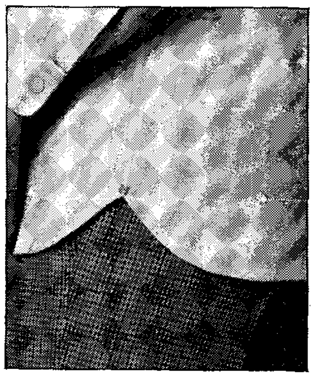
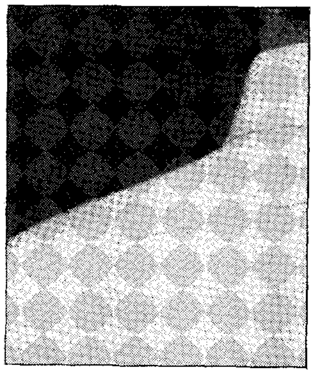
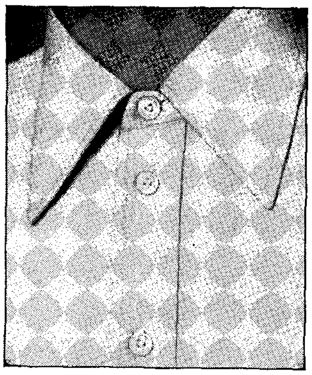


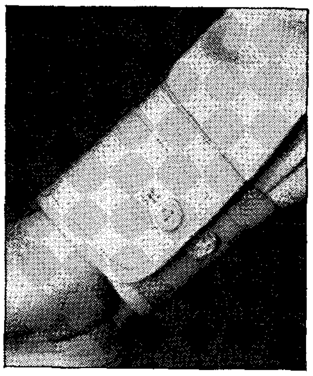
Rounded square shirt tails tuck in neatly.



Tailored yoke for a smoother shoulder line.



Higher button placement prevents gapping, looks neater without a tie.



Extra button to insure proper cuff fit.

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jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—NRBQ—New Rhythm and Blues Quintet, that is—is sequestered here through Sunday, Sept. 12. On Wednesday, Sept. 15, the **DEADLY NIGHTSHADE,** a fine, heavily amplified trio—acclaimed by feminists, college students, and good ole boys alike—will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Hattie Winston is the main singer through Sunday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday, Sept. 14, actress Geraldine Fitzgerald will begin doing Brechtian street songs, English and Irish music-hall numbers, and "Danny Boy." Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to *sit in.* The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups pass through this pleasant, unassuming upper West Side bar: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays saxophonist Eddie Daniels leads a robust quartet; on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, **LEE KONITZ** will bring in his group; pianist Steve Elmer's trio will work on Friday, Sept. 10; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **RON CARTER** are slated to perform with a drummer. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has come up with a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. Mondays and Tuesdays, bassist Frank Tusa works with Badal Roy, a tabla virtuoso, and a third musician. Pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio performs Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 8-12. On Wednesday, Sept. 15, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** bassist **JACK SIX,** and guitarist Harry Leahy will come in for four nights. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet, performs mostly original songs and a couple of Bessie Smith blues at this small, inoffensive cabaret Wednesdays through Saturdays. The group, which usually plays a south Boston bar, is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck, and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old incarnation of Sophie Tucker. When she sings "T'ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do," Miss Williams seems as uninhibited as Bessie Smith herself; on other numbers she wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. She and Zamcheck's competent, deadpan co-workers—saxophonist David Stringham, bassist Bobo Lavorgna, and drummer Tom Macdonald, who likes to wear a conductor's cap from the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad—bring life and humor to the New York cabaret scene. Comedian David Misch, who also comes from Boston, opens for them with a compact, witty act; his routines include a parody of a local newscast, a bit he calls the Dylan Bathroom Tapes, and a pitch for Cat-on-the-Back Disease. Shows at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

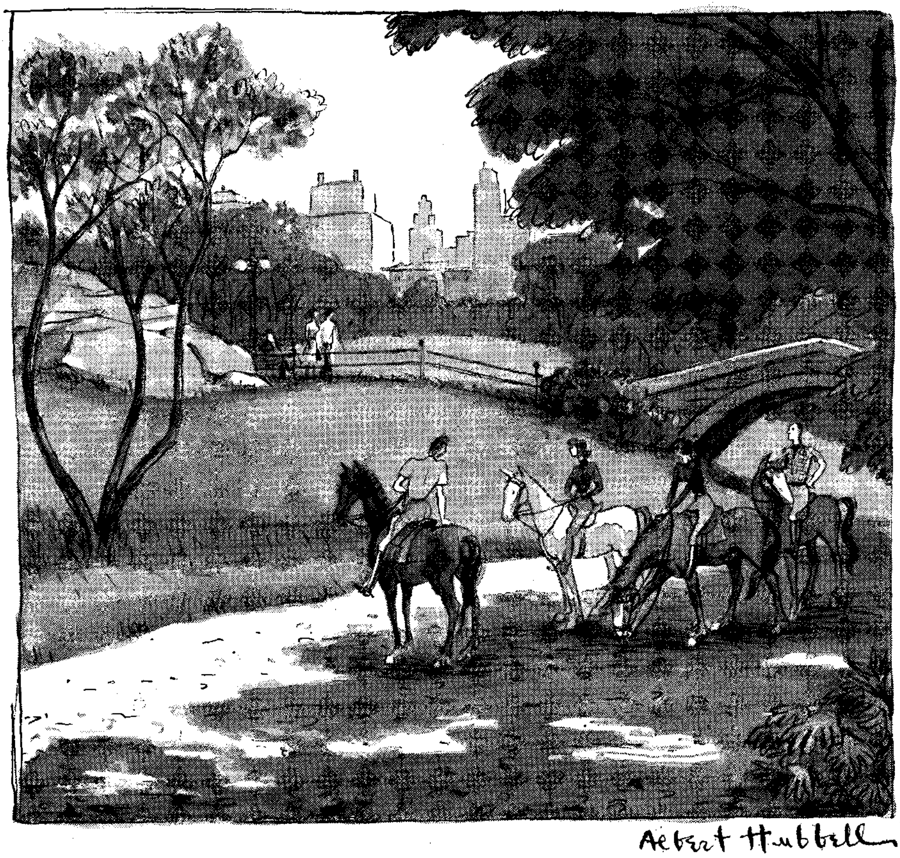
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and jazz trumpeters. **FREDDIE HUBBARD** is on hand with his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday, Sept. 14, Hugh Masekela will arrive with his ten-piece African-jazz band. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** leads a fiery quintet that features the guitar work of **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** through Sunday, Sept. 12. On Monday, Sept. 13, and through the rest of that week, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his fifteen-or-so-piece aggregation will be found on the stand. Evans, who looks more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-three-year-old jazz patriarch that he is, leads one of the very few successfully up-to-date big bands. The instrumentation is pure Evans—tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizers—and he has surrounded himself with some of the best young soloists on the scene. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quartet made up of drummer Shelton Gary, pianist Ram Ramirez, and **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties). On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience, is here at the helm of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are session times for Paul Quinichette, Earle Warren, Franklin Skeete, Jim Roberts, and Ronnie Cole. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A jazz club on a street known lately for its shoe stores, book-and-record stores, and fast food. Ron Roullier is in charge of the Tuesday-night seventeen-piece big band. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** fronts a quartet Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11; on Wednesday, Sept. 15, saxophonist Richie Perri and his quartet will move onto the bandstand. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty; Tuesdays from ten-thirty. Dinner.



Albert Hubbell

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jerry Ames Tap Dance Company—Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3.

Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, and **the Aparcoa**—A benefit concert. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

Debbie Reynolds—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 14. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, Sept. 16, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

The Band and **Chris Hillman**—Palladium, formerly Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

The Jazz Trumpet—An exhibit of photographs, musical instruments, art work, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Optional contribution for admission.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Anna Bak—Painted ceramic still-lifes mounted on bases. Through Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Peter Berg—This New York artist has built, from Sheetrock over a plywood frame, a large-scale environmental piece that the view-

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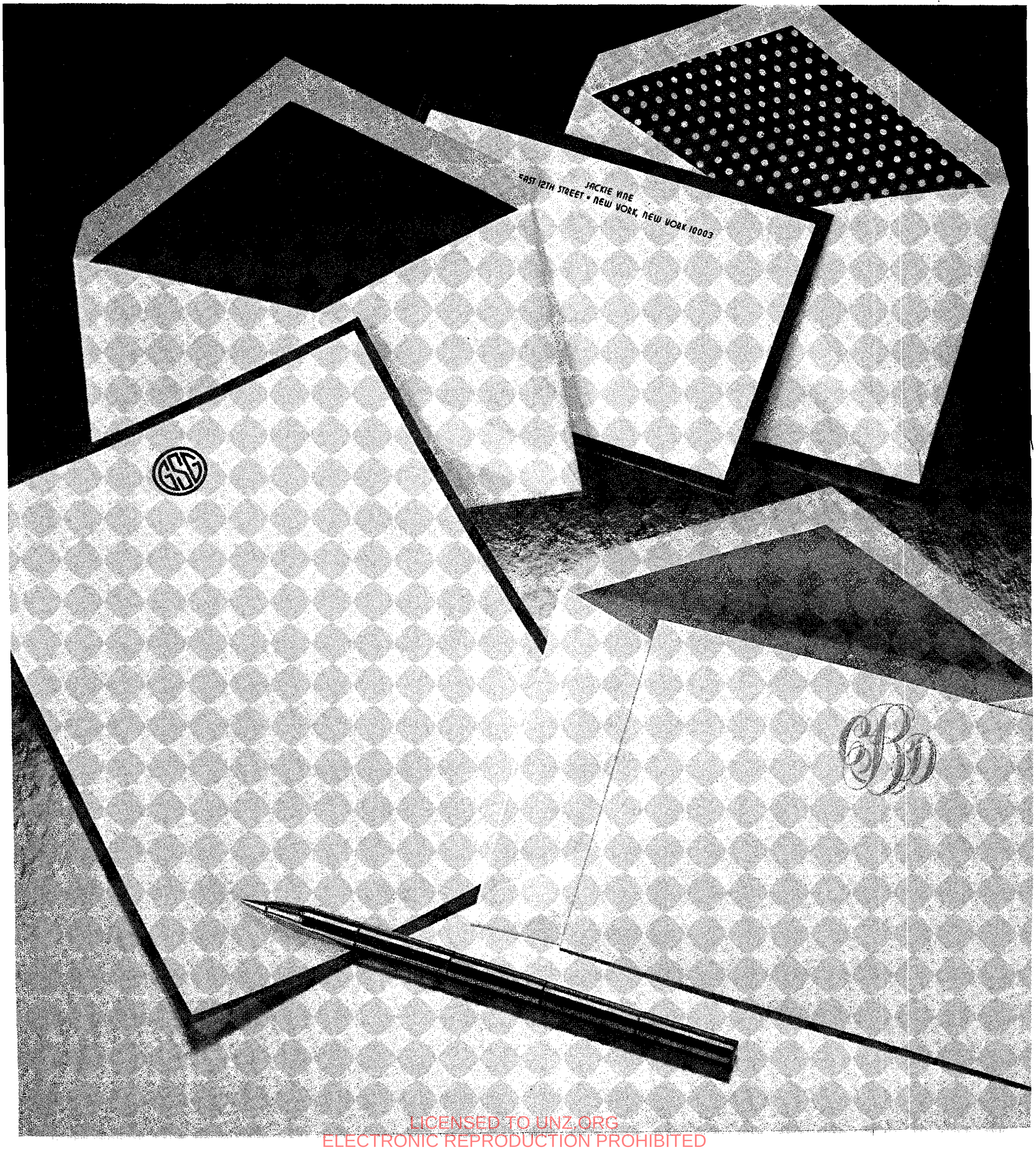


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er is invited to inspect first-hand. Through Oct. 2. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Fleischner—A hundred-foot-long outdoor sculpture built at the site which consists of a wooden bridgelike structure covered with earth and finished with sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . **55 mercer street gallery:** Abstract paintings that combine poured latex and acrylic reinforced with cotton and netting, by J. Nebraska Gifford; works made of layered paint (some of which is scraped off), by Gail von der Lippe; and two conceptual pieces by Sally Fisher. Through Sept. 22. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Scenes of France" is made up of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Bonnard, Dufy, Pissarro, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At **14 sculptors**, 75 Thompson St.: Works in a variety of materials, among them stone and wood, by Jane Schneider, Stephen Garmey, and others. Through Sept. 22. . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Early direct-metal pieces (1955-65) by such Americans as Lippold, di Suvero, and Rickey. Through Sept. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Note—Some galleries launch the fall season with group shows of paintings and other works by artists regularly associated with them. A few of these galleries are the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

W. Eugene Smith / Elli Marcus—A selection of photographs that includes reportage of the Second World War and picture essays done for *Life* magazine, along with some works that have never been exhibited before. / Portraits (most of them of theatre personalities), mainly from the twenties and thirties, by the German-born photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—An exhibit of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists Jasper Johns, Helen Frankenthaler, James Rosenquist, and others. Through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, Lee Krasner, and others. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years is being dismantled in stages through Sept. 26. Only the third and fourth floors are available for viewing. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Starting Friday, Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Press Chaucer, of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky, by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

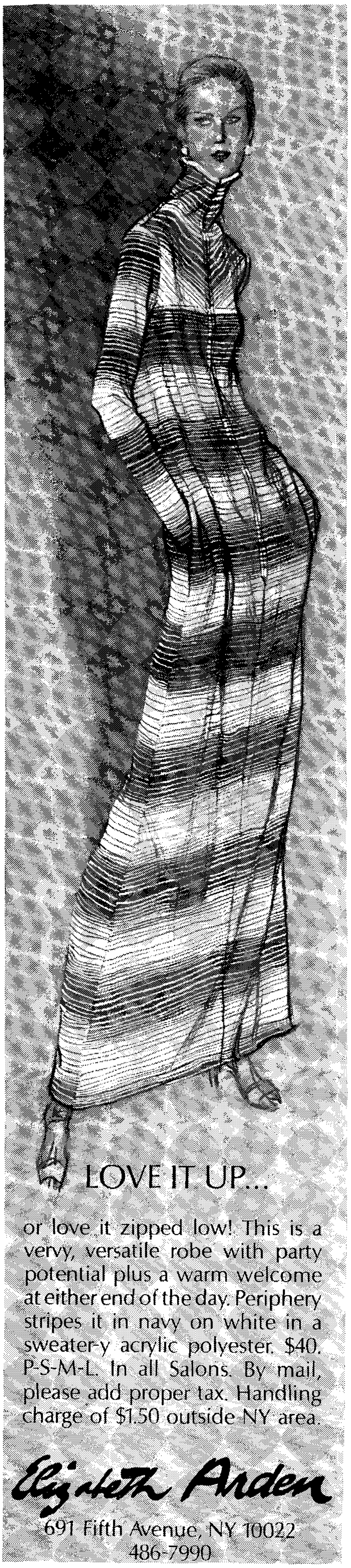
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers, with examples from his entire career (1888-1976). Through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, and Gary Glaze; conducted by John Miner. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in Eng-



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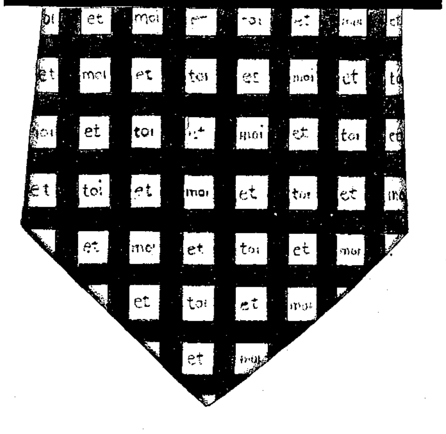

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lish), with Johanna Meier, Gianni Rolandi, Gary Glaze, Charles Roe, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 1: "Madame Butterfly" with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, and Lando Bartolini, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, John Sandor, and Richard Fredricks; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gianni Rolandi, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jane Shaulis, Richard Fredricks, and Henry Price; John Miner. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

PARIS OPERA—A series of eight performances of three operas by the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Margaret Price, Mirella Freni, Frederica von Stade, Gabriel Bacquier, and José van Dam; conducted by Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Frederica von Stade, Edith Mathis, Tom Krause, and José van Dam; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Nicolai Gedda, Roger Soyer, and Yves Bisson; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Frederica von Stade, Edith Mathis, Tom Krause, and José van Dam; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Alain Vanzo, Roger Soyer, and Yves Bisson; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; Georg Solti. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8, with Itzhak Perlman, violin; and Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8, an all-Brahms program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 9, with Uri Pianka, violin.)

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI ORCHESTRA OF NAPLES—Franco Caracciolo directing, with the Coro da Camera of the Radiotelevisione Italiana. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

ISAAC STERN AND FRIENDS—At Carnegie Hall—The first four in a series of five concerts, these played by: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 8, Mr. Stern and Itzhak Perlman, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; the Guarneri Quartet; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3, Jaime Laredo and Mr. Perlman, violin; Mr. Rose; and the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 13, at 8, an all-Schubert program, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Mr. Stern; and others.

MIRON YAMPOLSKY—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 8-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2; Sunday, Sept. 12, at 1 (doubleheader); and Monday, Sept. 13, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 17, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2:15.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 11**: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Rutgers, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 18**: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 12: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, D.C. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 11; the Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 15; and the Woodward Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday, Sept. 11, at 12:05.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15, and Saturdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 11, and the Mermaid, Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Sept. 10, through Thursday, Oct. 21.

TENNIS—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **HACKENSACK MEADOWS**: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The last seven in a series of free performances—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, at 8: The Nancy Meehan Dance Company, Nala Najan, Burton Taylor and Anna Aragno, the Linda Tarnay Dance Company, the Danny Williams Grossman Dance Company, and Maria Benitez' Estampa Flamenca. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 8: The Theatre Dance Collection, the Phoebe Neville Dance Company, the Ohio Chamber Ballet, the Fred Benjamin Dance Company, Maria Alba and Luis Rivera, and the Pauline Koner Dance Consort. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3 (a one-hour program): Maria Alba and Luis Rivera, Harry, and the Fred Benjamin Company. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, Sept. 12-13, at 8: Ms. Rudner, Bank, Bartoccini, Rogers; Dyane Harvey; the Cliff Keuter Dance Company; Lawrence Rhodes and Naomi Sorkin; Rachel Lampert and Dancers; and Jennifer Muller and The Works. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain date, Tuesday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval will close with performances by David Crosby and Graham Nash. (Wednesday, Sept. 8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WALKING TOUR—"Historic New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 12, starting at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, at 2:30.

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 19.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

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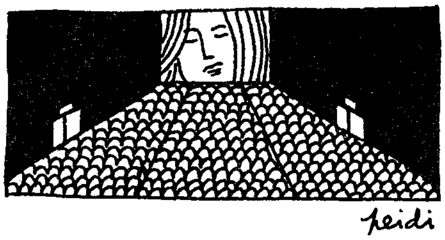
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Silent Movie."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 14: "Futureworld" and "Death Race 2000."
From Sept. 15 (tentative): "Ode to Billy Joe" and another feature, to be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 14: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From Sept. 15: "Seven Beauties."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Shootist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Silent Movie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): "Harry and Walter Go to New York" and "Taxi Driver."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth." (No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 16.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King Kong."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Sept. 14: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"St. Ives."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Bawdy Adventures of Tom Jones."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder by Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 14: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."
From Sept. 15 (tentative): "The Omen."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): "Harry and Walter Go to New York" and "Taxi Driver."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 14: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Sept. 15: "Cannonball."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shootist."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 14: "The Bad News Bears" and "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"J. D.'s Revenge."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Giant Spider Invasion" and "The Legend of Big Foot."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 9: "Gator."
From Sept. 10: "Drum."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"At the Earth's Core."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 11: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."
From Sept. 12: "Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 14: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Obsession."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie." (The theatre will be closed all day on Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 12: "Harry and Walter Go to New York" and "Taxi Driver."
From Sept. 13: Festival of Women's Films.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "St. Ives." From Sept. 15: "Cannonball."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 14: "The Bad News Bears" and "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood." From Sept. 15: "Face to Face."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Kaseki."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 9: "Gator."
From Sept. 10: "Drum."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Death Play."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 14: "Logan's Run" and "Rollerball."
From Sept. 15: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 8: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Sept. 9: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.
Sept. 10: "The Soft Skin" (1964), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac; and "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.
Sept. 11: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "All the King's Men." (†)
Sept. 12: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and "A Lesson in Love" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 13: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.
Sept. 14: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†) and "Last Year at Marienbad." (†)
Sept. 15: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Sept. 16: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 8: "The American Soldier" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Sept. 9: "Pather Panchali" (1954), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Barren Lives" (1964), in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos.
Sept. 10: "Lord of the Flies" (†); and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Sept. 11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Lovers" (1959), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau.
Sept. 12: "Top Hat" (†), and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.
Sept. 13: "The Young One" (†) and three early Luis Buñuel short films.
Sept. 14: "Stavisky" (†); and "Borsalino" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Deray, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon.
Sept. 15: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "Queen of Spades." (†)
Sept. 16: "La Prisonnière" (1969), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; and "Warehouse" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 8: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 9: "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and

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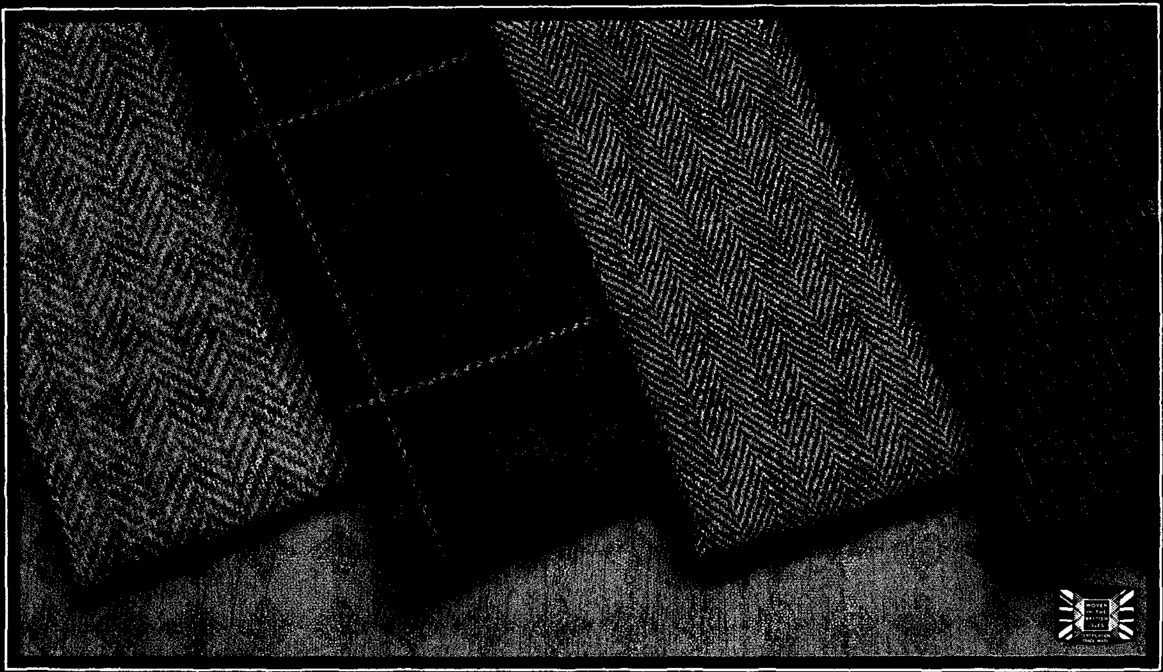

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with, Woody Allen; "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Sept. 10: "Hard Times" (1975), directed by Walter Hill, with Charles Bronson, James Coburn, Jill Ireland, Strother Martin, and Robert Tessier; "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "Deliverance." (†)

Sept. 11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Sept. 12: "The Little Prince" (†); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film.

Sept. 13: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

Sept. 14: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

Sept. 15: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Red Lion" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 16: "Rollerball" (†) and "Zardoz." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 8: "Anthony Adverse" (1936), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, and Gale Sondergaard; and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, and Helen Vinson.

Sept. 9-11: "They Drive by Night" (1940), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell.

Sept. 12-13: "Johnny Belinda" (†) and "Possessed." (†)

Sept. 14-15: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (†) and "The Dawn Patrol." (†)

From Sept. 16: "Kings Row" (†) and "Angels with Dirty Faces." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Sept. 8: "Le Boucher" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.

Sept. 9: "Georgy Girl" (1966), directed by Silvio Narizzano, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling; and "Loving" (1970), directed by Irvin Kershner, with George Segal.

Sept. 10: "Hearts and Minds" (1975), directed by Peter Davis, a documentary film about United States involvement in Vietnam; and "Memories of Underdevelopment." (†)

Sept. 11: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.

Sept. 12: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals.

Sept. 13: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966), in Czech, directed by Jiří Menzel; and "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear." (†)

Sept. 14: "Harry & Tonto" (1974), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Art Carney; and "The Heartbreak Kid." (†)

Sept. 15: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Petulia." (†)

Sept. 16: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Tristana" (1970), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 8: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939), directed by H. C. Potter, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edna May Oliver, and Walter Brennan; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

Sept. 9-11: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss; and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1939), directed by William Dieterle, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Edmond O'Brien, and Cedric Hardwicke.

Sept. 12-13: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Sept. 14-16: "Island of Lost Souls" (†); and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 9 at 2:30: "World Première" (1941), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with John Barrymore, Frances Farmer, and Ricardo Cortez; and "Call Out the Marines" (1942), directed by Frank Ryan and William Hamilton, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "I Married a Witch" (1942), directed by René Clair, with Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley, and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8:30: "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "I Married a Witch.". . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "Nothing but the Truth" (1941), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Edward Arnold, and Leif Erickson. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: A program of cartoons, including Felix the Cat, Mickey Mouse, and Popeye. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes, Claude Rains, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5: "Maisie Gets Her Man" (1942), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Ann Sothern and Red Skelton. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at noon: "Buck Private" (1941), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Abbott and Costello and the Andrews Sisters. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Sig Ruman. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at noon: "Larceny, Inc." (1942), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Jane Wyman, Edward G. Robinson, and Broderick Crawford. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30: "Nothing but the Truth.". . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "The Male Animal" (1942), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Olivia de Havilland, Henry Fonda, and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at noon: "The Devil with Hitler" (1942), directed by Gordon Douglas, with Alan Mowbray. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "The Male Animal.". . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "Larceny, Inc.". . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton, William Demarest, and Diana Lynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 8:30: "The Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 14: "Lost Lost Lost: Diaries, Notes & Sketches, Reels 1-6" (1976), directed by Jonas Mekas. Showings at noon and 3 (plus 6:30 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12-13.)

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark might just make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/76.) (Quad Cinema.)

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—An entertaining picture lurks behind that uninviting title. Warners threw its assets together in this one: Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, George Bancroft, and the Dead End Kids, too. It's got priests and Death Row and jokes and romance. Michael Curtiz directed. (Regency; starting Sept. 16.)

At the Earth's Core—With Doug McClure, Peter Cushing, and Caroline Munro; directed by Kevin Connor. (Guild.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 14.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; starting Sept. 15.)

The Bawdy Adventures of Tom Jones—Based on the Henry Fielding novel "Tom Jones." With Nicky Henson, Trevor Howard, Terry-Thom-

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as, Arthur Lowe, and Georgia Brown; directed by Cliff Owen. (Columbia II.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Cannonball—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 15.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1936)—In this Michael Curtiz version—a military swashbuckler—the foreground story is conventional nonsense about two brothers (Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles), Lancers in India, who have quarrelled over a girl (Olivia de Havilland). Despite all the rousing patriotic inanities, when the charge comes it is so spectacularly staged and choreographed that it takes over the movie, and it is really all that one remembers. This sequence is a testament to the virtuosity of the second unit. With Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, Spring Byington, Henry Stephenson, and C. Henry Gordon and J. Carrol Naish. (Tony Richardson did an altogether different version in 1968.) (Regency; Sept. 14-15.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grown-up son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

The Dawn Patrol (1938)—Edmund Goulding is the director and Errol Flynn the star of the remake of the famous 1930 Howard Hawks film starring Richard Barthelmess. With its flying scenes, its continual din of the big guns, the bad nerves at headquarters, and schoolboy aviators being sent up to be shot down by a vicious German ace, the film was generally lauded as a stirring attack on the futility of war, though the Hawks version, made in peacetime, was far more pointed in its disillusionment, and this Goulding version, made on the eve of the Second World War, turned the plot to patriotic purposes. The most perceptive movie critic of the day dismantled the pacifist claims made for it; see "Graham Greene on Film." With David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp, Melville Cooper, Barry Fitzgerald, and Carl Esmond. (Regency; Sept. 14-15.)

Death Play—With Karen Leslie, James Keach, and Michael Higgins; directed by Arthur Storch. (Thalia.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—Low-budget sci-fi, from an often amusing suspense script by Charles B. Griffith and Robert Thom, and directed by Paul Bartel in his ingratiatingly tacky, sophomoric manner. In the role of a legendary killer-racer, David Carradine has star presence and his easy, confident style gives the film some class, but the talent of Sylvester Stallone is wasted in the role of the stupid, ugly villain. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Elgin; Sept. 10.)

Drum—With Ken Norton, Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Yaphet Kotto; directed by Steve Carver. (Greenwich, and Symphony; starting Sept. 10.)

Edvard Munch—The early life of the Norwegian painter, with Geir Westby in the title role. Directed by Peter Watkins. In Norwegian, with an English narration by the director. (Festival; starting Sept. 12.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 15.)

Festival of Women's Films—I.e., films produced, written, and/or directed by women; features, shorts, and documentaries are included. Five or six entries a day will be shown, starting at noon, seven days a week, from Sept. 13 through Sept. 26. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: 877-4040. (Cinema Studio.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear (1964)—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Written and directed by Zbyněk Brynych. (Sutton; Sept. 13.)

Futureworld—Futurebunk. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Reynolds. (Greenwich, and Symphony; through Sept. 9.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Festival; through Sept. 11.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dream girl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton; Sept. 14.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

Island of Lost Souls (1932)—The screen horror version of H. G. Wells' "The Island of Dr. Moreau," with Charles Laughton as a mad scientist and Kathleen Burke as a rather decorous Panther Woman. Wells rightly denied any connection between the movie and his book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-16.)

J. D.'s Revenge—With Glynn Turman, Lou Gossett, and Joan Pringle; directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman, previously known as a giddy second-string blonde, surprised audiences with her touching performance as the brunette deaf-mute Belinda and won an Academy Award. The setting is an island off Nova Scotia, where a poor, proud farmer, appropriately named McDonald (Charles Bickford), lives with his acidulous sister (Agnes Moorehead) and his afflicted daughter, who is generally regarded as an idiot. Along comes a kindly young doctor (Lew Ayres), who teaches her sign language and encourages her to comb her hair, and she becomes presentable enough to attract a leering local bully (Stephen McNally, better known as Horace McNally), who rapes her. She has a baby—Johnny Belinda. This Jerry Wald production might have been as exasperating as the Broadway play by Elmer Harris that it's based on, but the director, Jean Negulesco, managed to provide an atmosphere in which the hokey, tearjerking elements are used for more than mere

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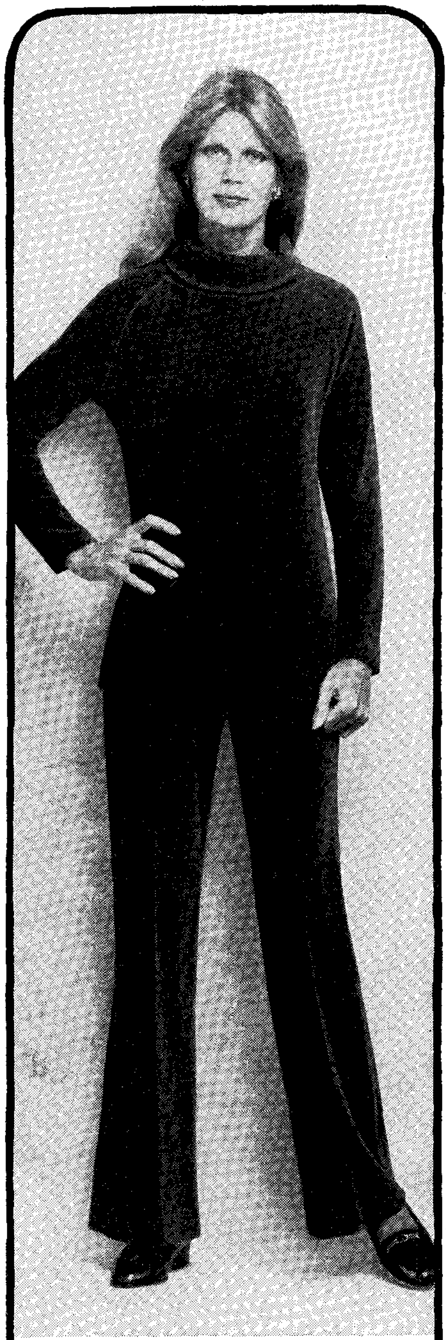

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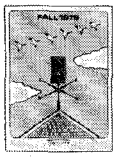

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pathos—an example of technique over subject matter. With Jan Sterling as an unscrupulous tart, Rosalind Ivan, Dan Seymour (sometimes mistaken for Zero Mostel), and Mabel Paige. Cinematography by Ted McCord. (Regency; Sept. 12-13.)

Kaseki (1974)—Directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. This original version is destined to be withdrawn shortly because of the remake. (D. W. Griffith.)

Kings Row (1942)—The typical nostalgic view of American small-town life turned inside out: instead of sweetness and health we get fear, sanctimoniousness, sadism, and insanity. Tranquilly accepting the many varieties of psychopathic behavior as the simple facts of life, this film has its own kind of sentimental glow, yet the melodramatic incidents are surprisingly compelling. The time is the beginning of the twentieth century, and the hero (Robert Cummings) is interested in the new ideas of Sigmund Freud. The director, Sam Wood, gets some remarkably well-defined performances: Ann Sheridan is radiant in the role of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and Betty Field's frightened, passionate Cassie is a memorable vignette. Charles Coburn and Claude Rains are the town's doctors; Coburn likes to perform amputations without anesthetics (his special victim is Ronald Reagan), and Rains keeps his daughter locked up in his house. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Nancy Coleman, and Kaaren Verne. Casey Robinson adapted Henry Bellamann's best-seller; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer; and William Cameron Menzies did the designs. (Regency; starting Sept. 16.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews Tower East.)

The Little Prince (1974)—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Elgin; Sept. 12.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Olympia; through Sept. 14.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Playboy; through Sept. 14.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Plaza. No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 15.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Sutton; Sept. 10.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Beekman.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Baronet, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Ode to Billy Joe—With Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by Max Baer. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 15, tentative.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 15, tentative.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Festival; through Sept. 11.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain

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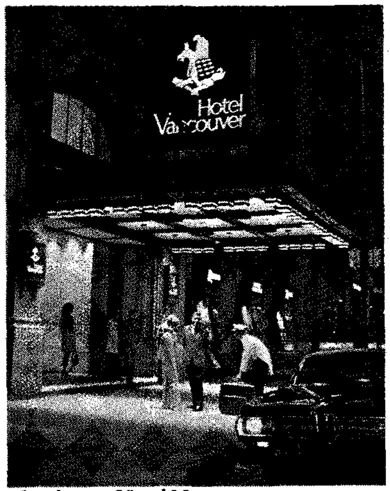

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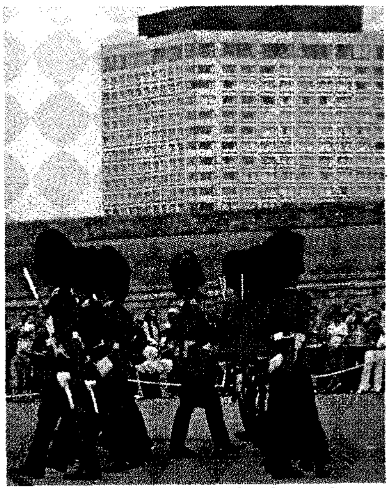

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at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Sutton; Sept. 15.)

Possessed (1947)—"'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead before the psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. But insanity is used, in the usual Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for so much heavy-breathing melodrama that there isn't a trace of believability. (Regency; Sept. 12-13.)

Queen of Spades (1949)—Directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans, from Pushkin's gambling story. Wonderful stuff, not to be missed, especially because of Dame Edith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Ziegfeld.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. The play told us a good deal about the sudden outbreaks of spite and veiled peril that underscore the wit of homosexual life; the film might almost as well be set in any classical heterosexual setting of farce (hotels, ocean liners, a middle-class suburban cookout housebound by bad weather). But Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

Rollerball (1975)—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Elgin; Sept. 16.)

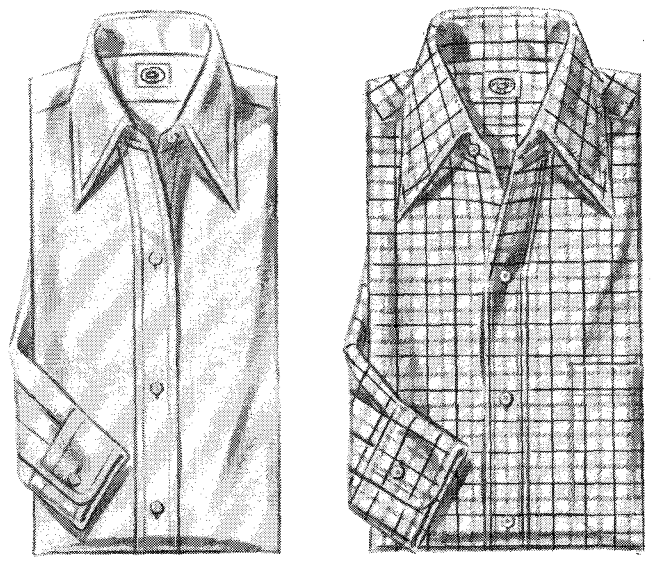
The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Gramercy, and First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Columbia I.... ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 14.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Gramercy; starting Sept. 15.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel



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Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Art, 34th St. East, and Cinema II. . . . ¶ Paramount. The theatre will be closed all day on Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Playboy; through Sept. 14.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. *(Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)*

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hyper-trained dog. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 14.)

The Young One (1961)—Luis Buñuel on race relations in the Deep South, in the always dangerous form of parable. A black musician (Bernie Hamilton), fleeing from a false charge of rape, takes refuge in a small island hunting preserve. The only other inhabitants are a cloddish white gamekeeper, played by Zachary Scott, and a thirteen-year-old girl (Key Meersman). When the blustery white master seduces the child, the ironies are ready for milking. The dialogue is full of literary touches, with many a clinker. Adapted from a story by Peter Matthiessen. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Elgin; Sept. 16.)

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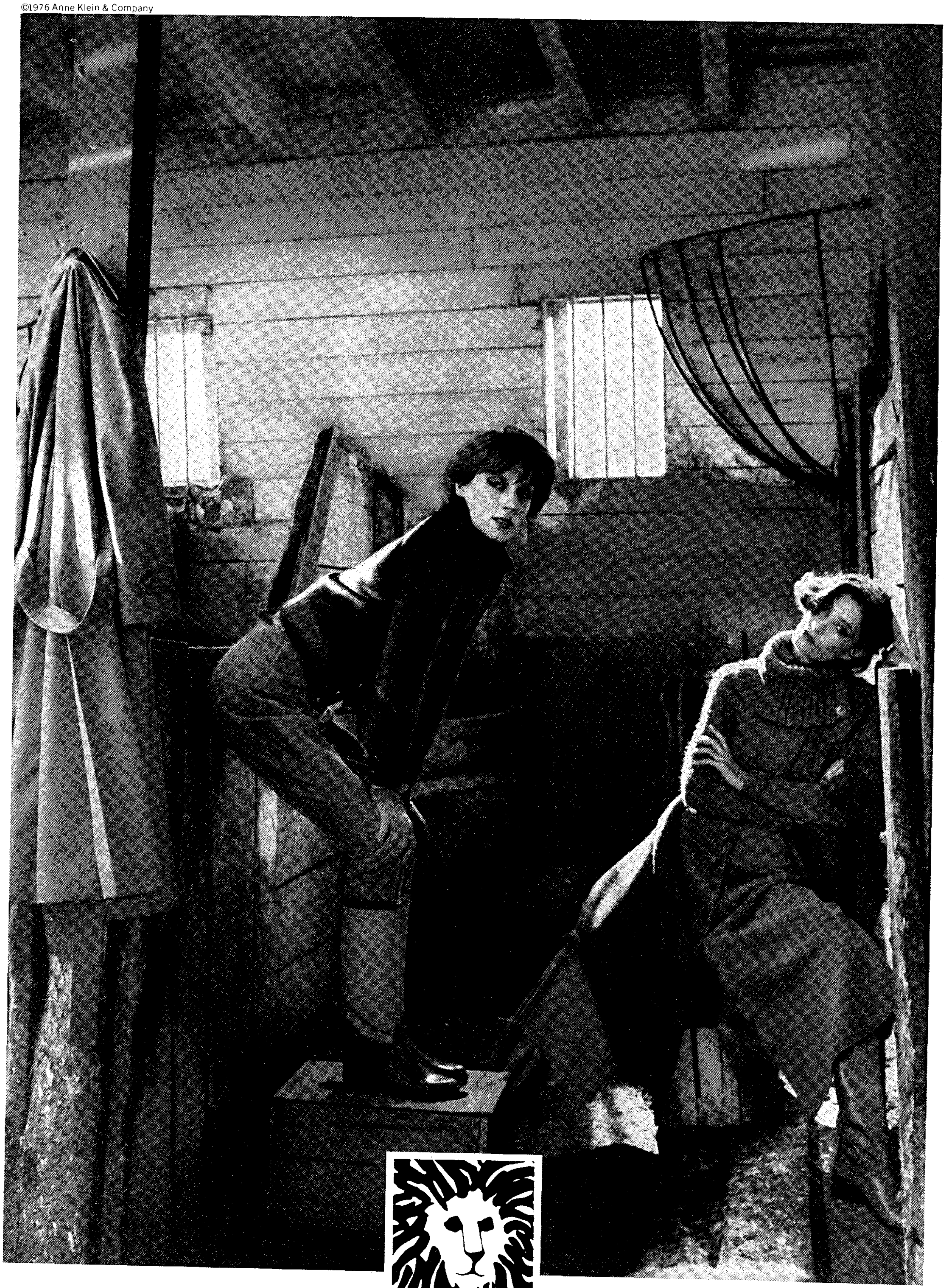

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received a letter from a friend, who writes:

We, my Volkswagen and I, just got back from a two-week trip to Colorado, and these are some of the things we saw: a young girl in a hard hat working on the highway in Maryland; haystacks sculptured by a whimsical farmer in Virginia into the shapes of animals; prairie dogs, said to be carriers of bubonic plague, atop their mounds in Colorado; a sign in Texas which read, "LOS ANGELES 10007 MILES;" a frightened (by me) coyote leaping across the railroad tracks in front of the Castañeda Hotel in Las Vegas, New Mexico; signs—particularly in Tennessee—showing distances in both miles and kilometres; a beautiful bleached blonde in bug-eyed sunglasses driving an eighteen-wheel Peterbilt near Manhattan, Kansas; a herd of mules, let out of a westbound truck, grazing beside the Pennsylvania Turnpike; meadows in western Arkansas stocked with quarter horses; a bumper sticker saying "ROOFERS NEED LOVE TOO;" a convoy of slow-moving Army jeeps and vans droning across Oklahoma; a Chinese restaurant in Junction City, Kansas, serving Reuben sandwiches; a band of bicyclists in Colorado from L.A.—destination New York.

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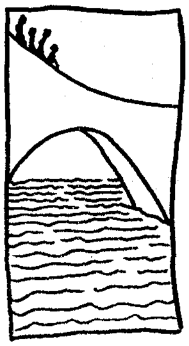
Lady Polly and the Pearlies

THE Pearlies of the East End of London are one of the many specialties of Pearl Binder, Lady Elwyn-Jones, an exceptionally lively lady in her seventies, known to her English friends as Polly and to some of her playful American friends as Lady Polly, who is the wife of the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Lord Elwyn-Jones brought a modern copy of the Magna Carta to Washington in June as one of England's Bicentennial gifts to America, and, in July, Lady Elwyn-Jones, as her own personal Bicentennial present, arranged to have her friend Rosie Springfield, the Pearly Queen of Stoke Newington, flown to Washington, where she immediately became the life and soul of the Festival of American Folklife. The Pearlies are the flamboyant Cockney costermongers, or fruit-and-vegetable venders, who for a hundred years have been dressing up in costumes that are adorned with mother-of-pearl buttons—and may weigh as much as seventy pounds—for their own delight and to brighten East End carnivals that raise funds for local hospitals and the indigent. Under her maiden name of Pearl Binder, Lady Elwyn-Jones is a lithographer who has exhibited in London, Moscow, Sydney, Paris, Hong Kong, and Brighton; she has written about thirty books, on subjects like magic, the history of costume, popular art, and the Pearlies, and including a light novel about ginseng; she is a longtime Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute; and she recently spent a winter in Fiji, doing some drawings. Last year, Lady Polly gave a party for the Pearlies at the House of Lords, and on one summer afternoon this year she lectured about the Pearlies at the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and late the evening before that, in a brown-and-white pants suit and black-and-yellow striped stocking feet, she curled up on a sofa and talked to us.

"There's such a lot of misinformation about Cockneys and costers and Pearlies," she began. "Many of the people we call Cockneys are not native Londoners at all but unemployed laborers and coal miners from the North, and the Pearlies are not gypsies but just ordinary East Enders: costers, mostly, selling fresh vegetables from barrows in the streets—which causes all sorts of problems, because there's an ordinance in London that barrows must always keep moving, and not stop and cause an affray, so costers don't have much love for policemen. Although some Pearlies are rat-catchers or dockers. The first Pearly was Henry Croft, who was born over a hundred years ago, a very little man, a bit prudish (he didn't smoke or drink), and rather intellectual (he believed in women's suffrage for many years before it was fashionable). His father was a street musician—no one knows who his mother was—who put him into an orphanage at an early age, and he happened to have the same birthday as Queen Victoria, so naturally there was always a great to-do at the orphanage on his birthday, buns and everything, and I think he always rather thought he was quite important. Well, what else could he think? The costers—and there have been street traders in London since about 1100—were always very dressy, very poor and starving but very dressy, and very loyal to each other, always helping raise money for the local hospitals and for old people, to keep them out of the workhouse. Eliza Doolittle was a perfect coster. They loved to dress up like Red Indians and have parades for the hospitals, and in about 1880 Harry Croft turned up in a parade with a

R. MacMillan

dress suit, top hat, stick, and gloves, and he'd sewn mother-of-pearl buttons all over the suit, overlapping, like a mermaid's scales—he was quite clever with his hands; they'd taught him sewing at the orphanage. There's something very subtle about mother-of-pearl, and he made a great hit, and the costers gave him the title Pearly King, and then he got the whole thing organized: a Pearly King and Queen were elected in each district, and after that the titles became hereditary. A lovely excuse for dressing up and having a good time and doing good work for people who were even poorer than they were. The kind of thing the English adore. We're all for Sunday dress, all for gala dress, all for having a go, and those lovely pearl dresses, worked entirely by hand—what you must imagine is the effect on those very dark streets of the East End of those dresses. They light the streets up! Harry Croft raised over five thousand pounds for good causes in his lifetime, all of it in farthings and halfpennies, but in 1930 he died in the workhouse. Well, when the costers heard this they gave him the most enormous funeral. They didn't marry, as a rule, in those days—they thought it a waste of money—but they loved spending money on funerals, and Harry Croft's funeral had four hundred Pearlies, with their suits and dresses embroidered with designs of Big Ben and of horses' heads, and two bands, and pipers, and, of course, lots of donkeys and horses. Oh, it's still talked about, that funeral! Just this year, I went to the funeral of my very good friend Mrs. Beatrice Marriott, the Festival Pearly Queen of London and the most indomitable woman I've ever met—she lost her husband at a very early age, and then she lost her son at a very early age and took on the responsibilities of Pearly royalty all by herself. The war devastated the Pearlies; the Pearlies are very patriotic, and the men all went off and fought in the war and died in places they'd never heard of. Old Mrs. Marriott was bombed out five different times in the war, and she had a very vivacious funeral on a very cold day, with Pearlies playing fiddles, and spoons, and even one person on teapot—you blow in the spout and change pitch by activating the lid with one hand—and there was her great plumed Pearly hat, like a general's hat, on the coffin. There was no reason to be downcast, as everyone explained, because she lived to a good age and left us a jolly good example. What a sad and happy life she led! Mrs. Marriott had had a donkey. You had to be pretty well off to have a donkey; they cost three pounds. So she'd saved up, and then 'When you got a donkey,' said Mrs. Marriott, 'you were *away*. You had transport.' You could go for trots in the country. You could even go as far as Epsom, although it might take eight hours. The coster women were always very independent and full of life. Then ladies came down from the West End, and they *didn't* do *anything* for the costers, but they erected model stables for the donkeys, and this ruined the costers—the rent they had to pay for those stables. John, a son of Mrs. Marriott's, told me, 'We got on very well. We had three vegetable stalls—a horse, eventually—and it was very gay except when it rained. But then the planners pulled the stable down, and then they pulled our cottage down, so I went off and became an electronics assembler, and it's very boring.'



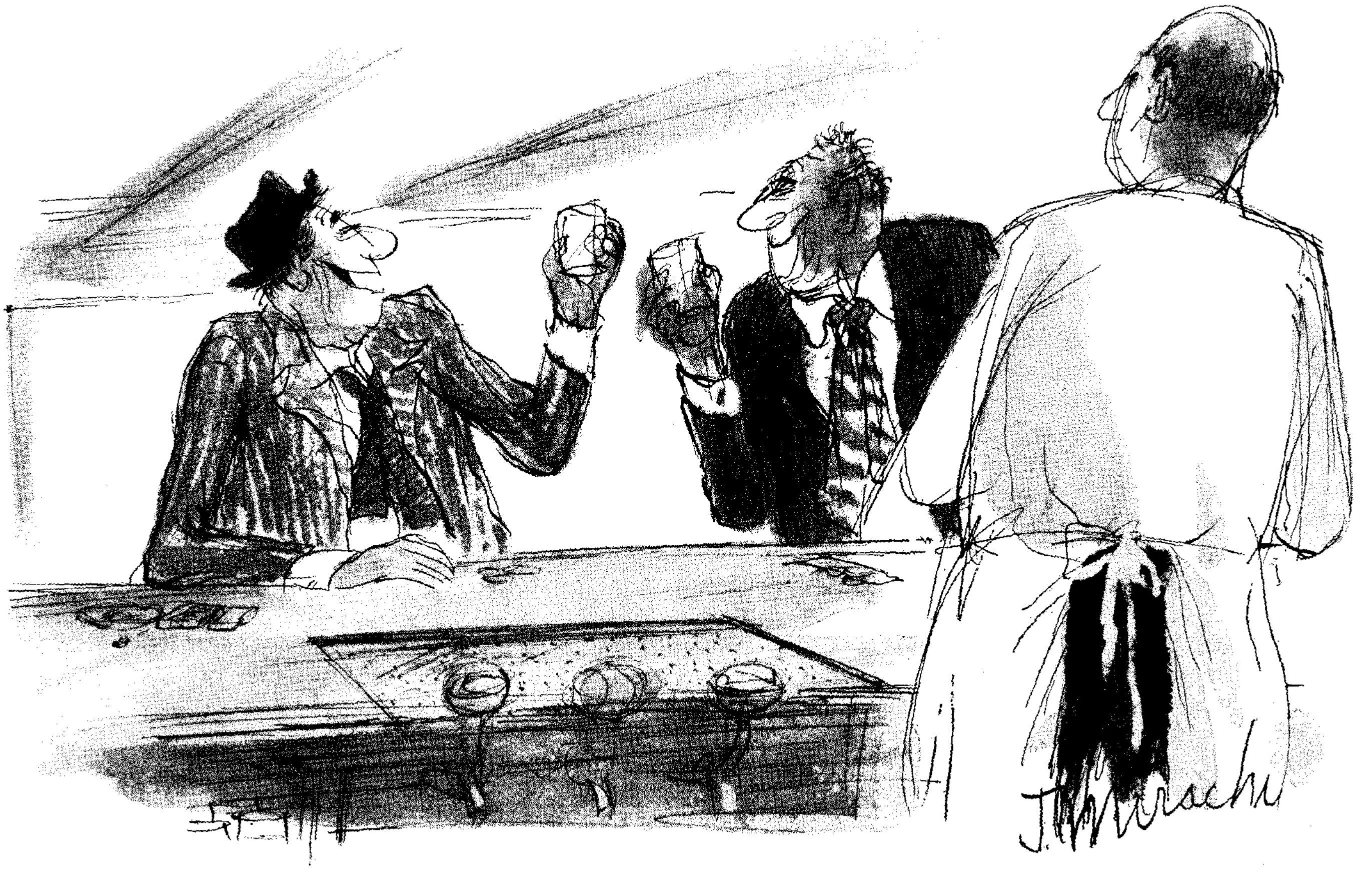
"The Pearlies are very historical-minded—although they don't know their own history, and tell wildly untrue legends—and they're very sentimental about old London and like to be associated with old buildings. They're not sentimental about anything else, except their mothers. I got to know the Pearlies through my char at Gray's Inn, who was a Pearly princess—which is how I came to be able to give them a party at the House of Lords. There are about sixty Pearlies left now, and the Queen Mother came—she knows them well; they all went through the war together—and everyone had a lovely time (the Pearly royals have always got on very well with the Royal royals), and the Queen Mum stayed much longer than she should have. She'd said, 'No speeches,' and I'd said, 'Of course not, Ma'am,' but then she did make a speech, because she wanted to. She said the Pearlies were a fine thing, and they should keep it going, and God bless everybody. It was very touching, and I got lots of thank-you notes from her ladies-in-waiting.

"I spent a couple of lovely days at the Smithsonian, in Washington, looking at all your treasures—the paintings, clothes, and inventions—and I'm only a guest in your wonderful country, but please do something to make sure that everyone in this country knows what's in your museums. Maybe TV is the answer, but every American ought to know what the people in this country can do and have done. And, blimey! I don't know if it's right to say this, but we're very short on pearl buttons in London just now. I'd like to issue a general appeal. If anyone has any genuine mother-of-pearl buttons he has no use for, please send them on. They'll be very gratefully received. Must be pearl; please, *no* plastic. Just send them to Lady Elwyn-Jones, care of the House of Lords."

Falcons

We called up our friend Dr. Thomas J. Cade, in Ithaca, recently to check on the status of his peregrine-falcon program, and are pleased to report that the program is going well indeed. In the early nineteen-seventies, Dr. Cade, a professor of ornithology at Cornell, and Dr. Stanley Temple, a postdoctoral research associate, collected a number of wild peregrine falcons from Alaska, Canada, and the western United States. There are no wild peregrines breeding east of the Mississippi River today, and so few elsewhere that since 1969 they have been listed by the Interior Department as an endangered species. For the past few years, Dr. Cade and Dr. Temple have been breeding them in captivity at Cornell, then releasing young birds in hospitable areas in the East. Their hope is that they can eventually get enough young birds into the wild in this part of the country to establish a peregrine population that can propagate itself. Crucial to the success of this program is a continued ban on the use of DDT—the chemical primarily responsible for putting the peregrine falcon on the endangered-species list.

"We have no indication that any of the released birds have been breeding yet," Dr. Cade told us when we called. "Of course, it's still early for that. It's possible that we could get it next year. But the fact that some of these birds have been seen in the neighborhood of the nesting sites where we released them encourages us greatly. A bird—one of four—that we released at Edgewood Arsenal, northeast of Baltimore, last year has been seen regularly in the area, but only in flight, so we're not sure where it's roosting. We think that it's settled down somewhere on a big power plant in the area. And one bird—we think it's one of three that we released in the Shawangunk Mountains, overlooking the Hudson River Valley—has been sighted in Manhattan. The lady who called about the bird



"Here's to my *wife—also a great American."*

• •

in Manhattan said she had seen its blue band and the little tracking antenna that we attach to the young birds, so we're considering her report a positive identification of one of our falcons. Two of the birds from Edgewood have been sighted in the harbor area of Baltimore. And one of three birds that we released last year near Barnegat Inlet, on the New Jersey coast, is now roosting at that site. Another has been seen at the Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge, near Atlantic City."

A few days later, we drove down to the Brigantine Refuge, which is about ten miles north of Atlantic City, to witness what Dr. Cade had said would be formal preliminaries to the first release of young peregrines in an area of public access. In the past, Dr. Cade has released the birds, without fanfare, in unspecified areas or in areas of restricted access, out of fear that a falconer might steal one of the young birds or that the birds might simply become frightened by too much human activity and leave the area for good. Young peregrines have it tough enough in the wild without such human interference. Last year, Dr. Cade released sixteen young falcons in the field—in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland—and three of these died. Two were killed by great horned owls—natural enemies of the peregrine—and the third flew into a power line and was electrocuted. This year, seven more young falcons were released at the Edgewood Arsenal site, and two have already been lost. One, not old enough to be skilled in flight, fell from a tree and was seized by a fox. The second, roosting for the night on a utility pole, was apparently startled by the headlights of a car driven by a biologist who had come out to make sure that the birds were doing all right; shortly afterward, transmission signals from this bird stopped, and Dr. Cade believes that the bird headed fatally out to sea.

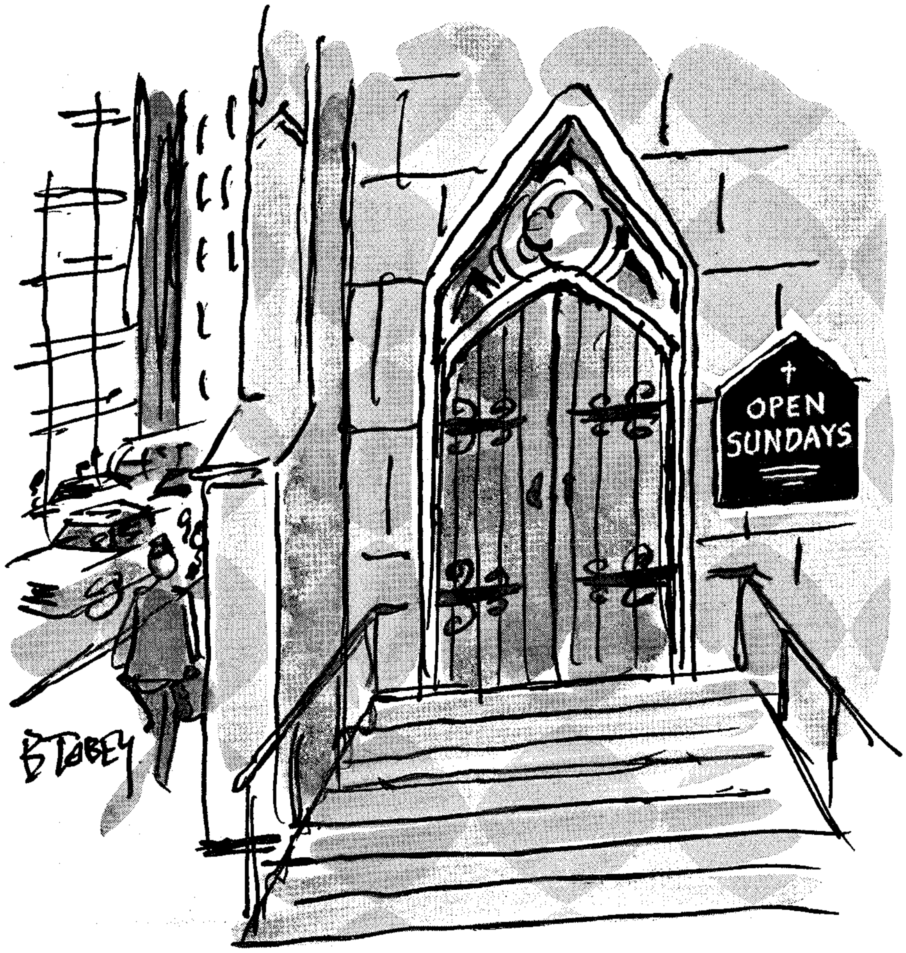
The Brigantine headquarters area includes several neat frame buildings at the western edge of more than twenty thousand acres of salt marsh, scrub pine trees, and barrier beach, which are cut through by dikes with gravel roads on top of them. When we arrived, we were greeted by Dr. Cade; Gaylord Inman, an affable transplanted Californian, who is the Refuge Manager; Paul (Pete) McLain, federal-aid coordinator of the New Jersey Division of Fish, Game and Shellfisheries; and Paul Nickerson, who is the endangered-species specialist for the northeastern region of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Sixty or so people were on hand to witness the placing of four birds in a wooden nesting box atop a thirty-five-foot wooden tower, where they were to be watched over by two young volunteers camping out at the site. The volunteers were there mainly to feed the month-old falcons their early diet of chickens and quail. Young peregrines begin to fly at the age of five or six weeks, and between the ages of six weeks and two months they begin to kill their own food—principally smaller birds.

Shortly before the birds were put in their nesting box, Dr. Cade told the assembled bird enthusiasts why Brigantine had been chosen as a release site. "We were interested in having one place set up so that the public could see the operation, and see what's going on," he said. "But, aside from that, Brigantine is a very good area for peregrines. There's an abundant food supply here, and we think that it's relatively uncontaminated food as far as DDT is concerned. But there's no natural nesting place for peregrine falcons here. Peregrines have seldom nested in these coastal habitats. They've been back in the mountains or along rivers, nesting on cliffs, where the food supply—today, at any rate—is not all that good. So what we hope we can do is to provide the birds with artificial nesting sites in areas that have abundant food supplies, and condition them, or imprint them, to get them to associate these structures with a place to home back to for nesting. In the old days, when falconers used these birds for hunting—the peregrine was *the* bird of the falconers—they would trap the young bird at a certain stage, as soon as it began to hunt, and train it. Instead of doing that, we simply let the bird continue the process of reversion to the wild.

"This year at Cornell, and at Fort Collins, Colorado, where we have a Western facility in association with the one at Cornell, we have raised—I believe it's sixty-nine young peregrines. We expect to put out about thirty-two of them here in the East—in Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire—and five in Wisconsin. Five have already gone out to supplement wild nests in Colorado. So we'll be putting more than forty peregrines out in the field this year. And if things continue to go the way we have projected them we should be raising well over one hundred young next year, which would mean that we'd be producing enough birds by that time to really become operational in terms of our release program, and not just experimental, as we are at the present time. So it appears that we will be able to perpetuate a captive population indefinitely. This year, for the first time, birds that had themselves been hatched in captivity produced hatchlings, and this was a big breakthrough in captive propagation. On the other hand, there are many things still to be learned about how to successfully release our birds in the field. And we hope to be learning these as we move into the operational phase of release, in the next two or three—possibly four—years. Right now, it appears to me that coastal, salt-marsh habitats should be one of our prime targets for reintroducing the birds."

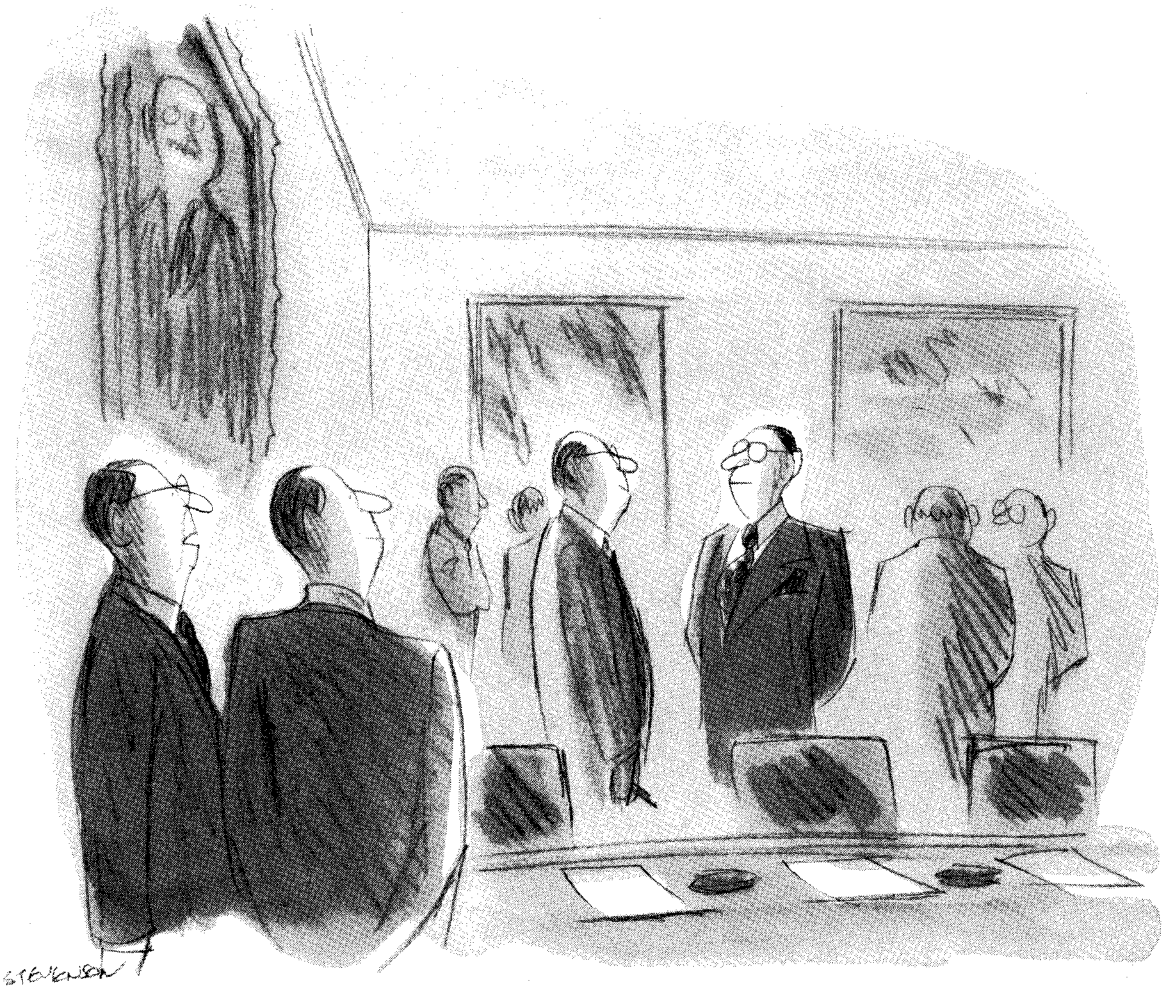
Dr. Cade noted that the peregrine program depended upon help from a number of agencies, foundations, and individuals. "We have had good support from the State of New Jersey and from one or two other Eastern states," he said. "We now have the very fine support of the federal government through the Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Land Management out in the West. The Forest Service is helping us a little bit, and the Army continues to help us some, too, down at Edgewood. But beyond the federal and state government agencies that are helping us there is a whole host of private individuals and private foundations that have supported our program and continue to support it, so that it really depends very much not only on federal support and state support but also on private contributions. About half of our money, I should say, over the last five years has, in fact, come from private individuals and from private foundations. The National Audubon Society has been very good about helping us, for example. And others—the World Wildlife Fund, the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and so on. It is an expensive program. The total cost for the East and the West now runs in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and I don't see it becoming less as long as we maintain the program."

After Dr. Cade had finished, Nickerson, the endangered-species specialist, who had come down from his home office, in Boston, told the group, "As we start our third hundred years, I think it's significant that here we are in our own quiet way trying to restore a species that we let slip during the first two. There have been a lot of celebrations, and you're probably up to your ears in Bicentennial, but here's one that we consider unique. The peregrine falcon has been gone from the East, and now, through the efforts of people like Tom Cade and Stan Temple, the Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge here, and Pete McLain, of the State of New Jersey, and a lot of private individuals who have donated money and time, I think we can bring the peregrine back, and that says it all."



Splashy

THE K train has vanished: the anomalous train that ran on B.M.T. tracks in Brooklyn and on I.N.D. tracks in Manhattan and was always the only nearly empty train at rush hour. Peck & Peck is gone, and so are Bonniers and Sutter's bakery. Abercrombie & Fitch is in reorganization, and the crowds that are lining up for its half-price and one-third-price clearance sale are so big that guards are letting customers into the store only a few at a time. So what's new? The Hardwicke Companies' and Warner (son of Mervyn LeRoy and grandson of Harry Warner) LeRoy's (of Maxwell's Plum and Great Adventure fame) two-and-a-half-million-dollar, stop-at-nothing, one-thousand-seat-capacity update of the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park at West Sixty-seventh Street: glittering, refurbished, redeemed, its menu running from New Zealand wild boar with gingered apples and lingonberries ($9.50) to pizza ($2.50), with stops in between, and prepared by fourteen French chefs recruited in a month's swing through Europe by Plum head chef Daniel Fuchs (who is now head chef on the Green) and its Crystal Room, a museum of craftsmanship, sporting ten reconstituted seven-foot-tall Baccarat and Waterford chandeliers, two of them from the Jaipur palace of the hemp king of India (he had hundreds, and it took two years to auction off his effects after his death); two life-size wooden stags carved by Paul Mozes, a Yugoslav-born sculptor who still carves wooden stags; a fantasy mural of flowers, birds, and butterflies; and a molded-plaster ceiling made by Felber Studios, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, and hand-tinted in the icing shades of light mint green, birthday-candle pink, and telegraph-blank yellow. Not to mention cut flowers (hothouse, summer-garden, and wild, mixed), hundreds of potted pink Japanese azaleas, silk-screened tablecloths, Thermopane-glass windows, and, just outside, plane trees floodlighted from above, below, and around by night, sun-drenched from above by day. The effect of the Crystal Room is to make you feel you are standing inside a layer cake looking out. You feel nourishing.



"He targets something, but I forget just what."

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Warner LeRoy's Tavern-on-the-Green opened in last Tuesday's bright sunshine with a luncheon spectacular. Mayor Beame sampled the world's largest ice-cream sundae (seventy-two hundred and fifty pounds of vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry Sealtest), completed scant minutes before, when half a dozen white-jumpsuited technicians flung handfuls of maraschino cherries toward its twelve-foot summit. The Mayor also drank a toast poured from a salmanazar, the world's largest champagne bottle (it holds three hundred and twelve ounces, and there are only a hundred and eighty salmanazars in existence; this one was flown to New York in an Air France first-class seat), and, with a sword, cut into a sixteen-foot-long cake iced to represent the hills, paths, and lakes of, and skyline around, Central Park, prepared by Plum chef décorateur Richard Blaisdell (now the pastry chef on the Green), who was a gold medalist at the 1975 World Culinary Championship, in Munich. Warner LeRoy had planned to have fifteen parachutists on hand to release the world's largest number of balloons (110,000) but scrapped this idea at the last moment. "The balloons would have occupied a square city block," explained press agent extraordinaire Bobby Zarem, "and, contrary to what we thought at first, would have presented an ecological problem."

Among the notables on hand to ask each other the question "How do you like it?" and give affirmative answers were Councilman Bob Wagner, Jr., sporting his hundred-per-cent-polyester, union-made, dark-blue wide tie emblazoned with the New York City seal in gold (he sells the ties for eight dollars and ten cents, including tax, and donates the proceeds to the city); Presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy; Landmarks Preservation Commission Chairman Beverley Moss Spatt; Arlene Francis; "Midday Live" host Bill Boggs; senatorial aspirant Paul O'Dwyer; Rex Reed; and personable *Times* architecture critic Paul Goldberger, who said, gazing intently at the Elm Bar, part of Warner LeRoy's reconstruction of the interior of the nineteenth-century sheepfold that was the first structure on the site of the Tavern-on-the-Green, "Warner LeRoy is the only man in the world who could hang a Tiffany chandelier from a wooden rafter and get away with it."

The guests lined up for a sumptuous buffet presided over by three-foot-high ice-sculpture swans, dolphins, and squirrels, and the conversation we sampled, all of it animated, went along in this vein:

"I'm going to see you at dinner, so I'm not going to talk to you now."

"Is Andy Warhol the Huntington Hartford of the seventies?"

"My twelve-year-old daughter went home early, because she doesn't want to develop smile lines."

ZWEI HERZEN IN DIE DRYGOODS SCHLOCK

"Everyone else is talking about me," said Diane Von Furstenberg, the 29-year-old princess turned dress designer whose fashion empire grossed $60 million last year. "So I figured, why don't I?"

Not content with just being one of the most successful designers to make waves in the recession/inflation fashion economy, Miss Von Furstenberg has now set her heart on literary acclaim. Her next project is a book. It will hit the stores in September and will be titled "Beauty"...

"I'm not beautiful—I'm interesting looking. But I've done a lot of work on accepting myself.... I've never been a designer," she says. "I was just a woman who walked into her closet one day and realized that everything there was out of date."

•

Ron Talsky, 41, the Hollywood costume designer whose main claim to fashion fame has been designing for Raquel Welch, says they've split.

"I no longer want to be considered by Hollywood as Raquel Welch's designer," says Talsky, who is Oscar-nominated this year for his Welch wardrobe in "The Four Musketeers."

It's not sour grapes. "I'm proud of changing Raquel's image from a young sexpot to a sexy actress," says Talsky, "but I'd like to work with Streisand, Faye Dunaway, Candice Bergen now." —*Los Angeles Times.*

SCENE: *A closet in Los Angeles. As the curtain rises, Charisma von Ausgespielt, a breathtakingly beautiful twenty-four-year-old woman no longer in the first bloom of youth, stands before the door, racked with indecision. After a moment, the door opens and a young man emerges.*

CHARISMA (*startled*): Mercy! Who are you?

MAN: What do you mean who am I? Can't you see? I'm a person who's just come out of the closet.

CHARISMA: I realize that, but it still doesn't explain what you were doing in there.

MAN: That's between me and my shrink, nosy. I don't feel obliged to account for my life style to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. (*He exits.*)

CHARISMA: My goodness, what a pepper pot. You can't hardly rummage through your own schmottas nowadays without some ignatz snaps your head off. (*She enters closet and begins sorting dresses, disillusion writ large on her countenance.*) Ugh, to think I ever wore such anachronistic frocks—I must have seemed a frump indeed in these habiliments. However, thanks to a clever needle and the shrewd midwifery of *Women's Wear Daily*, *Burke's Peerage*, and the *Almanach de Gotha*, I am now on easy street, a biggie in the garment center, and almost finished scrivening my forthcoming smash autobio, "She Spins to Conquer." (*Unbeknownst to her, Ricky Tickitavsky, a divinely handsome Hollywood designer, has entered the closet. He is twenty-seven, soigné, and Oscar-rejected for his inept costuming of Anatole France's "Jocasta and the Famished Cat."*)

RICKY: Excuse me, Miss—can you tell me the price of these rejects?

CHARISMA (*confounded*): Eek! Where did you come from?

RICKY: Well, it's a long story. My father was born in Lithuania—

CHARISMA: I daresay. Nevertheless, that hardly entitles you to march in here as bold as brass.

RICKY: I don't get you. This is a thrift shop, isn't it? Look at all the schmottas on the rack.

CHARISMA (*icily*): I'll have you know these are all Charisma von Ausgespielt originals.

RICKY: Right, and they've got just the tacky, old-fashioned quality I need. I'm costuming a revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Pasadena Senior High School.

CHARISMA: Young man, do you know who you're talking to? I'm the designer of these gowns.

RICKY: So what? I'm a designer, too—Ricky Tickitavsky. You probably read about me in the newspapers.

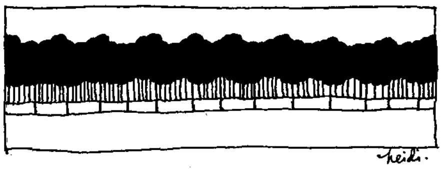
CHARISMA: Yes, I seem to recall something to the effect that you had just split with Sally Rand.

RICKY: Not Sally Rand—Talleyrand. I changed his image from a sexy young statesman to a sexy older statesman, but it didn't fulfill me. Now I'm thirsting to work with Metternich, Lord Rosebery, Kissinger—the power élite.

CHARISMA: Of course, of course. You mean you want to burst forth from your pupa.

RICKY: What pupa is that?

CHARISMA: Why, your chrysalis—that dull husk which it has heretofore imprisoned your personality. You want to soar out on great golden butterfly wings, to express your potential, to dazzle the onlookers.



RICKY: You know something? You have a way with words. Given the right training, you could be a terrific salesman.

CHARISMA: I sense that in you, too—you have a flair for verbs. Bugging you, though, is the one hurdle: can you accept yourself?

RICKY (*miserably*): I hate myself. I'm only a—what did you call me before?—a pupa. Sometimes, laying awake in my lonely condominium in Brentwood, I ask myself what behooves it that Vidal Sassoon styles my hair and Yves Saint Laurent makes my cologne, that I drive an Audi Fox. My whole ego is in shards. I feel I'm, like, living a lie.

CHARISMA: *Selbstverständlich*—that's because in your heart's deep core you know yourself to be a pushcart peddler. Now, I was born to the purple, sprung from the proudest lions in Europe, so I don't have these hangups.

RICKY: Forgive me, Highness, but could we sit down maybe? It's kind of close in here.

CHARISMA (*wounded*): Well, after all, it *is* a closet.

RICKY: I'm not criticizing it—I just thought we'd be more comfortable on these shoeboxes.... There, that's better. You were saying you sprang from a pride of loins?

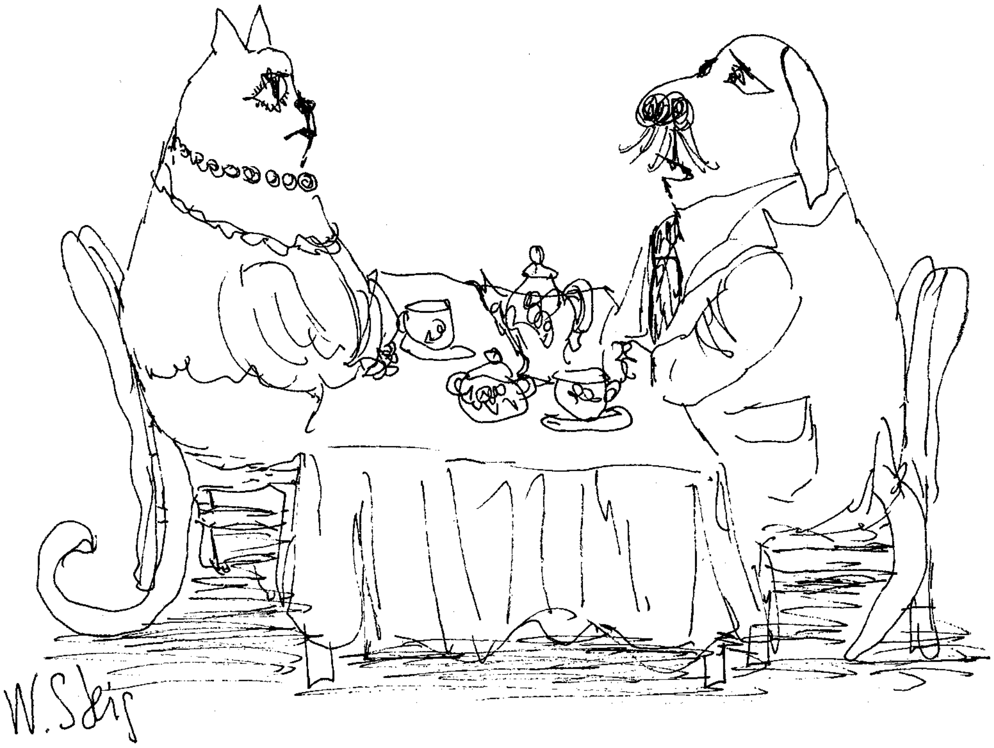
CHARISMA: Yes, I mingle with crowned heads as naturally as a duck takes to water, like a baby loves its rock-and-rye. Is there a pheasant drive across the Tweed, a boar hunt in Styria, a gala at Bad Ischl, a champagne party aboard a dahabeah on the Nile? Wherever the *jeunesse dorée* convokes, wherever fun is at its maddest, look for me there, the cynosure of all the men, the envy of all the women. Tell me—do you find me attractive?

RICKY: No, you have something that transcends mere beauty. You have flaring nostrils like a horse, which you never see them on these babes in the five-and-ten-cent store. Plus a patrician instep that bespeaks five hundred years of breeding.

CHARISMA (*bursting into tears*): Oh, I'm so tired of adulation! Do you know what it means to have men constantly shooting themselves for love of you, slavering over you, pawing you? I loathe the smell of their cigars in the curtains. Hence I became a writer.

RICKY: But you said you were a designer.

CHARISMA: Labels, badges! What are they but rotten little handcuffs that



"Felicia, why can't we get along?"

• •

society fastens on the creative to strangulate their genius? Were I to meet someone with the divine afflatus, be he poet, painter, or dustman, then, by my halidom, I would flee with same to the ends of the earth.

Ricky: Take care lest you fling your cap over the moon. If you met them n a closet like this, they might be an exterminator—a dry cleaner.

Charisma: 'Twould matter not a groat, by my maidenhead. Anyhow, getting back to basics, what do you think of my book so far?

Ricky: What book is that?

Charisma: Why, "She Spins to Conquer," which, albeit unfinished, has already reduced Virginia Kirkus to superlatives and netted a tidy four hundred Gs for the paperback rights. You've submitted it to a perusal?

Ricky (*uncomfortably*): No—only browsed it—the first forty pages—

Charisma: But you must have a gut reaction. Even the lowest of the low—my podiatrist, the vegetable man in Gristede's—has a gut reaction.

Ricky: Well, I'll level with you. The characters are well drawn, you have a nice sense of plot, but I miss the infrastructure. Who are we rooting for?

Charisma: The girl. The part I want Telly Savalas for.

Ricky: Then who plays Cyprian, the boy?

Charisma: Telly can play him, too.

Ricky: You don't foresee a collision of identities?

Charisma: Well, I'm not wedded to it, but it's a challenge to the designer in me. I'd like to use heaps and heaps of écru satin for the scene where the two of them capture Bryn Mawr.

Ricky: Charisma, did I ever honeyfogle you? Name me one time when I ever sold you out for a lousy commission. You're my ace client—right?

Charisma: We've always enjoyed a good working relationship, yes.

Ricky: Then I'll give you my gut reaction. To me that scene is not believable.

Charisma: You feel it strains credulity?

Ricky: I didn't say that—

Charisma: You did so! (*Sobbing*) I worked over it for weeks. It was the capstone of the arch, the linchpin of the whole story!

Ricky: No, no, the linchpin was the scene with the St. Bernard puppies climbing on Dr. Volk! Listen to me, honey . . .

Charisma (*recoiling*): Take your filthy hands off me. How dare you touch someone with my imperious aquiline features, a lineal descendant of the Orlovs, the Potockis, the Poniatowskis.

Ricky: I was carried away. A drop too much vodka . . .

Charisma: Goose that I was, all my governess's warnings went for naught. In my father's vast estates in the Crimea, the overseer's whip would have wiped out such an affront.

Ricky: Excuse, Gräfin. I just heard a knock on the door. Should I answer it?

Charisma (*acidly*): I'm quite capable of looking after my own closet, thank you. (*Revealed in the doorway is a soldierly figure, fainting and half exhausted, clad in a military greatcoat. His astrakhan shako has slipped back to disclose a bloodstained bandage.*)

Man: Is there a Monsieur Tickitavsky here?

Ricky: I am he.

Man (*saluting*): Sire, I am Michael Strogoff, courier of the Czar; I bear important dispatches from the imperial court. Forgive my appearance, but I have driven many versts. Ricky Petrovich—

Ricky: Enough with the patronymics. Make with the dispatches.

Strogoff: Here they are, Altesse.

Ricky (*exultantly, as he reads*): Charisma! Sweetheart! Where are you?

Charisma: Right here by your shoebox. Is it good news?

Ricky: You better believe it. The thrust is that, following lengthy investigation, it has come to light that Count Boris Przystalski, the wealthiest landholder in the Crimea, and I were switched in our cradles by a scheming quadroon. As the real Count Boris, I now possess twelve thousand serfs, a goodly sum in cash, and his entire fief.

Charisma: Oh, Ricky, how super. We always dreamt of having our own fief.

Ricky: Yes, it's magic. Only in an American closet could such a thing happen, a baseborn Litvak winning a shiksa of royal lineage.

Strogoff (*impatiently*): Is there any answer for the Czar? I can't stand here cooling my steeds all night. They're flecked with foam.

Ricky: How do you like that? A greenhorn, an apple-knocker, and already he's burning up the freeways. Where's the fire?

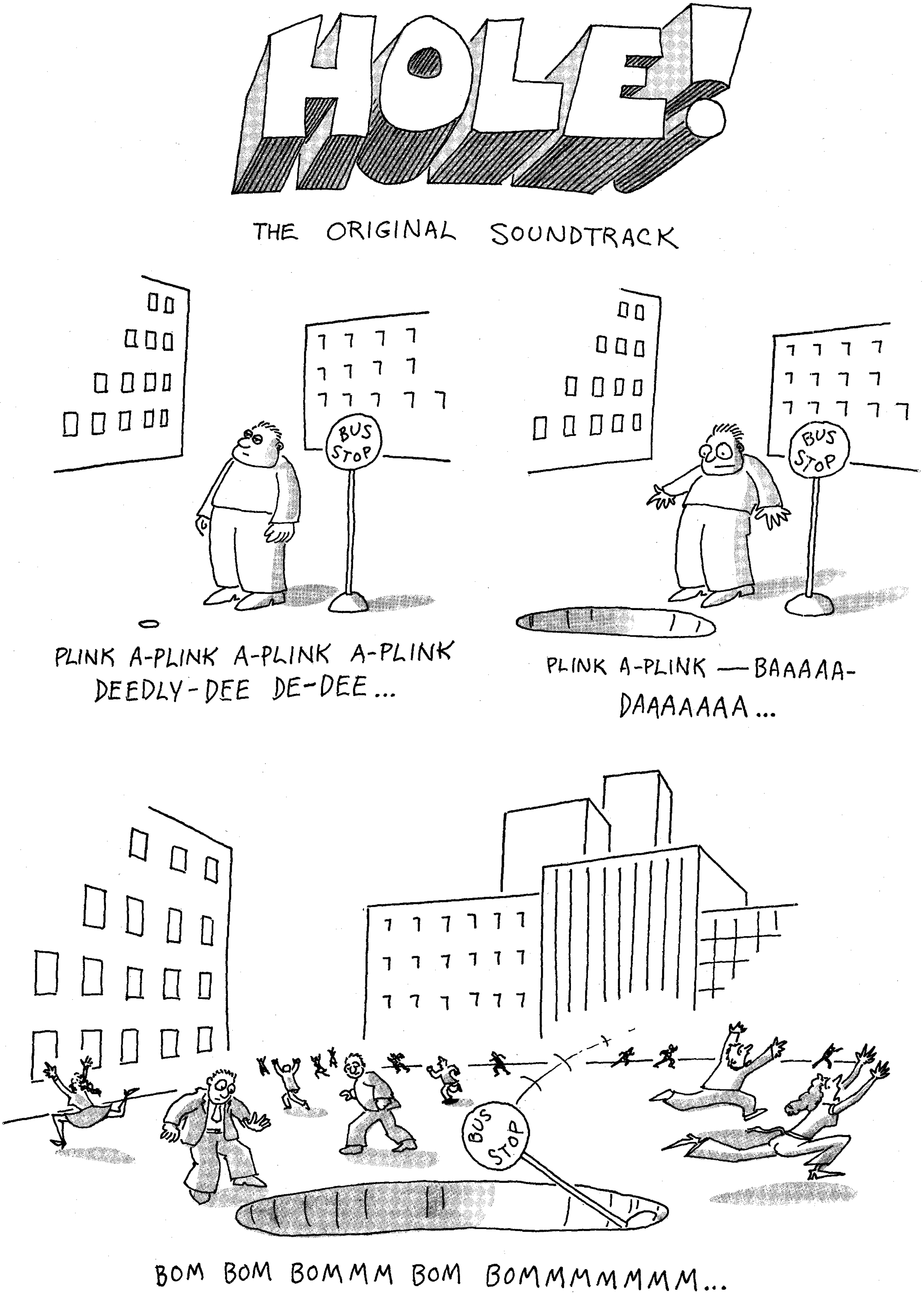
Strogoff: I'm huddling with Francis Ford Coppola, Norman Lear, and Swifty Lazar in the Polo Lounge to lens a thirty-nine-week spinoff from my sensational X-rated "Nudity in Varsovie."

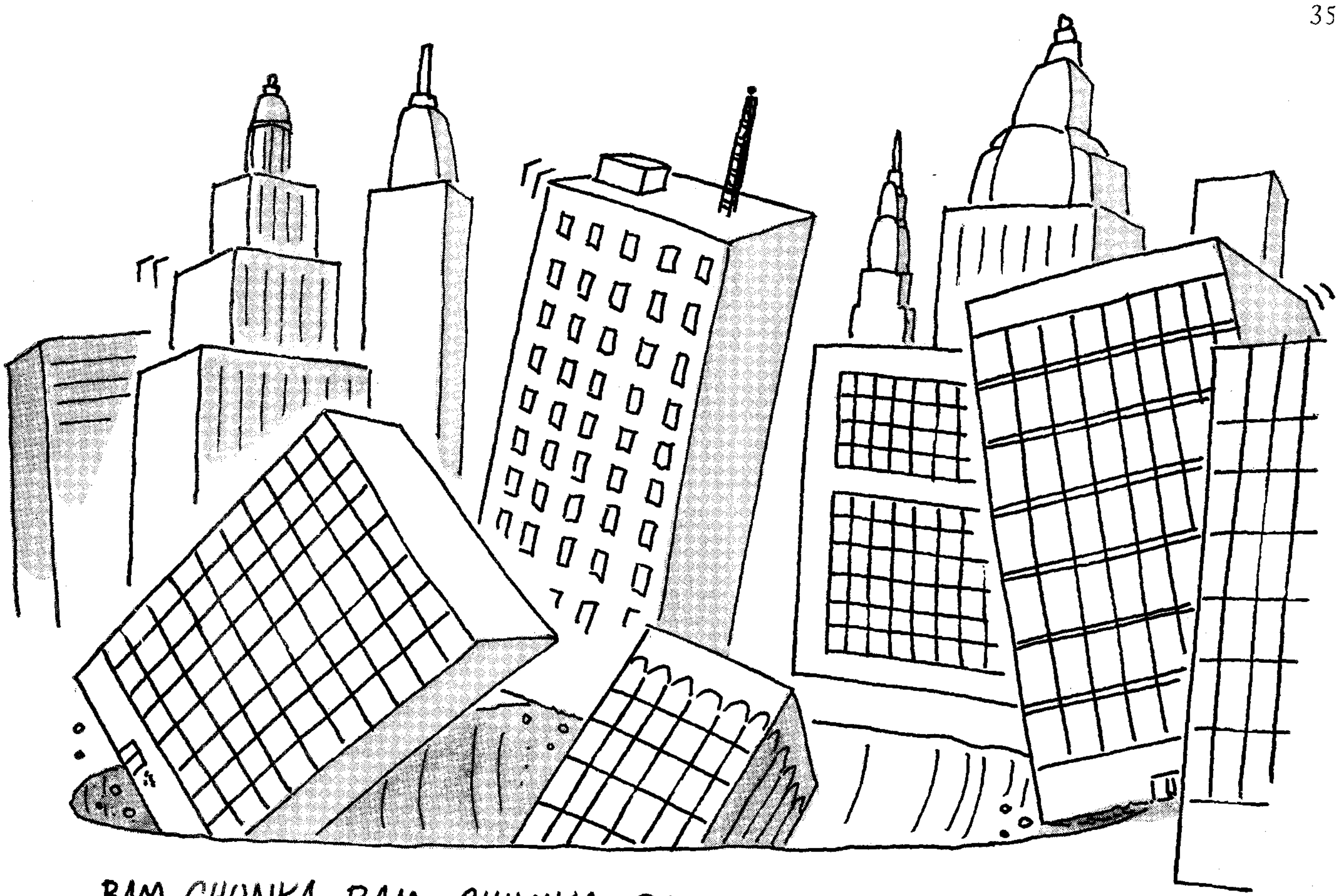
Charisma: Who's doing the clothes, if any? Ricky and I just conceived a thrilling new line of see-through jumpsuits yclept Schmottas Polonaises.

Strogoff: Then you got yourself a deal, Countess. Follow me! (*The three link arms and hasten excitedly toward the Polo Lounge.*)

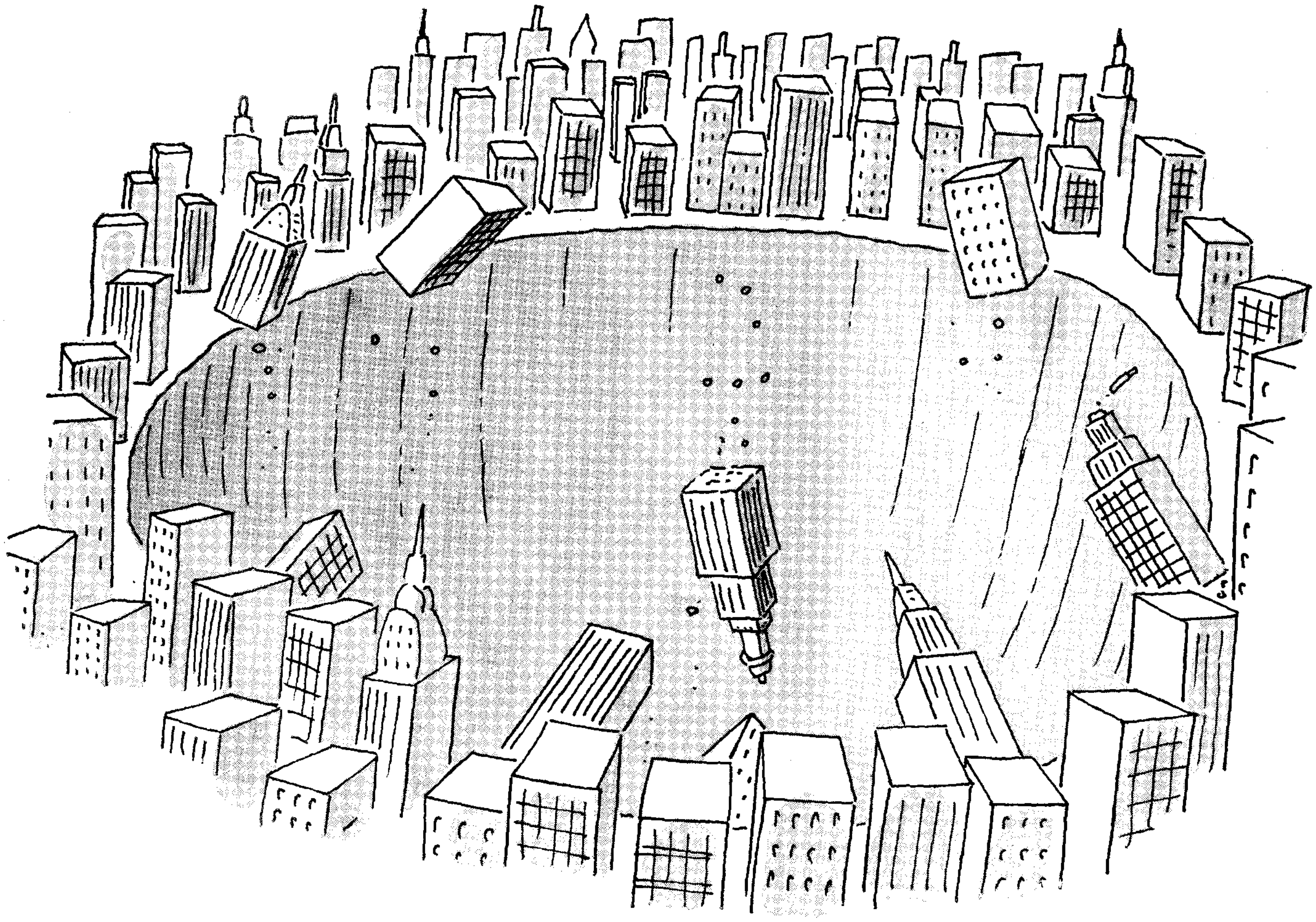
Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

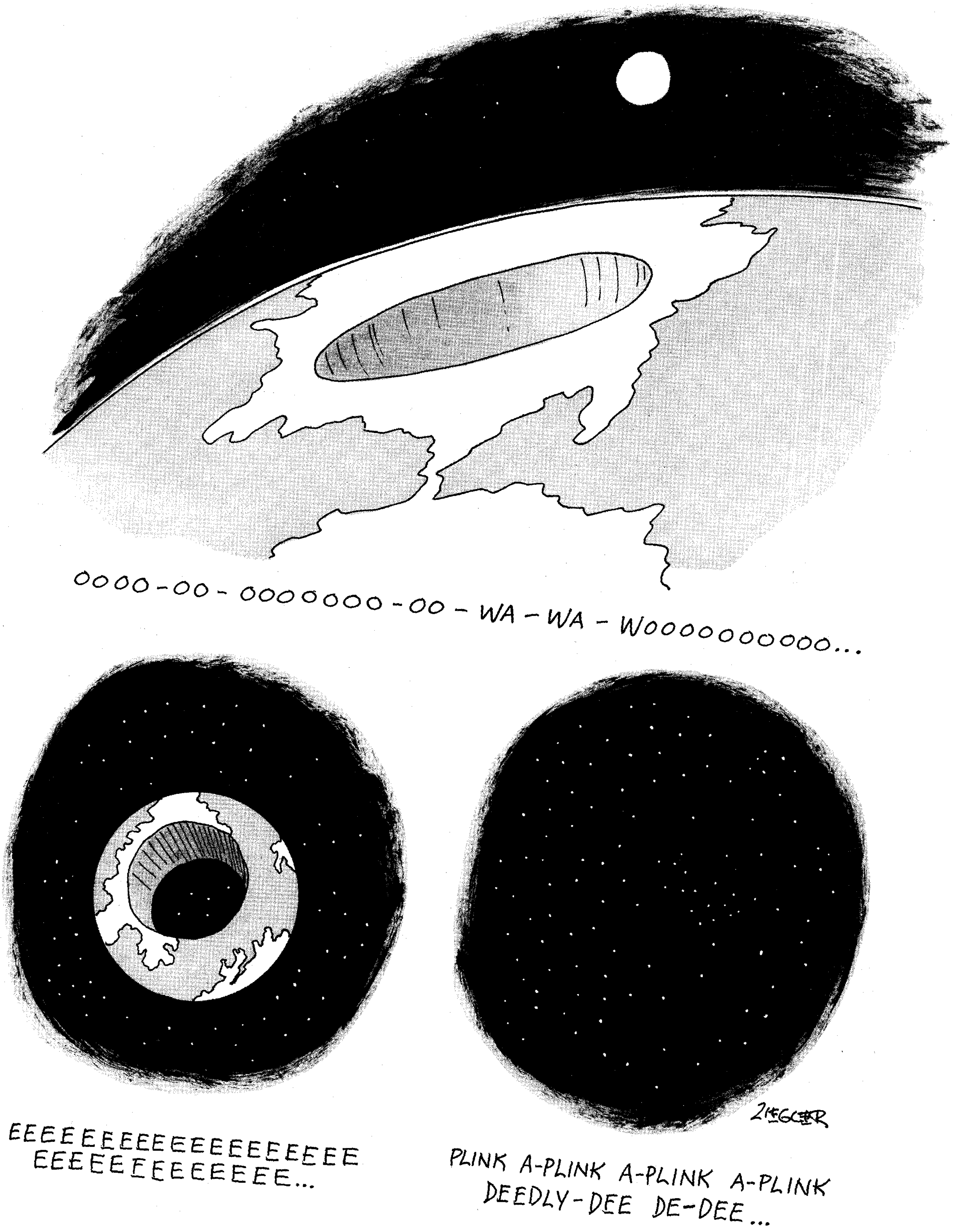

HOLE!
THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
BUS STOP
PLINK A-PLINK A-PLINK A-PLINK DEEDLY-DEE DE-DEE...
BUS STOP
PLINK A-PLINK —BAAAAA-DAAAAAAA...
BUS STOP
BOM BOM BOMMM BOM BOMMMMMMM...



BAM CHUNKA BAM CHUNKA BAM CHUNKA BAM CHUNKA...



SCREEEEEEEEEEE DOM DOM DOM BOOOOOOOOOOOOM
THUM THUM BABOOOOOOOM...


OOOO-OO-OOOOOOO-OO-WA-WA-WOOOOOOOOOOO...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEEEE...
PLINK A-PLINK A-PLINK A-PLINK DEEDLY-DEE DE-DEE...

IN THE HOURS OF DARKNESS

On a stretch of road far from London and not yet in sight of Cambridge, Elena suddenly remarked that it was like Australia. There was more than one reason for this: the physical loneliness was exactly like the loneliness she had experienced when visiting Australia, in the countryside above Sydney one warm muzzy Saturday. And the road itself, devoid of houses or tillage, suggested a depopulated land. Also, the high grass on either side was tawny—bleached no doubt by a long and phenomenally dry English summer. The bridges that flanked the motorway were ugly and graceless, and they, too, reminded her of that other time.

Her son Ian, who was driving, said that any minute they would see the spires of Cambridge. She had never seen Cambridge before, and already her mind ran on to the stout walls, the stained-glass windows, and an overall atmosphere of studiousness. She was excited. She envisioned going into her hotel bedroom and drawing the curtains—they would be dark red, and once they were drawn she would click on a light and sit in an armchair to read some Jane Austen in order to rediscover through that woman reserve and perseverance.

Ian, her youngest son, was going up to Cambridge and she was facing a predicament she had read about in novels—that of a divorced woman, bereft of her children, having to grow old without these beloved props, having in some way to take the first step into loneliness as if she were a toddler again.

Two signposts gave the same mileage for Cambridge, even though they were miles apart, and she said that that was typical, then instantly decided that she was becoming a shrew. Soon maybe she would be questioning bills, talking to herself, and finding fault with any work that was done on her house in London. To save face, she called Ian's attention to the beauty of a fairly ordinary little village, in which she pointed out a post office, an alehouse, some wee cottages, and an antique shop.

They parked just outside Cambridge, because it was against university rules for undergraduates to have cars. They walked the rest of the way to Ian's college, carrying baskets of books and clothing, a record-player, a drawing board, a lantern, a bedside lamp, and a picnic hamper with wine, pork fillets, and cheese. Her hotel was across the road from the college, but it was not what she had imagined. The entrance adjoined the car park, and in the huge lobby there were arrows pointing to several bars. Then there was hammering to testify that construction was in progress. Would it stop at night? She had trouble sleeping and had requested a quiet room. She was obsessed with noise and could, she believed, be wakened by an air bubble in a water pipe at night.

She followed the porter down a long corridor and then was dismayed to find that he had lost his way. It was a big, ramshackle place, with various flights of stairs leading to different wings. Her bedroom was on the second floor, and just outside, in the hall, was a child's crib and a single mattress standing on end. The room was everything she dreaded—a single bed with a stained orange coverlet, curtains to match, a plastic lampshade, and a wardrobe with three metal hangers that moved slightly as if propelled by some shiver. The one service bell brought no response—no buxom girl, no doddering old man, no housekeeper with a motherly smile came in answer to her pressing of the green oblong button. There was no way of telling if it was disconnected—or if, in fact, a bell had rung somewhere in the bowels of that place and was being ignored with a shrug. Bad place to die, she thought, and as fervently as she had longed for the novelty and repose of that little room she now longed to be out of it and safely home.

She wanted tea. Her stockings were damp. On their walk from the car, it had begun to drizzle, and now it was raining heavily. Lifting the curtain, she looked at the spatters as they crawled down the windowpane and lodged on the frame beneath. The view was of a football field, empty except for its goalposts. She would make the best of it.

In the lobby, the guests were being served tea and everything about them suggested not an academic life but a life of commerce. She had to step over bags bursting with packages, and at first glance every mouth seemed to be allied to a piece of oily chocolate cake. She sat waiting for service at the one empty table, and in her restlessness began to eat the bits of damp ribbony lettuce that had served as decoration on the plate of sandwiches that the previous occupants had devoured. A waiter strolled across and caught her in this infantile theft. She asked him to bring tea quickly, as she was dining at seven. He spurned her to her face; he also spurned the entire human race, and did both of these offices in broken English.

Elena and Ian had been asked to dine at one of the most esteemed colleges, and with the other guests they forgathered in a small, overheated sitting room that was full of furniture and cabinets of china. Their host, a professor, had invited a younger professor and two upperclassmen. They sat and awkwardly searched each other's faces, pondering what to say. The young men laughed lightly at everything, constantly interjecting bits of French as they bantered with each other about their sleeping habits or their taste for sherry or classical music. It was stiff. Her son should have had a different introduction, something much less formal. The conversation centered for a long time on a professor who had a woman's name as a nickname and who received students in his long johns and thought nothing of it. He was described as a hermit, even though he seemed to receive students most mornings in his room.

It was to be an early dinner. They went down a short flight of stairs and then climbed some more steps to the little dining room. The host had done everything to make it perfect. There was smoked salmon, grouse, Chantilly, different wines for each course, and the entire menu printed alongside each person's place card. The old servant who attended them was so nervous that he trembled as he stood over her and kept debating with his long hands whether to proffer the entrée or the gravy jug. It was touch and go. His master told him for God's sake to put the jug down. When he did, the movement caused the flesh of his neck to tremble like that of a half-dead cockerel.

Yes, someone was saying, it was true that students were sent down, but they had to be awfully bad or else awfully unlucky, and of course it was an awfully amusing thing. I am in an English play, she thought, the kind of play that portrays an intelligent man or woman going to seed and making stoical jokes about it. She thought of the word "barbarian" and sucked it as if it were a bonbon.

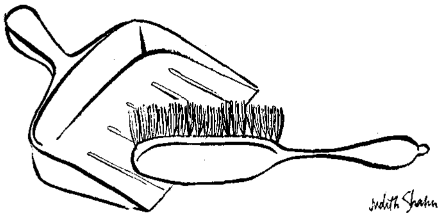
The grouse on her plate was impossible to wrest. Everyone talked too much and tried too eagerly and was determined to be considerate. Little bright jets of blood shot up as knives vainly attacked the game. To conceal his embarrassment, the young professor said it was too delicious. The host said his was uneatable and if Freddie's was delicious to give it to Elena, since hers was like leather. She demurred, said it was lovely, and at the same time resolved that she would eat the sprouts and would drink goblets of wine. A toast was raised to her son, and he went scarlet as he heard himself being praised. Looking down, she saw that each plate contained a heap of little bones, decked with bits of torn pink flesh, and, true to her domestic instinct, she said they would make good broth, those leavings. A most tactless slip. Everyone raved over the nice raspberry Chantilly, and presently quite huge portions of it rested on the young men's dessert plates.

Since they had dined so early, she felt it was appropriate to leave early. During dinner, her host had confessed to being tired, and yet in his bedroom, where they had come together to fetch her coat, she felt that he wanted to talk, that he was avid to tell some little thing. He said that he had never married because he could not stand the idea of a woman's saying "we," organizing his thoughts, his time, his suits of clothing, and his money. It was a small, functional room, with a washstand and an iron bed with a frayed Paisley robe laid across it. On the wall was a painting of a wolf with a man's eyes, and she thought, This professor is not as mild as he seems. On an impulse, she kissed him, and he seemed so childishly glad that she then became awkward and tripped over a footstool.

OUT on the street, she and Ian lingered, admiring the courtyard, the stone archways, and the beautiful formidable entrance of the college. The town itself was just shops and shut cafés, with cars whizzing up and down as on any High Street. At the hotel she bade Ian good night and knew that the hour had come when they were parting more or less forever. They made light of it and said they would sightsee the next day.

As she approached her bedroom, she heard loud music, and she began to remonstrate with herself, began to laugh. The music was surely phantom music, because, after all, she had been insistent about reserving a quiet room. But as she proceeded down the corridor the sound increased in volume and pitch and she wondered if anxiety could play such a thorough trick. When she put the key in her door and entered, the furniture was shaking from the noise and she looked instinctively for men with oily hair and wearing white dinner jackets, which was how she imagined a dance band. She called the desk. Yes, the night clerk said, a dance was in progress. He could do nothing, was not even sympathetic. The metal hangers that she had forborne using were almost doing a jig.

She took her key and went downstairs, then crossed the street to the college where her son was. At the gate, the porter directed her to her son's room. He seemed to sense her dismay, because he kept repeating the instructions, kept saying, "If you walk down now toward the rectangular buildings, and take the first turning on the left, you will find your son will be the fifth staircase along, and you will find him there." Walking along, she thought only of the sleep that would knit up "the ravel'd sleave of care" and hoped that in one of those buildings a bed awaited her—a bed, an eiderdown; and total silence.



Coming toward her was a young man wearing a leather motorcycle

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BLIGHT ON ELM

Did they have to go, our shady neighbors,
Before we even got to know their names?
Lofty, supercilious, but kind,
You never saw their faces in the papers
Although they flirted with the wind
Frequently and flagrantly enough
And were no strangers to the sun or rain.

Embarrassed gods, silent branch factories,
Their loss leaves a lacuna in the landscape
Shocked and shattered by their disappearance.
Decimated by a radical disease,
Almost unnoticed there they stood
Year in, year out, along the streets
To which as well as shade they gave their names.

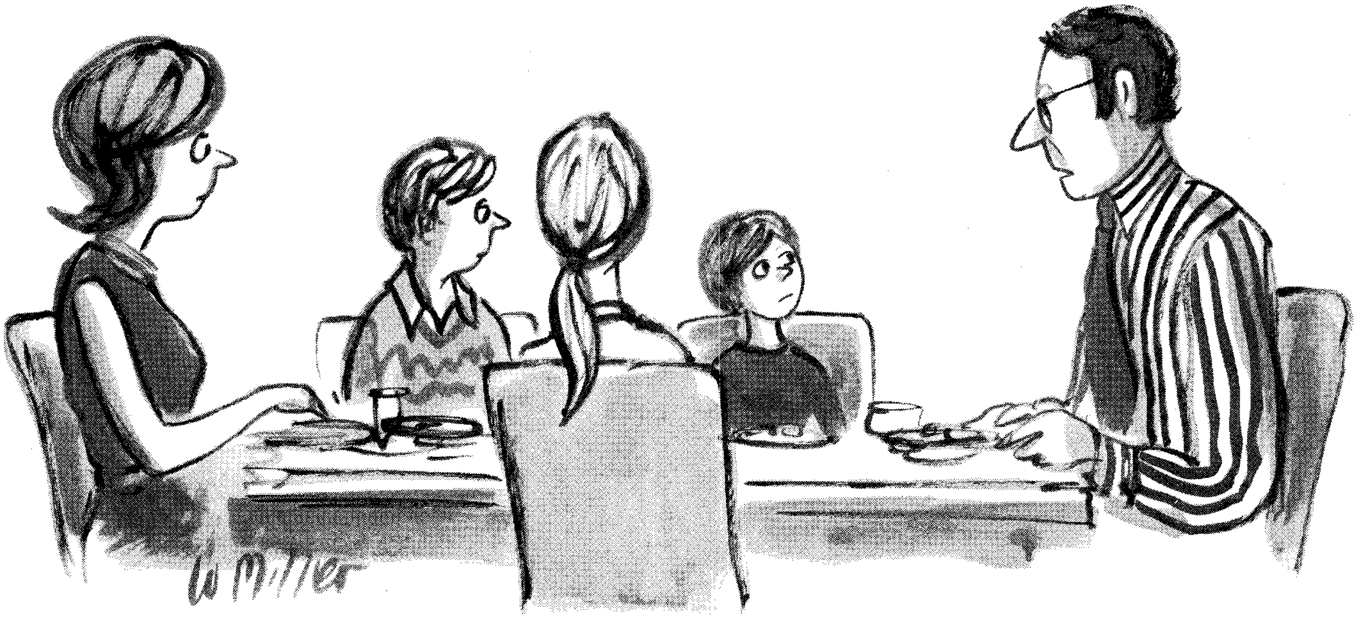
Individuals of a species
Whose autumn was an age of gold,
They grew unconscious in the forest
We infer from all these trees,
Survivors of the primal wood.
We used to think that form determined matter
But now we see that matter dictates form.

Remember how we used to watch them change
Their drip-dry garments spring and fall
From green to brown and back again?
This is how the suburbs lose their cool
By a coincidence never really strange,
The end in view is nearly natural,
The beautiful laid level with the plain.

Destroyers came to get them about dawn
Having well beforehand marked each victim
With an X, they cut them down
And fed them limb by leafy limb
To an insatiable machine
Whose sinister mosquito whine
Now near, now far, annoys us all year long.

Their absence aches like an extracted tooth
We will learn to live without in time,
Truncated, a redundant proof,
As if we needed one, of death.
Only in the medium of dream
Does there exist an afterlife
Where they return and we regain our youth.

—DARYL HINE



"That was a most interesting and thought-provoking comment, Tommy. Now you will please leave the table and go to your room."

• •

jacket that was too small for him. Something about the way he walked reminded her of a motorcycle gang she had once seen in an American film, and of how they went out at night to have fights with other gangs. She wondered who this boy might be, thought that probably he had put on the jacket to give himself an image, that he was looking for friends or for a fight. Four or five hundred young men were now installed in the college, and she thought of the friendships that would ensue, of the meals they would all eat, the gowns they would buy, the loves and hatreds that would flourish. She was glad not to be one of them. Just before the figure came level with her, she realized that it was Ian and that he was going in search of adventure. She lost heart then and could not tell him of her plan to find a bed in his college. She pretended at first not to know him, walked past with one hip thrust out and in an affected voice said, "Haven't we met somewhere?" Then she asked him if he was settling in, and he said yes, but he always said yes at awkward moments. They walked toward the gate, and he said that his name was painted at the foot of his landing—his and three other names—and that he had a little kitchen with a fridge and there was a note informing him of a maid who would be at his service on the Monday. How she wanted to be that maid. They said good night again, this time a little more gamely, since there was a mutual suspicion that they might meet a second time.

In the hotel lobby, some people had come out from the dance, and a drunk woman was holding up a broken silver shoe and asking if the heel could be mended. When Elena asked him how long the dance would go on, the night clerk said till two. Elena felt like crying. He asked if she would like another hotel and she said yes, then ran to her room and packed things quickly, viciously. In the lobby yet again, she felt herself to be conspicuous, what with half her belongings falling out of the bag and a look on her face of madness. In the taxi, she thought of warm milk laced with whiskey. Vain thought. The porter in the new hotel was fast asleep and stirred himself only when the Dalmation watchdog bared his teeth at her legs, which she quickly shielded with her suède bag. She had to pay there and then, and had to write the check by balancing the book against the wall, as the counter space was taken up with timetables, circulars, and postcards. The last train for London had left an hour before. She followed the porter down the corridor and let out a shriek when he admitted her to a room in which a shocked woman sat up in bed and screamed. In fact, their screams coincided.

"Sorry about that, Madam," the porter said. At last, he conducted her to an empty room that was weirdly identical to the one she had just vacated. He said not to open the window, in case of burglary.

The single bed was so narrow that each time she tried to turn over she had to stop herself from falling to the floor. The tap in the little sink let out involuntary groans, and now and then the Dalmatian gave a moan. She put her black cardigan over the telephone to blot out its faint luminescent glow. She was fighting for sleep. She took two large two-toned capsules that were filled with barbiturate.

Where was her son now? Had he met a friend? Were they tucking into the pork fillets and the cheese already? She missed him and wished it were Christmas.

She could feel the sleeping pill starting to work as she put her hand out to assist herself in turning over. Nevertheless, she tumbled, fell, and conked her head on the bedside locker. The last slim route to sleep was closed. It was a question of waiting till morning, so she dressed and then, grappling with anger, paced the room.

As she paced, a sign above the sink's mirror caught her attention. The sign was hand-lettered and it said, "In the hours of darkness, if a client has an urgent need will he or she please ring *and wait* because due to security the night porter may be prowling the building and not find himself adjacent to the switchboard." She took the sign down, reread it with amazement, then wrote, "You must be joking," and signed her name, "Elena McBride." Then she sank into the creaky armchair and waited stoutly for morning.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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Paul Cooper, who is directing the Mid-Hudson Opera Theatre's production of "La Boheme," never cared much for Pucci while in college.—*Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Journal.*

He preferred Hart, Schaffner & Mahler.

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

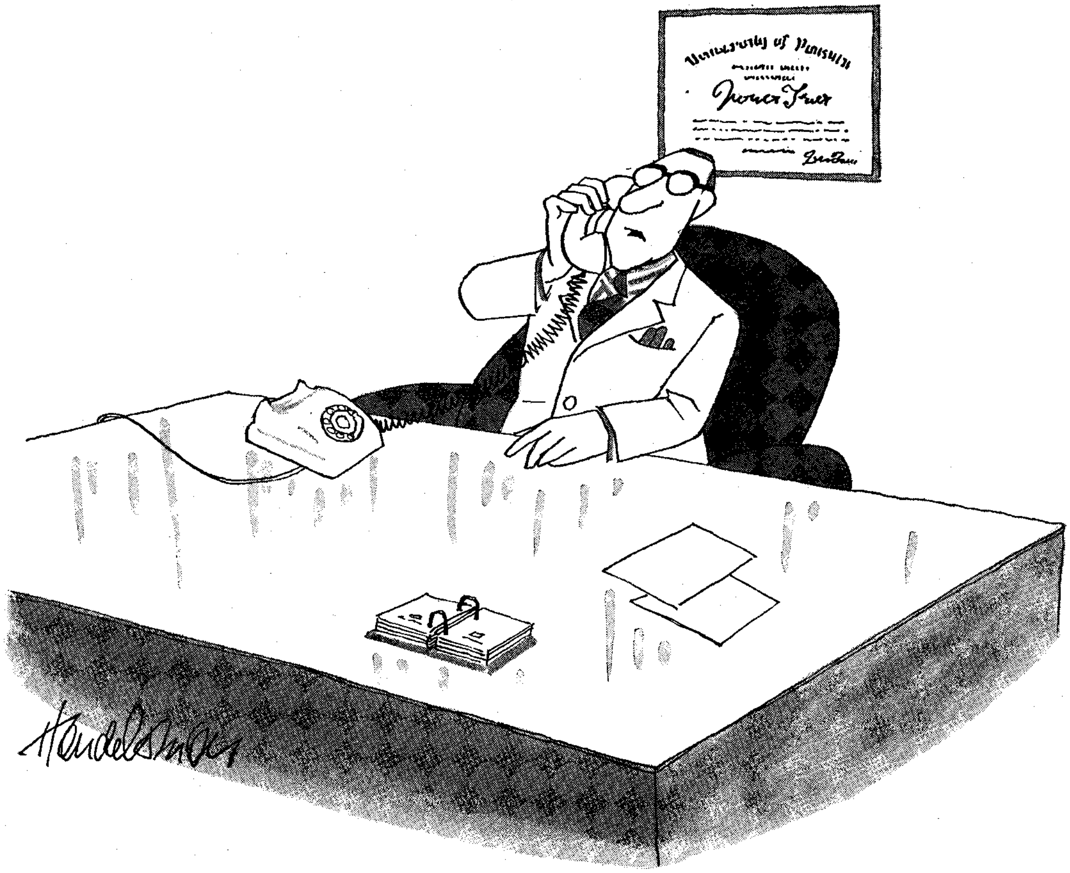
SPRING NOTES—I

THAT this is our Bicentennial Year might not be of more than passing interest—we might see it merely as something to get through with as little offense from the promoters and the politicians as possible—if it were not for the context in which it falls. The celebration coincides with our first Presidential election since Watergate, which placed our system of government in unprecedented danger and made us more sharply conscious of the ideas that went into our founding. This is also our first Presidential election since Vietnam. Both the domestic and the foreign crises of these past few years shook our faith and our confidence—wiped out old assumptions and left us with new questions. At the same time, another set of perplexing questions has arisen: questions about how to manage our nation—about the economy, the federal government, race relations, to name just some—and about how to cope with an increasingly armed and restive world. All these form the background against which we are choosing our next leaders. In the foreground are men struggling for the greatest position of power which this nation has to offer. As a reporter based in Washington, I've been watching that struggle closely and keeping a journal in which I've tried to record some of what is happening in this unusual political year.

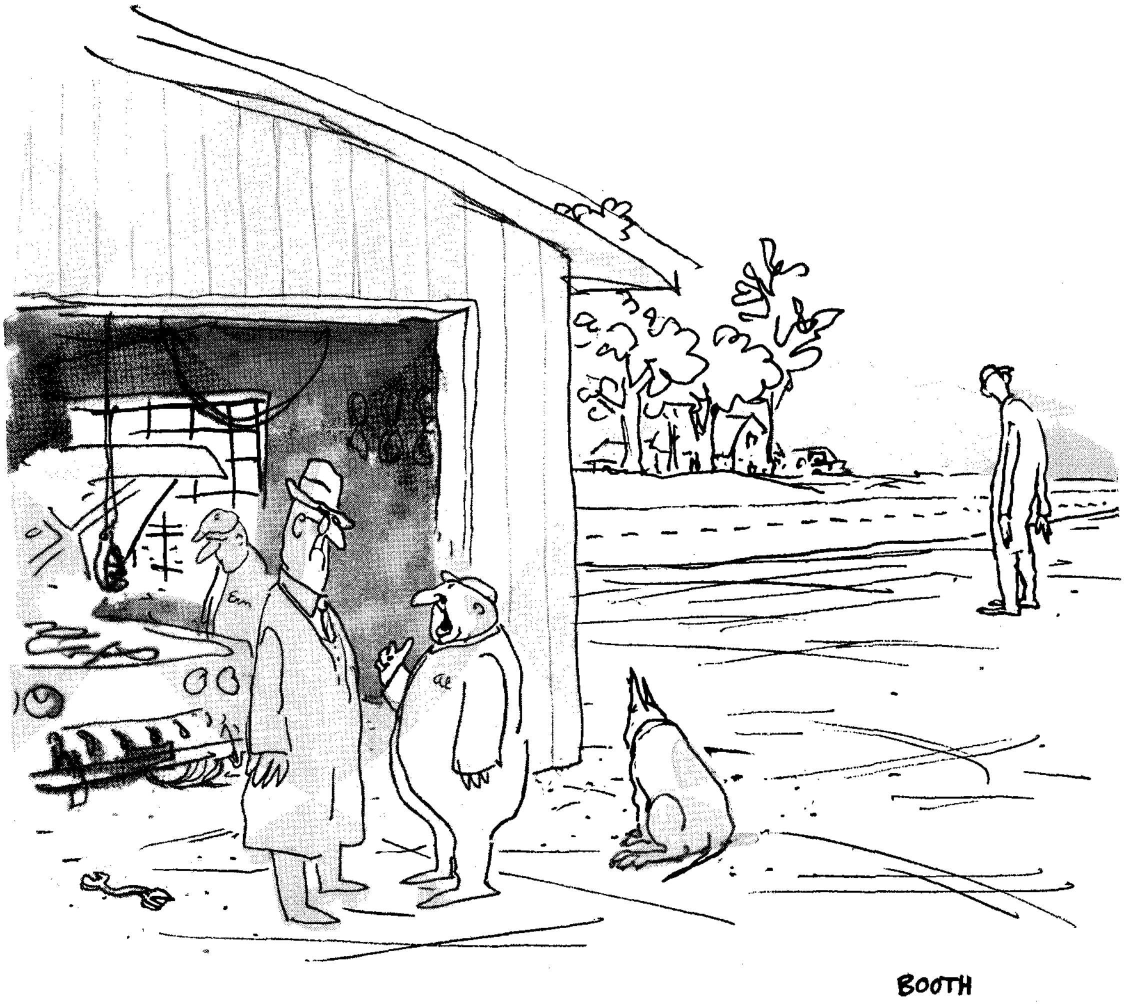
APRIL 13

THE Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia. Tuesday afternoon. Jimmy Carter, the former Governor of Georgia and current candidate for the Presidency, has just flown in from Atlanta. He looks positively relaxed. One would never guess from his appearance that he is believed to be in the worst trouble so far in his long campaign. He apologized last week for having said that federal housing programs should not break up the "ethnic purity" of neighborhoods, but the stir he caused has not abated, nor have the suspicions about him that the incident raised. He returned home to Georgia, exhausted, late on Saturday (he has not been able to keep to his intended schedule of taking Saturdays and Sundays off), and this morning he held a rally in Atlanta, where several blacks, including the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Sr., embraced him. For good measure, Carter has flown in some blacks from Atlanta to stand here at this press conference with him and, along with some Pennsylvania blacks, attest to his *bona fides*.

It had begun to seem that Jimmy Carter would not make a big mistake, and then, on the eve of last week's Wisconsin and New York primaries, he did. He told an interviewer for the New York *News*, "I see nothing wrong with ethnic purity being maintained" in a neighborhood, and, under questioning in subsequent press conferences, defended his remarks by saying that there should not be "intrusion of alien groups" into neighborhoods. Whether Carter understood the full import of the code terms he used, and intended to use them, cannot be known, so the incident raised questions about his understanding, his judgment, and his character. Moreover, when it happened, it seemed to some—perhaps because they wished it to—that this might be one of those statements catastrophic to Presidential aspirants, like George Romney's statement about "brainwashing." Part of the reaction stemmed from the fact that there is so much suspicion of Carter, so much uneasiness about him, that the statement reverberated. Because so many people had been waiting for Carter to make a mistake, because it just might be a historic event, it became magnified. Futhermore, the next two important primaries for Carter are in Pennsylvania and Indiana, states with large "ethnic" populations, and the question had been raised of whether Carter could do well in a Northern industrial state; Pennsylvania, in two weeks, is the test. From his record as governor, it is clear that he is not a racist. From his comments, it appears that he may have been dipping into the literature of Michael Novak and others who celebrate ethnicity and try to fan it into a political movement. (Carter has talked with Novak.) The honoring of ethnic identity and diversity is fine until it ventures into unreality—suggesting an America that can never be again—and into exploitation by the politi-



"If the treatment hasn't helped, Mrs. Jensen, I think the best thing you can possibly do is sue me. Litigation is often very therapeutic."



"Old Jesse located your trouble, Mr. Watkins, but he won't tell us what it is until after the ice-cream truck comes."

• •

cians. Politicians who play around with it do so at their peril. Either way, there is a problem with what Carter said: If he did not understand the implications of the terms he used, that is a problem; if he did, that's a problem, too. His political opponents—with the exception of Frank Church—naturally leaped on what he said, even though their policies do not differ much from Carter's. The Congressional Black Caucus, and even Carter's important black supporter Andrew Young, the representative and former civil-rights leader from Atlanta, criticized him for his remarks. The United Auto Workers withheld a planned endorsement of him for the Michigan primary. Liberals who had been wavering also held back their support. A number of his own backers were given pause. Finally, after repeating his remarks a few times and suggesting testily that the press was persisting in making too much of the matter, Carter, in a press conference in Philadelphia, apologized for using the word "purity." He also threw in support of the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill, which has become a liberal litmus test, saying that now that the bill had been modified he could back it. But, even as he apologized, he said, "I don't think the government ought to go in just arbitrarily requiring people of a different background to live in a community." I can't think of anyone who does. There are federal regulations that are intended to prevent government housing projects from contributing to racial-segregation patterns. The subject is among the sorest ones in our national life, and a bad one for political campaigns.

The gaffe (if that is what it was), plus Carter's eyelash defeat of Morris Udall in Wisconsin last Tuesday and his poor fourth-place showing in New York on the same day and in the Virginia district caucuses the previous weekend, gave heart to the anti-Carter forces in the Democratic Party. The forces behind a Hubert Humphrey candidacy felt a new surge of life, and, through strategic leaks, let it be known last weekend that they would establish a Washington office to solicit support for Humphrey from uncommitted delegates. Some of Humphrey's allies began to tell him that he should enter the New Jersey primary—which is one of the last three Democratic primaries, and the only one after Pennsylvania that can still be entered—in order to forestall the charge that his nomination was engineered in a "smoke-filled room." They told him that he could beat Carter in New Jersey. One senator who supports Humphrey said to me recently, "All the candidates have negatives. Carter's negatives are that he is an outsider, his positions are vague, nobody knows who he is. The whole heart of democracy is knowing about a person before you put him in a position of authority. The mayors want to know, poor people, educators—all will want to know about him. His advantage of not having to cast votes on tough issues before Congress which might offend some is offset by the fact that people are bothered by not knowing where he stands." This senator also said that Humphrey's hopes rested on a "fluid" situation at the Convention, and that now it seemed that the situation would be fluid. He explained, "The way he has this planned assumes he's the number-one choice of the Democrats."

•

YESTERDAY, I dropped by to see Humphrey. He came off the Senate floor, where a resolution trying to establish a congressionally set budget was under debate. The new budget process, which many think constitutes a revolution, is an attempt to achieve some coherence among the various appropriations bills that Congress adopts. The idea—to use the term everyone seems to use—is to "establish priorities." The process is in its infancy and, up to now, has taken only a few wobbly steps. The hard tests are still to come. Humphrey was acclaimed last week during an appearance at the Pennsylvania state convention of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—his perfervid backers in 1972. Humphrey has a way of showing up in primary states as their elections near. Yesterday, he seemed tense. Earlier in the year, he was enjoying the clamor for him to run, the indications that he was indeed the most beloved of Democrats. But now he is just about out of time and is facing difficult choices. If he is going to run in New Jersey, he must file by April 29th, two days after the Pennsylvania primary. If he runs in New Jersey and does not win, he risks losing his prestige and his dignity; if he does not run in New Jersey, he risks losing his last chance for the nomination. Yesterday, he told me he was under “tremendous pressure” to run. He seems to relish talking about how much in demand he is. “People say, ‘We need you, we expect you to run,’ ” he said. “The pressure has really built up. But it hasn’t caused me distress. It’s almost too late to contemplate any primaries. I don’t see myself going into New Jersey. It takes money, and we don’t have it.” That may be a more important point than people think. He continued, “I suppose we could raise money in a hurry. If Pennsylvania should be a draw, there would be no need for me to file in New Jersey. If Henry Jackson is strong, the liberals will be down here practically demanding that I enter. If Carter is strong, I have no question but that the traditional labor people will be here. If I were running for the Presidency—if I were really out after it—I can see that it would be necessary and wise for me to enter New Jersey. But I’m not doing that. If I entered the primaries, it would not be to get known. For me, the primaries would be a test of strength. The best test of strength is with the delegates at the Convention. If it happens, it happens.”

Humphrey said that he had been discouraging the formation of uncommitted slates in his name. He said he had told the Erie County (Buffalo) Democratic leader, Joseph Crangle—who subsequently arranged to have delegates in New York who were actually for Humphrey run as an uncommitted slate—that Jackson and Morris Udall would be angry if Humphrey’s name was entered in the New York primary, and he had asked Crangle not to enter it. He said he had told people in Pennsylvania the same thing.

I asked Humphrey whether, as some people believed, he had an understanding with at least Jackson that he would stay out of the primaries, give the others their run at the nomination, and then see what happened.

He replied that he had told all the candidates who “visited” him—and all but Carter “visited” him—that he would stay out. “I told them all that I had no intention,” he said. “You know, you don’t give absolutes. But that’s not why I’m staying out.”

I asked Humphrey about the view that he should not be given the nomination if he had not run in any state at all.

“That’s an argument outside the Convention,” he said. “Outside its politics. The Convention will want someone who’ll win. The plain rank and file don’t care if I enter the primaries. They say, ‘You’re going to run, aren’t you, Mr. Humphrey?’ The details don’t bother them. Whether I’ve run in the primaries or not is a detail.”

●

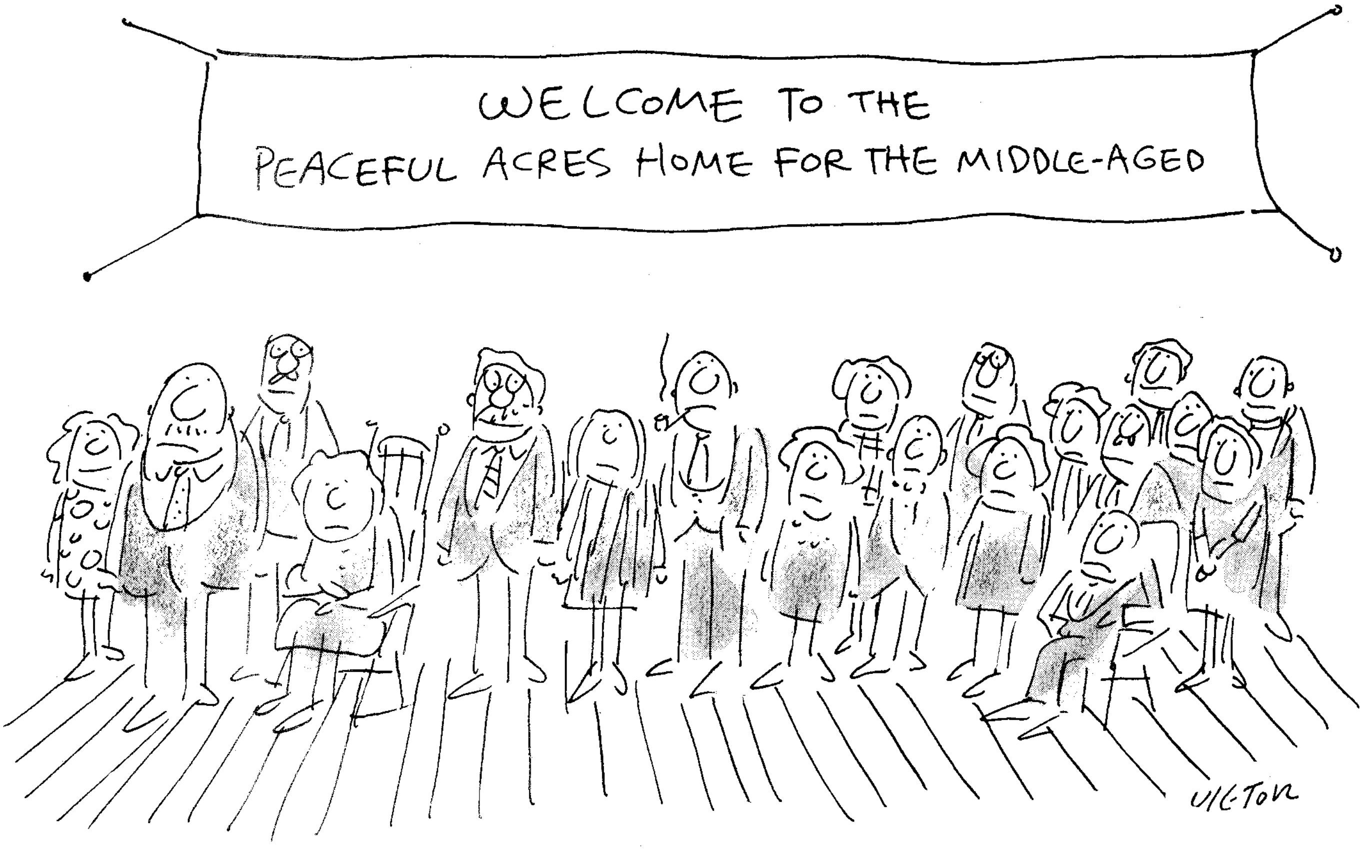
THE Pennsylvania Presidential primary is in many ways an extension of Pennsylvania’s junglelike politics. As in other states, but to a greater degree, the Presidential candidates become instruments through which local factions vie for power, settle scores. In Pennsylvania, the “back-yard principle”—according to which the positions on the candidates taken by various people and forces have to do not so much with the great question of who should lead our nation as with how best to protect their own back yard—becomes high art. Jackson has the backing of the Philadelphia machine headed by Mayor Frank Rizzo—Philadelphia is believed to have one of the last working machines in America—but the Presidential race is really of secondary concern there. The Philadelphia Democratic organization is more interested in the election of precinct committeemen, who elect the ward leaders, who elect the city chairman, who names the slates of city judges and the register of wills and various court officers, and who handles patronage from Harrisburg. State Senator Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani, who is also a Philadelphia ward leader, said to Albert Hunt, of the *Wall Street Journal*, “Anybody that doesn’t tell you the first priority is the election of committeemen is crazy.” The backing of Rizzo, the heavy-handed former police chief, who is extremely unpopular outside Philadelphia, is not a pure blessing. A local black leader who is a bitter opponent of Rizzo is backing Udall. But Jackson also has the backing of several state labor leaders. Their hearts are really with Humphrey, and they have to convince people that they should vote for Jackson in order to help Humphrey. Yet labor’s storied ability to “deliver” is in question.

Carter, as is his wont, is trying to capitalize on what others see as adversity. This afternoon, at the press conference, he holds up a copy of a Philadelphia newspaper which has a front-page story headed “STOP-CARTER ALLIANCE IS FORMED.” Carter, perhaps only trying to look perturbed, says, “I’m not going to yield anything to the political bosses.” He says, without seeming very sorry about it, “Jackson is being used,” and he says, “I am letting the voters know that I belong to them, and not to the political bosses.” He adds, “I never have predicated my campaign on endorsements.” Thus he makes a virtue of necessity—just as he does when he talks about having run practically everywhere. Because he had

SEPTEMBER

Across the dark track the great wheel,
Rolling back as if to open a wider gate,
Groaning in the deep vaults, a long note, thunders.
On this hinge of thunder, the equinox
Reaches its ancient balance, the sun
Turning just in the groove of the equator.
Apart from the shifting light, all the gears
Turn with it; some, like the southern-tending
Heat, are drawn across after an elastic lag.
The Canadian cold almost clicks behind this thunder.
The geese shunt rhythmically toward Mexico,
Their straight paths resonating like bass strings.
The house trembles as if it would uproot and go.
I lie still and listen for the silence.

—JAMES PAUL


WELCOME TO THE
PEACEFUL ACRES HOME FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED
VICTOR

• •

no base of support in the Party, he had to run practically everywhere in order to accumulate enough delegates to win the nomination. A political loner, unlikely to get endorsements, he had to predicate his campaign on not getting endorsements. As it happens, he does have the endorsement of Pittsburgh's mayor, Peter Flaherty, and he is obviously delighted to have the support of Andrew Young. But still he says these things. He smiles as he is asked a question about "ethnic purity"—it seems to be that reflexive, almost nervous smile, which does not seem quite real. He replies that his "only mistake" was to use "the word 'purity.' " He says that he stands behind the thought.

•

ON Friday, President Gerald Ford opened his campaign for the May 1st Texas primary in front of the Alamo, where he said, "All of our courage, all of our skill in battle will profit us very, very little if we fail to maintain the unsurpassed military strength which this dangerous world demands of us." Reagan, campaigning in Texas, continued his criticism of Henry Kissinger and of the Administration's defense policy. Reagan's attacks on our defense policy may be without foundation, but in an election year that doesn't necessarily matter. So Gerald Ford, whose devotion to heavy defense spending has never been in question, must now prove that he is not soft on defense. Part of his response has been to threaten (at a ceremony at the Pentagon) to veto a defense-spending bill if he found that it "shortchanges the future safety of the American people." Congress, however, has thus far also shown itself loath to become subject to the charge that it is shortchanging our future safety. The House and Senate Budget Committees have rejected all but token cuts in the defense budget that the President submitted to Congress.

•

THE Pennsylvania primary—indeed, the nominating process—is being distorted by the failure of Congress to enact a new campaign-spending law. A simple revision—changing the way the members of the Federal Election Commission are appointed—was called for by the Supreme Court in January, but the lawmakers could not resist trying to incorporate other changes, which would, first, make the law more amenable to the Democratic majority and, second, curb the power of the Federal Election Commission. Meanwhile, federal funds to match private contributions, on which there are limits, have ceased to be distributed. This affects the candidates unequally. President Ford is better financed than Reagan at the moment and also has his incumbency to draw upon. Carter, being the front-running Democrat, is better able to raise money than the others. And so money, which was supposed to be irrelevant this time, is affecting the process after all.

•

FRED HARRIS, the former senator from Oklahoma, withdrew from the Presidential race last week. His "people's" campaign had been fuelled more by the commitment of his followers, who were excited by his main issue—how wealth and power in America are distributed—than by funds, but the funds became too scarce even for that. Harris was one of the few candidates in this election with a sense of humor, and the other day, speaking of how he did in the early primaries, he told a press conference, "You couldn't call it victory, because we didn't run that well. But we ran well enough to keep going, so it really wasn't defeat. We didn't know what to call it, and we just decided to call it quits."

APRIL 19

CLEARLY, one of the great questions before our country, and one that is constantly talked about by our politicians, is the economy. No one seems to know quite what to do about it, as we are in a situation that we have never been in before, and one that defies classic economic theory—simultaneous high unemployment and inflation. In essence, the Democratic candidates say that we must produce more jobs, and suggest that the government must play a larger role in providing them—all the Democratic candidates endorse the Humphrey-Hawkins bill—and President Ford insists that to do much more about unemployment would set off unacceptable inflation. I decided to try to find out what the real problem is, and to see how close the politicians' talk comes to the real problem. As often happens, I found that the distance between reality and what gets talked about in the political atmosphere is considerable. Unemployment is going down, but it is still at a rate—seven and a half per cent now—that used to be considered unacceptable. I wanted to understand whether the only alternative actually is unacceptable inflation, and, if so, whether there is a way out of the dilemma. I talked today with Charles Schultze, an economist now with the Brookings Institution, who headed the Bureau of the Budget during the Johnson Administration. Schultze has one of the clearest minds around, and he keeps rethinking old questions. Unlike many other members of his trade, he does not seem intent on promoting a particular point of view, and does seem receptive to new ideas. Schultze is a good-humored man; he looks something like a middleweight boxer, and he has a gravel voice that makes him sound like a dead-end kid.

I began by asking him to explain just what the main economic problem is.

"The central problem is that no Western country, including the United States, has learned to have a satisfactorily high level of economy without setting off what to the public—and probably in reality—is an unacceptably high rate of inflation," he replied. "A corollary to this is that by far the most important thing for us in the longer pull—for integrating the ten to twenty per cent of our population that is worst off into a productive social life, for dealing with the problem of the central cities—is a tight labor market, where employers are scrambling for workers. I'll trade a government jobs program for that. If we could get three and a half million businessmen, in their own interest, scrambling for labor, you'd find the unemployable employable, the uneducable educated. We saw it during the Second World War. I don't think we can afford to give up that goal."

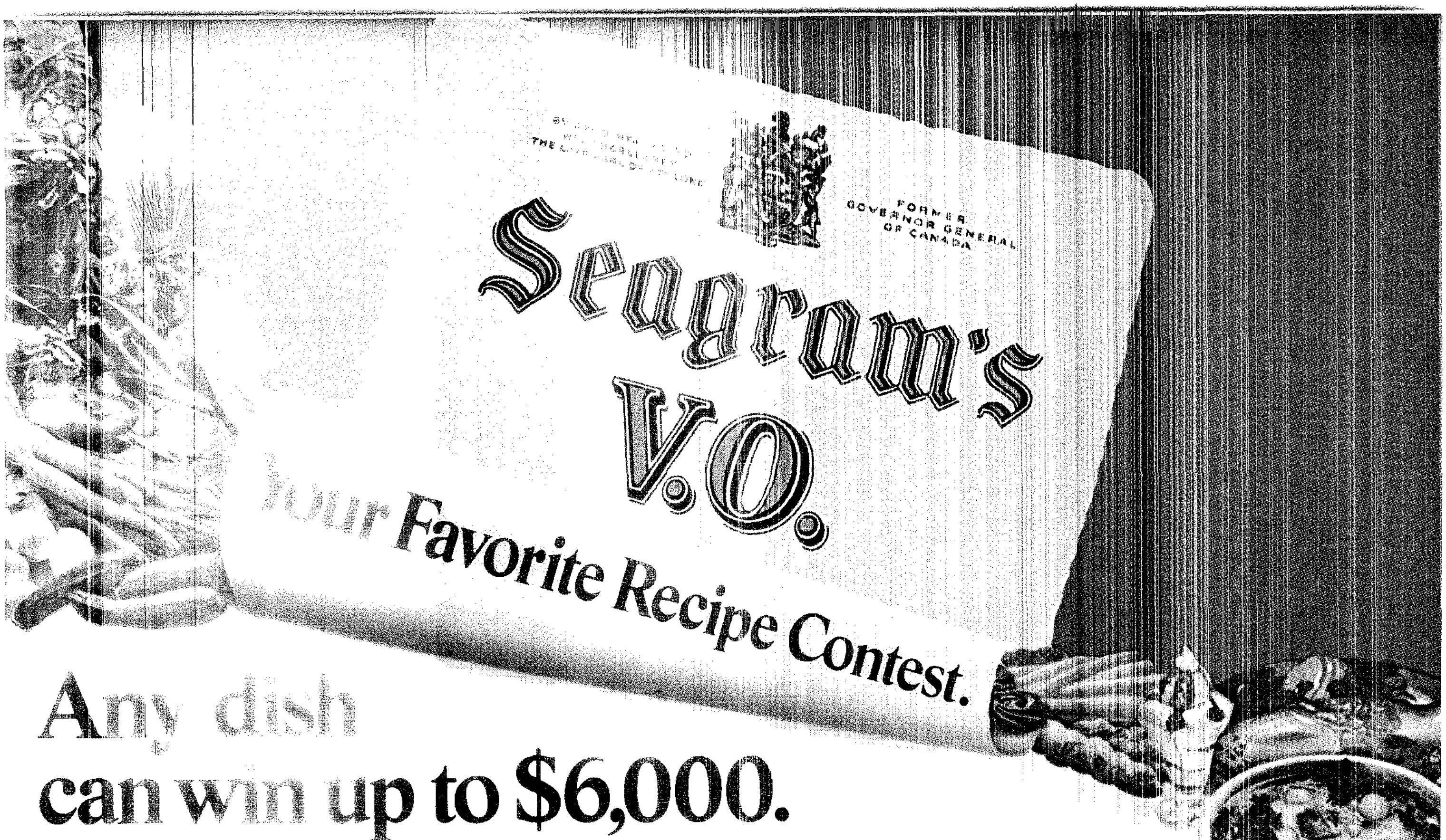
"How can we get there?" I asked.

"A lot of different ways," Schultze replied. "I'll put it in its most general form. Society is going to have to learn to intervene with a light hand to influence wage levels and, to a lesser extent, price increases. It can't be left to the market. Otherwise, we stay trapped in the wage-price spiral. I stress 'with a light hand'—not with a huge bureaucracy making every decision. We know how to get to full employment. That's not the problem. We know how to do it with the old, standard, tried-and-true techniques: tax cuts, easy money, putting more money into certain government programs. But when we do that we set off the inflation. That's not the only problem, either. And it's not just *our* problem. Almost all other Western countries are facing the same problem. So many other things follow from it. If you ask what is the greatest single thing we can do for the developing countries, it's to run a high-level, fairly rapidly growing economy in the West. That would give them an expanding market for their exports, and without exports they're dead. That's the cutting edge of growth for them."

I asked Schultze to explain exactly why taking the sorts of actions he enumerated causes inflation.

"There are a lot of things that cause inflation," he said. "But the toughest, most pervasive problems are twofold. First, imagine an economy at what I call the threshold of inflation, where unemployment is lower than it is now but higher than we want it to be—say, at five and a half per cent. And let's look at the labor market when you're at that threshold. It's more or less experienced adult male workers in blue-collar and white-collar jobs, with very low employment rates and a lot of va-

"I sometimes think you deliberately provoke people into saying something you disagree with just so you can defend to the death their right to say it."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Final judging will be conducted by a special panel of internationally famous food experts commissioned for Seagram's V.O. by House Beautiful Magazine. The House Beautiful Panel includes: Helen McCully, House Beautiful Food Editor; Jacques Pépin, House Beautiful Chef; Robert Jay Misch, syndicated columnist and author, and James Beard, leading food authority in the U.S.A.

Five finalists, one from each category, will spend 4 days in New York City as guests of Seagram Distillers Company. This includes deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, evening meals (all for two persons), plus $250 cash for incidentals. Each of the five finalists will receive $1,000, and will attend an awards banquet at one of New York's world-famous restaurants. There, the Grand Prize winner selected from the finalists will be awarded an additional $5,000.

The first runner-up in each category will win a THERMADOR Microwave Oven. The next 20 runners-up in each category will win a JENN-AIR electric GRILL-ette.

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1. Your recipe entry or entries must be typed or written legibly in ink, and must include your name and address.

2. Contestants may enter as many recipes as they wish in one or more categories: hors d'oeuvre, soup, salad, main dish or dessert. For legal reasons, each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope.

3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste, as well as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and clarity of directions.

4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc., which will select the 200 best recipes among the 5 separate categories. The House Beautiful Panel will then select the five finalists, the Grand Prize winner, the first five runners-up and the additional 20 runners-up in each of the five categories.

5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., House Beautiful Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.

6. The $1,000 prizes for the five finalists, and the $5,000 Grand Prize will be presented at a banquet in New York City in February or March 1977—date to be determined upon the selection of the winners.

7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.

8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight December 1, 1976. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. which will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all entrants, including finalists and the ultimate winner, for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.

9. There will be no substitute or duplicate prizes. In case of duplicate entries, the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible.

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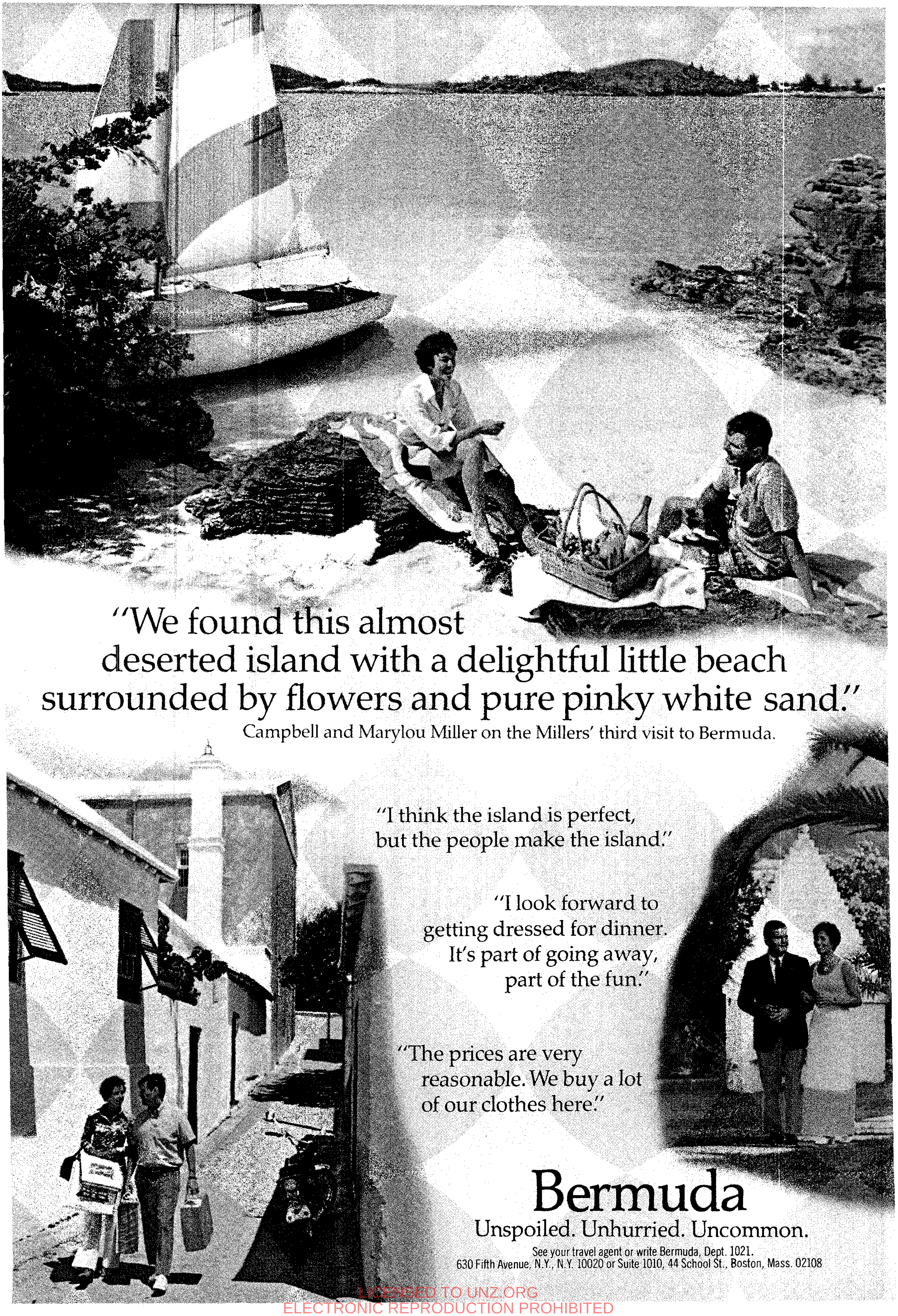

"We found this almost deserted island with a delightful little beach surrounded by flowers and pure pinky white sand."

Campbell and Marylou Miller on the Millers' third visit to Bermuda.

"I think the island is perfect, but the people make the island."

"I look forward to getting dressed for dinner. It's part of going away, part of the fun."

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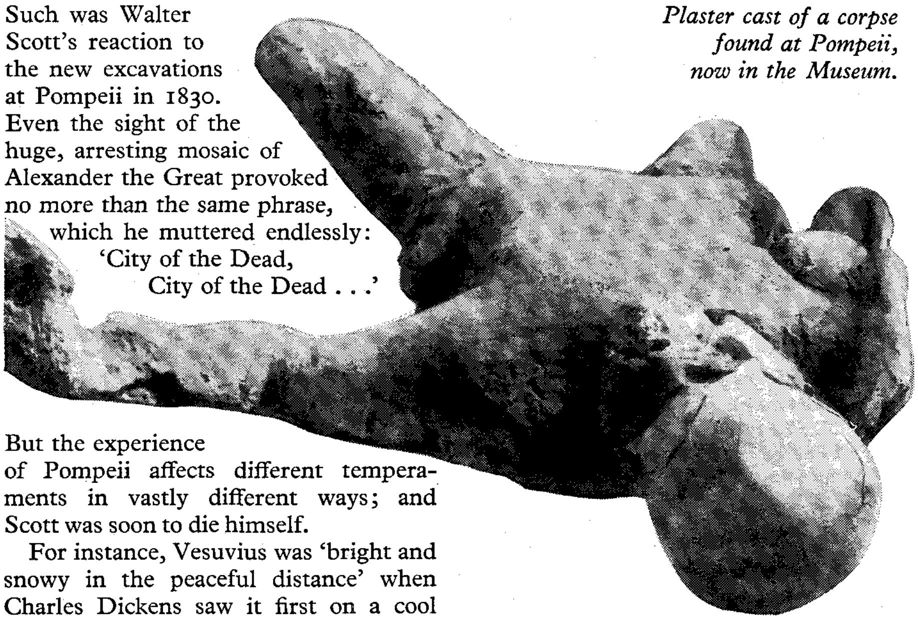
cancies for them. So wage rates go up as employers compete for that group. This sets off a new round of wage inflation and then price inflation. At the same time, there is a large pool of unemployment—ten to fifteen per cent for teen-agers, eight to nine per cent for young adults. Those unemployed teen-agers and young adults are not mainly long-term unemployed. Many of them bounce from one cruddy job to another. So the question is, why don't employers, instead of bidding up wage rates, hire those unemployed? Yes, they pass along the costs of employing the workers who get higher pay, but that's not really the answer. If one guy could get a competitive jump on the others, he'd go that route. One way to both reduce unemployment among teen-agers and young adults and reduce inflation is to make the unemployed employable—through training, through placement services. I'm all for doing that—keep pushing, keep trying—but the experience of the past is that this is not going to be the major answer. The problem is non-substitutability. In a complicated, modern industrial economy, it costs employers more and more to hire and fire. Experience counts. When you look around for people to hire, you pay a lot of attention to prior work experience. With the existence of the minimum-wage laws, you're not willing to take as much of a chance. That's where the anti-liberal argument does have a certain amount of weight. The manpower-training programs have had some successes, but they're something like the successes in education: You can always point to the school in East Oshkosh and its Grade 3-D, where it was observed that the application of Technique X in teaching reading led to a twenty-point increase in a year, and everyone says, 'By God, let's have a grant program to apply it nationwide.' Whereas it was probably a particular teacher, who could have done it with a McGuffey's Reader. The same thing happens with manpower training. Don't get me wrong—you don't put all your chips on it, but you don't give up, either. So the first problem is that when you get the economy over that threshold, inflation takes off. The second problem is that once it takes off, it tends to perpetuate itself for a hell of a long time, even if the economy goes into a recession. And that's the part we're living with right now. Big unions and big firms contribute to it. To exaggerate the problem: Once the inflation takes off, no one wants to give an inch; labor pushes for bigger wages, and companies pass them on, and on it goes. Therefore, you have to move to an incomes policy, which I have to describe as a second-best world. And you have to do it with a light hand: be willing to tolerate deviations, be fairly relaxed, not try to tie down every detail. It may also mean using the tax system to bribe people to accept it. You might, for example, set up guidelines and tell labor that if it behaves prices will behave, but that if for some reason prices still go up, you'll give labor a tax cut. You would guarantee—preënact—it, so that you could tell labor it can't lose. There are devices for buying coöperation."

I asked Schultze about the political problems that these ideas encounter.

"There are two things," he replied. "Labor, on one side, and conservatives, on the other, both of whom think this is the first step toward full-blown price control and a full-blown regulated economy. I'd have to, in all honesty, say that the chances this would be successful are far from certain, although better than fifty-fifty. But it's a little bit like not throwing someone a life preserver because it's not certain that it'll save him. There are a whole host of other things you could do, but this is the central one. The others would be to establish international agreements governing grain and some other commodities, to reduce fluctuations in their prices. There is the good old standby of reducing or removing government regulations, such as in transportation, that keep prices up. And we ought to modify—but we'll never get it, because of the opposition of the union—the Davis-Bacon Act provisions that call for the prevailing wage rates to be paid on any government-aided construction project. We ought to avoid like the plague restricting imports—if we do avoid it, that may do more than the anti-trust laws to promote competition. And, finally, I think there is some usefulness to the idea of public-service employment—but just to fill in the cracks, and on a much more limited basis than the Humphrey-Hawkins bill visualizes. Humphrey-Hawkins does not take realistic account

APPRAISALS

'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'



Plaster cast of a corpse found at Pompeii, now in the Museum.

Such was Walter Scott's reaction to the new excavations at Pompeii in 1830. Even the sight of the huge, arresting mosaic of Alexander the Great provoked no more than the same phrase, which he muttered endlessly: 'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'

But the experience of Pompeii affects different temperaments in vastly different ways; and Scott was soon to die himself.

For instance, Vesuvius was 'bright and snowy in the peaceful distance' when Charles Dickens saw it first on a cool spring day in 1845. He instructs the visitor to stand in the forum of Pompeii and admire the volcano through the columns of The Temple of Isis; seeing it as a thing of beauty, not just as a thing of 'doom and destiny, biding its terrible time.'

A thousand years before Christ a fearful eruption had deposited ash and dust as far away as Avellino and Benevento, seventy miles away. By AD 79, the memory had vanished, and the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a busy, slightly raffish town of some twenty thousand souls, about as big as Andover, Massachusetts today. Along the beautiful Bay of Naples stretched a Costa Brava-like string of luxury villas which made the whole coast seem like a continuous town.

The eruption started around one o'clock on 24 August with the appearance from the mountain of a cloud of unusual shape and size—'like a pine tree,' said Pliny, observing from the other side of the bay. Curiosity aroused, his uncle, the admiral and scientist, set off by boat to investigate: Pliny went back to his books. Nearer the mountain, though daytime, it was as though 'the final endless night of which we had heard had come upon the world. The admiral died in the sulphurous fumes 'looking more like a man asleep than dead'. Earthquakes shook the ground 'so that the chariots we had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that we could not keep them steady'. Buildings tottered and fell. Storms of ash and stones rained down. Panic-stricken crowds attempted flight in the lurid darkness. 'The sea seemed to roll back on itself so that the shore was considerably enlarged and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame'.

Then for sixteen hundred years the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a silent, unpeopled city, its life arrested like an abruptly-frozen film. Today the same dominating shadow falls on the greatest tourist attraction of the Western World. The turn of fate which revealed the lost cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum began in 1710 when a peasant digging a well, struck costly marbles from the theatre of Herculaneum. The discoveries ushered in a Neo-classical revival which

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER
The Canterbury Tales
FOLIO SOCIETY

in the two centuries that followed produced a revolution in artistic taste; and affected furniture, decoration and art in the whole civilised world.

Raleigh Trevelyan's narrative *The Shadow of Vesuvius: Pompeii* AD 79 gives a striking personal impression of this ghostly city where, in Shelley's words, one hears 'the autumnal leaves like light footfalls of spirits passing through the streets'. He gives, too, an entertaining history of the slow striptease of time which gradually, tantalizingly, revealed one of the biggest storehouses of treasure the world has seen, the source of much of our knowledge of daily life in the Roman world.

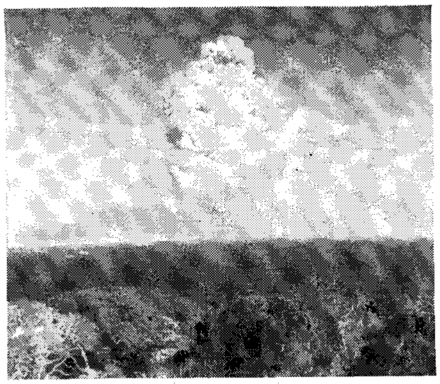
A fine book. *John Letts*

Four Complaints about The Folio Society

It takes a little while to adjust to the unfamiliar. Several thousand book lovers in the United States have made that mental leap in recent years, and now belong to a distinctly unusual organisation which is neither book club nor publisher, but a little bit of both.

For instance, it does not mass-produce huge editions by photo-offset. Nor does it lure you into buying on credit, use a computer system for mailing or billing, or despatch 'selections' which you have forgotten to say you did not want.

Most eccentric of all, it pays *all* your mailing costs from London, England – wherever you live: West Coast or East Coast; Plains, Georgia or Prudhoe Bay.



The last eruption of Vesuvius in 1944.

Even the complaints it receives are unusual. Here are some samples.

W.M.M. of North Andover, Massachusetts, complains that 'I have some fifteen thousand volumes crowding my shelves . . . But I love John Aubrey so much I cannot resist a new edition of *Brief Lives*. Every year you publish something I want, even though I am overloaded with books.' That is why we balance our list so carefully from the by-ways *as well as* the highways of literature and history.

W.K. of Northport, N.Y., complains: 'The advertisements are clever . . . they presume a great conspiracy is spreading untruths about The Folio Society.' We deny any intention to deceive. We err – or *try* to err – in the direction of making advertisements as interesting to read as the newspapers and magazines they appear in.

A.S. of Flossmoor, Illinois, complains: 'I like your service. I like the way you send me the wrong book sometimes (and then write a nice letter of apology) – it adds a nice touch of un-computerised humanity.' Avoiding computers doesn't render us immune from making mistakes —but if we do, we correct them politely and speedily.

A.V.H. of Minnesota complains: 'Mail delay is a growing problem here in the US, but nothing more you can do about this—we have been fighting the battle for a century without success.' Enough said. We do find, however, that international parcels often reach members *more* quickly than internal US mail parcels.

Members join The Folio Society in fact for a variety of reasons – because they like the civilised atmosphere, because they like good book design . . . but mainly because they like the books. They are interesting to read, attractive to look at, and modestly priced (the average price is still only a little over $11.00 post free, complete with slipcase). And you don't have to cross the Atlantic to look at them. Today you can see all the 120 or so titles in the list at The Folio Gallery in midtown Manhattan, (just off Park Avenue, at 113 East 55th Street) where you can browse among five times as many books as you see here, and purchase on the spot if you wish.

To join, you need choose only four. And you get free, as a bonus, *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, reviewed on the opposite page. You also get, for a nominal payment, a 36 page quarterly literary magazine with articles by writers such as Rosamond Lehmann and Pamela Hansford-Johnson.

Best of all, since you choose your four titles in advance, you aren't plagued with monthly computer communications: and if you are not pleased with the books, a guaranteed right of return gives you ample protection. Completing the coupon below commits you to nothing. So why not do it today?

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To: The Membership Secretary, Folio Books Ltd, 113 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

I am interested in joining The Folio Society, and would like to see a copy of *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, together with a copy of the 1977 Prospectus. I will send my order for a minimum four books promptly, thus taking up membership, or else return *The Shadow of Vesuvius* volume. NYO 62X

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of its inflationary effects. Its idea of having the government serve as the employer of last resort is unrealistic: If the pay were high enough to make the jobs attractive, it would draw a lot of workers out of private industry and so be inflationary. On the other hand, if the pay were low enough to avoid this danger, it wouldn't be a very attractive program for most people, except in periods of high unemployment. So I would have a broad-scale public-service employment program just for periods of recession, and I think we should try a government wage subsidy for employers who hire and train disadvantaged kids for permanent jobs. Humphrey-Hawkins is too rigid in setting a goal of three per cent adult unemployment no matter what the cost or the circumstances. And it simply doesn't address the question of an incomes policy. Humphrey-Hawkins places the right emphasis on the importance of high employment, but it isn't fully thought through."

APRIL 27

TUESDAY. Today is the day of the Pennsylvania primary. It is being watched closely not just for the direct results but for the implications for Hubert Humphrey, who has until Thursday to decide whether to enter the New Jersey primary—his last chance to run in any primary this year. A lot of people assume that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is holding out for Humphrey. Today, I phoned one of its top officials. Here is what he said: "If Jackson falls flat in Pennsylvania, he's in trouble. I'm not particularly interested in stopping anybody. If Carter makes it on the strength of his ability to capture the imagination of the public and the press, then I'm prepared to discover virtues in him his mother hasn't." Carter is getting by far the most coverage in the press of any of the Democratic candidates. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. official continued, giving further instruction in some nuances of political science, "Carter's not our preference. There have been people on staffs of our affiliates who are plugging other candidates. But we're assuming that the probability is that whoever makes it to the Democratic nomination, we'll support. It's not particularly constructive to start attacking someone you might end up embracing." There is another consideration. "We want it to be a good Democratic year," this man said. The unions are always interested in electing to Congress as many sympathetic candidates as possible. He continued, "So why get in a bruising battle?" Still another consideration is that the Democratic nominee might end up in the White House, and it might not be so good to have opposed him. Said the union official, "Why impair relations? And why denigrate him when later we might be telling our people to support him?"

•

ONE interesting thing that is happening is that people are not talking very much about Senator Edward Kennedy. Of course, things have a way of changing, but this year might go down as the one that marked the end of the idea of the Kennedy legacy—at least, for Edward Kennedy's generation. For sixteen years, the Kennedys have had a grip on people's imagination, and for most of that time have been widely granted a claim on the Presidency. People waited for Robert Kennedy to run and, from the time he was shot, for the youngest brother. In 1968 and in 1972, the Party hung on the question of whether "Teddy" would run. Edward Kennedy did not mind the attention and speculation, and even encouraged it somewhat. When he took himself out of the current race in September of 1974, many weren't sure he meant it. But now he seems largely overlooked. His troubles piled up to the point where increasing numbers of people assumed his ineligibility. There was always the danger that if he ran he would be the target of an assassin. Then, there was Chappaquiddick, and widely publicized rumors that he had marital problems. At the same time, some of the gloss began to come off John Kennedy's reputation: there were increasing doubts about his Presidency, and there were the reports earlier this year about his extramarital affairs. All this damaged Edward Kennedy's national political prospects, even though he may still be the Democrat who stirs the most excitement.

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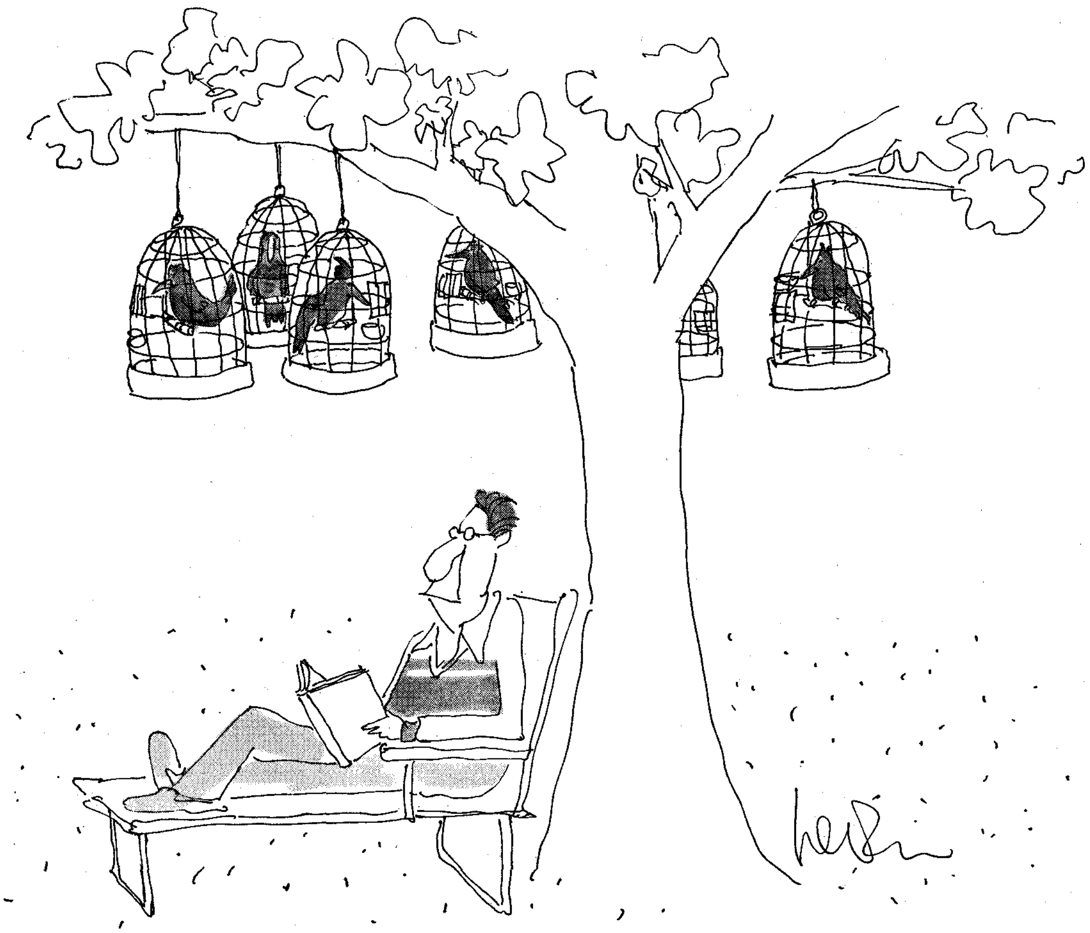
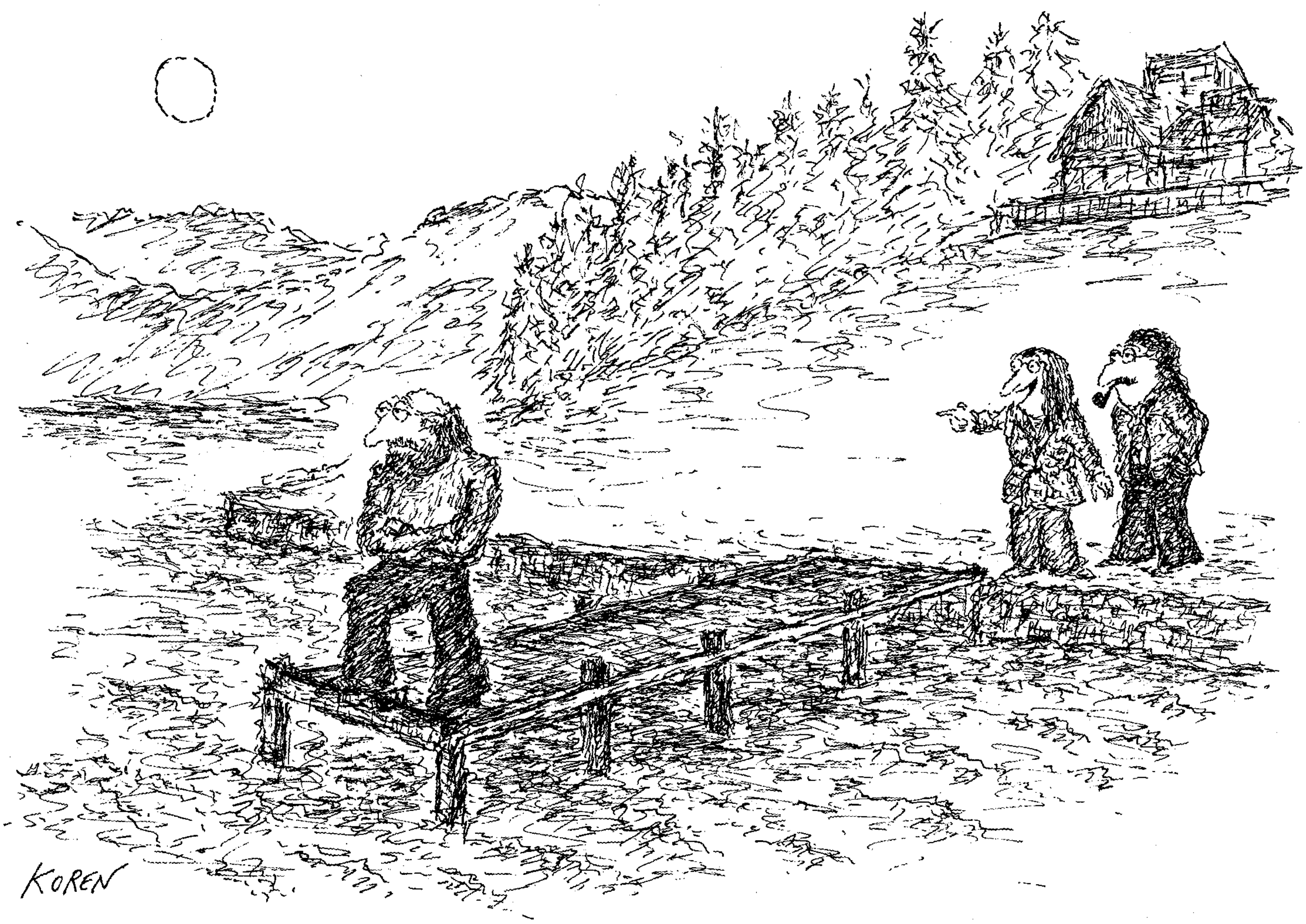
BY ten o'clock this evening, the news reports were saying that Jimmy Carter had won an "overwhelming" victory in Pennsylvania. President Ford, as predicted, is carrying the state, in which Reagan did not contest



"MIDDLE MANAGEMENT, ALERT!"

him. Polls taken today jointly by the New York *Times* and CBS said that Carter was leading among union voters despite their leaders' efforts for Jackson. On television later this evening, Carter attributed his victory to what he has been calling the secret of his campaign. "It was the candidate-voter intimate personal relationship that has been our style," he said. And then, in that manner in which he sometimes makes strange use of long words ("I have no inclination to answer that," he will say), he said tonight, "There's no other candidate . . . who has a presumption of success." True enough. Of Humphrey, he said, "If he runs, he'll just have to beat me." In Pennsylvania, Carter is getting more than twice the number of delegates Jackson is. "Ethnic purity" did not do Carter in, after all. Udall is coming in third. Frank Rizzo delivered Philadelphia for Henry Jackson, but that was not enough. Tonight, Jackson, obviously disappointed, announced that there would be "a dramatic change" in his campaign, which would eliminate "a lot of gimmickry and press-the-flesh campaigning." Earlier this week, we saw pictures of Jackson showing his young son the Liberty Bell. Gimmickry and press-the-flesh campaigning can be a problem, but they were not Jackson's problem. It became clear in the closing days of the campaign that although labor leaders endorsed Jackson, their organizations did not make very strenuous efforts on his behalf. There was back-yard politics within back-yard politics—sandbox politics. The Steelworkers, who were to provide the foundation of the Jackson labor support, were caught up in their own squabbles over who is to succeed I. W. Abel, their retiring president. Factions fighting over the succession did not want to risk themselves by becoming heavily involved and having too much at stake in the Pennsylvania primary. Moreover, some labor people here say that the unions' decision to back Jackson in Pennsylvania came too late. Said one union man, "In this game this year, if you're not ready and organizing two or three months ahead, you're out of it." Sometime before today, a point was reached—such was the buildup—where the Pennsylvania primary started being treated almost as if it were the election itself. As Buddy Cianfrani made his rounds of the Philadelphia wards today, he was followed by crews from NBC and CBS and by a number of newspaper reporters. It is as if everything were being magnified this year, beginning with the Iowa caucuses in January. This disproportionate attention to certain kinds of events—the winning or losing of a primary or a caucus—affects the political process itself.

Carter, understanding the stakes in Pennsylvania, changed his schedule so as to spend ten days there instead of three. His weekend rest at home in Plains, Georgia, was abandoned. He borrowed money in order to increase his advertising in Pennsylvania, spending a total of about a hundred and forty-six thousand dollars on it. In addition, his ads were revised to announce that they would show "Jimmy Carter on the issues," though what followed was essentially the same messages he had been using before. Because his aides were concerned about polls showing that people considered him "fuzzy" on the issues, he also issued a statement on his economic views and gave a speech on national health insurance. His health-insurance speech, like his recent embrace of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, brought him into the orbit of the Democratic Party's interest-group politics. The speech was worked out in negotiations with the United Auto Workers and others who have formed a lobby to push national health insurance. Carter did not satisfy them completely, since he remained silent on the critical question of whether his plan would be carried out through public institutions (as the health lobby wants) or private ones (which Carter does not want to rule out). Such is Carter's capacity for attracting publicity that his speech on national health insurance rated coverage on the network news programs and on the front pages of newspapers, despite the fact that he had been saying since before New Hampshire that he was for a comprehensive, compulsory health-insurance program. Other candidates also talk about national health insurance, but I can recall no similar coverage of what they say. Carter, in his economic program, still placed more emphasis than the other Democratic candidates do on creating jobs through the private sector, but he was vague about how this would be done. He was noncommittal about his tax proposals, too. He is now saying that he will have to be in office for a year before he can come up with his proposals for reforming the tax code and reorganizing the federal government. In 1975, he said he would have a tax plan by the end of



"Oh, there's Freddie. He knows the best places to suffer."

• •

that year; early this year, he said he would have one for the election, or perhaps by the Convention. Obviously, these are complicated fields, and the kinds of sweeping proposals that Carter talks about would have to be drawn with care. And there are obvious reasons a candidate would not want to air such proposals, which, if there is anything to them, would upset many interest groups and some segments of the public. Nor would he want to spend a lot of time in a campaign explaining and defending. The memory of George McGovern's problems in 1972 has not died. This is not, it seems, a situation similar to the campaign of Richard Nixon, who said he had a plan but didn't. And it is probable that Carter, a determined and even stubborn man, will make his proposals in due course if he is elected. But he talks about grand schemes without indicating the difficulties they would incur—difficulties that his steady retreat from proposing these schemes nevertheless suggests.

As the result of the Pennsylvania primary, it appears that Carter's opposition has collapsed. There is no clear challenger to him left. The only one that now stands between him and the nomination is Hubert Humphrey.

APRIL 28

WASHINGTON'S cross-pollinators were busy today, buzzing around with news, rumors, speculation about what Hubert Humphrey is going to do. He has until tomorrow to decide whether to enter the New Jersey primary. For a number of those in Washington, of course, the question of what Humphrey will do goes beyond interest in the political drama, beyond keeping up with what is going on, which so many people in Washington spend so much time doing. (The subject can be what "Hubert" is going to do or what "Teddy" is thinking or how long "Henry" will stay in his job or whether the latest veto will be overridden or whether the latest Middle East settlement will hold. The curiosity is nondiscriminatory and one-dimensional and rather unengaged.) On Humphrey's decision rest the prospects for power and influence of a large flotilla of lawyers, lobbyists, and hangers-on from previous Administrations. For a generation of them, it's the last chance. Humphrey's collection of followers is so extensive because of the length of his own career and because there are so many who have worked long in the Democratic Party who have nowhere else to go. Today, one man said, "He has the '48 people, the '52 people, the '56 people, the '60 people, the '64 people, the '68 people, the '72 people. A lot of these people see power slipping through their fingers." And this is undoubtedly Humphrey's last chance, too. So Humphrey phoned a lot of people today, and a lot of people phoned Humphrey.

The collapse of the Jackson effort in Pennsylvania meant the collapse of the strategy of using surrogates to keep Carter from getting the nomination. Today, people told Humphrey he had to either enter New Jersey or effectively concede the nomination to Carter. Still, there are a number of reasons for him to hesitate. As he mentioned to me a couple of weeks ago, he doesn't have the money. Moreover, as one liberal labor man said to me today, "the labor and Party machines in New Jersey are about as good as those Jackson had in Pennsylvania." He said that

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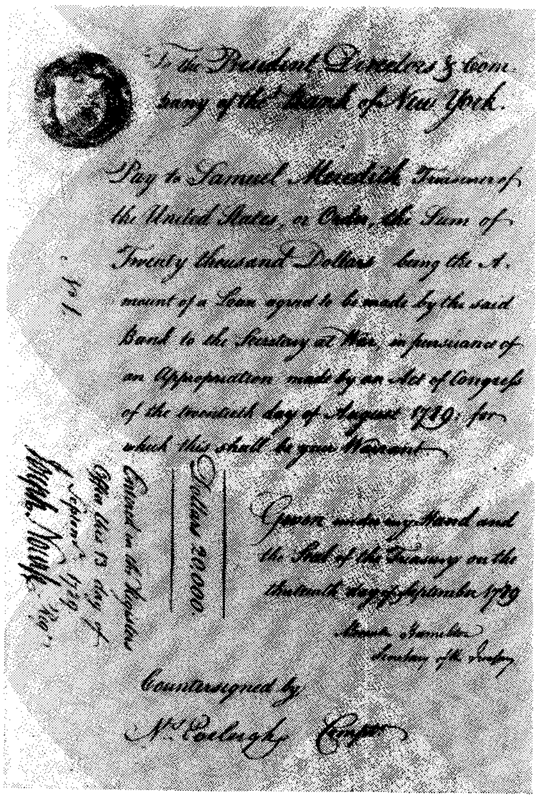

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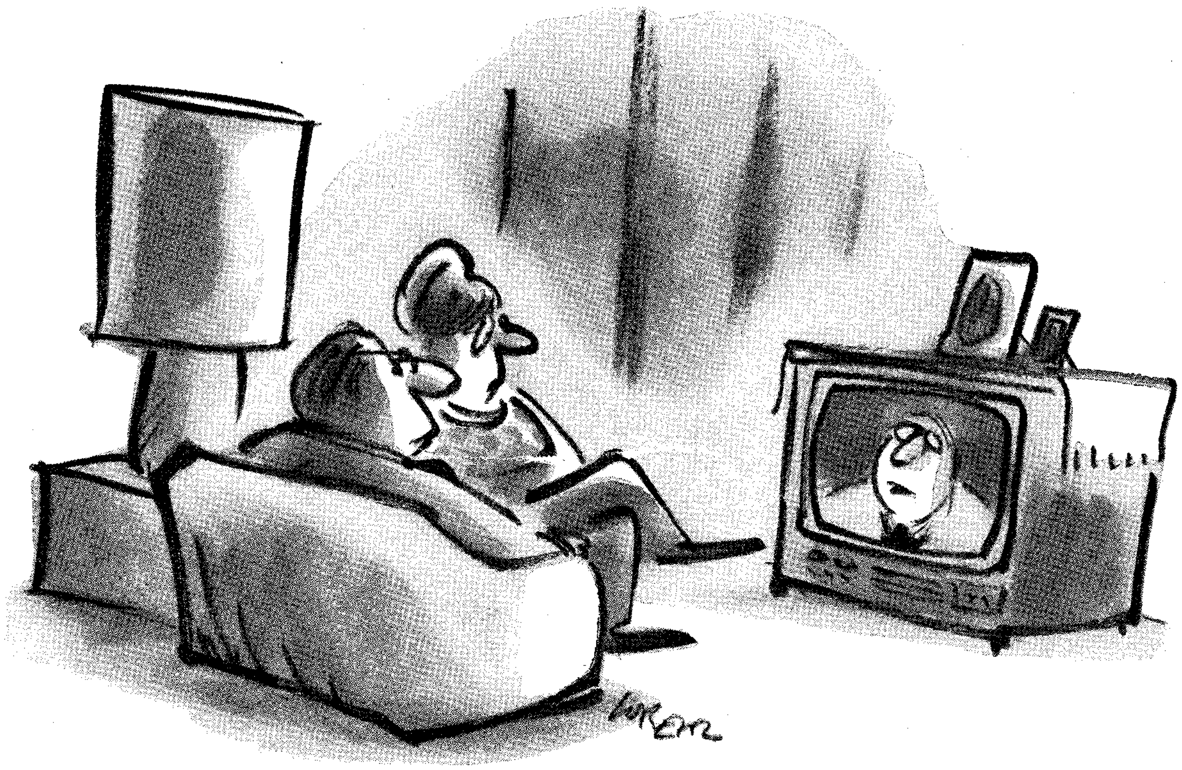

"And a cultural note. The entire literary world turned out today to pay tribute to the novel, which died last night after a protracted illness."

in 1968 New Jersey's Democratic governor and labor officials had told Humphrey they could "deliver" New Jersey for him. But they didn't. And for Humphrey to run in New Jersey would be to risk his most prized political asset—his standing. Now he is acknowledged to be the most popular figure in the Party. "If he should lose New Jersey," said the labor man, "no one would touch him." And one Party official told Humphrey today that, just as there were many people clamoring for him to get in the race, there were many, especially in the press, who would cry "Stassen" (after the oft-candidate Harold Stassen) if he did. Finally, there were a number of people about Washington today, particularly in the labor movement, who were beginning to consider that, while their hearts were with Humphrey, he might not do as well against Ford as Carter would—in fact, he might lose to him. In the face of such considerations, sentiment has its limits. It was realized that Humphrey, as the labor man put it, "has substantial negatives that Carter does not have." This man had in mind, among other things, the charges that would be brought up if Humphrey became a candidate—about the trouble that a former aide got into for illegal handling of contributions, the allegation that Humphrey had accepted a large cash donation from Howard Hughes. Jimmy Carter has made it clear that such unpleasant business would come up.

This morning, nevertheless, Humphrey instructed James Dugan, the New Jersey Democratic state chairman, to gather the necessary one thousand signatures for a petition to file for the race. The petition would have to be filed tomorrow. Humphrey was advised by a Democratic National Committee official that he had at least an even chance of winning the nomination. Alexander Barkan, the director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, urged him to get in, and so did a number of senators and governors. A number of Party liberals, worried about Carter, urged Humphrey to get in. Senator Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri, sent word that he did not know how long he could keep the Missouri uncommitted delegates uncommitted if Humphrey did not enter the race. A poll taken in New Jersey shows Humphrey leading Carter sixty-two to sixteen.

At five o'clock, Humphrey met with a number of advisers, the corridors outside his office a mob scene. At the end of the meeting, which went on for two and a half hours, Humphrey was still undecided. He will announce his decision tomorrow. One of his friends, who attended the meeting, said, "This is a traumatic moment for him. He's wanted to be President his whole life, and this is his last chance."

•

IT was announced that Henry Jackson will not begin campaigning in the Indiana primary today, as he had planned, and it appears that his campaign is over. Much of his campaign staff is being let go. His idea for a new kind of campaign, via something he called an "open-mike system"—it appeared to mean getting on the radio as much as possible—went by the board before it ever started. Jackson's campaign, which began as one of the best-financed, has run out of money and is in debt. Money and organization helped him win in Massachusetts and New York, but his heavy campaign style finally sank him. His efforts to change that style by becoming more theatrical only made things worse. His efforts to piece together the old Roosevelt coalition met with inevitable failure. His efforts to appeal to different groups by offering big programs, big weapons, tough talk with the Russians, and an anti-busing position were not enough to overcome misgivings about him. In fact, they increased them.

APRIL 29

AT a one-thirty press conference today, Humphrey shut the door on his Presidential ambitions. Or almost. Not quite able to let go, he said of the nomination, "I shall not seek it; I shall not compete for it; I shall not search for it; I shall not scramble for it. But I'm around." He named some of the reasons for his decision not to enter the New Jersey primary. He said that it would be difficult to organize a campaign in such a short time. He told the press, "One thing I don't need at my stage of life is to be ridiculous." Some of the press laughed, but for Humphrey it was not a funny point. Until late last night, it seemed he would enter. Bruce Solomonson, his son-in-law, made past-midnight calls

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John Adams—Vice President	*October 18*	Donizetti's Roberto Devereux, starring Beverly Sills. Julius Rudel conducting, with John Alexander, Susan Marsee and Richard Fredricks
John Adams—President	*October 25*	World Series of Jazz. Dizzy Gillespie, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Billy Eckstine
John Quincy Adams—Diplomat	*November 1*	Bonnie Raitt & Mose Allison
John Quincy Adams—Secretary of State	*November 8*	Galina & Valery Panov
John Quincy Adams—President	*November 15*	Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
John Quincy Adams—Congressman	*November 22*	New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, directed by Gunther Schuller
Charles Francis Adams—Minister to Great Britain	*November 29*	Dionne Warwick
Henry Adams—Historian	*December 6*	Mikhail Baryshnikov with Gelsey Kirkland, Martine Van Hamel and Marianna Tcherkassky
Charles Francis Adams II—Industrialist	*December 13*	Preservation Hall Jazz Band
	December 20	National Symphony, Andre Kostelanetz conducting Tchaikovsky

The Adams Chronicles was produced by WNET/13, New York. Made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and Atlantic Richfield Company.

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saying he would. There were those close to him who until noon today thought he would. The misgivings of his family, particularly his wife, had been overcome. A friend of his told me later today, "He wanted it bad. He had to lock the door on the White House for himself today, and that was hard. He said, 'I don't want to go down in history as a Harold Stassen.' He thought he'd run a chance of being humiliated and lose the comfort of the years that remained. He knew that some of the old junk would be brought up, that he might get the nomination but risk his dignity." Humphrey, then, got Carter's message. He could look back on a career of enough disappointments to have sunk a less ebullient nature: his bruising battle with the Kennedys for the nomination in 1960; the narrow defeat in 1968 and all its lingering "what if"s; his failure to win the nomination in 1972, when many of those now urging him to run were his bitter opponents. But now, at last, he had dignity. Two of the things he has wanted most are the Presidency and dignity. Hubert Humphrey's problem was that he could not run for the one without risking the other.

•

IN Beaumont, Texas, Jimmy Carter said today, "Without seeming to be arrogant, my wife and I decided we would prefer that Senator Humphrey had run in New Jersey. Not because we underestimated his popularity and strength, but it would have given us an opportunity to focus our attention on a direct, personal confrontation with Senator Humphrey among the voters of that state. I believe that his withdrawal is actually better for me, as far as the ultimate nomination is concerned. But as for myself, individually, I was a little bit disappointed that he decided not to run. . . . I believe I would have won in New Jersey had he run."

•

TODAY, at a press conference in Houston, Texas, Gerald Ford called Jimmy Carter a challenger "who has not dealt with the hard decisions in the Oval Office."

May 1

THE annual black-tie dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association at the Washington Hilton. The President, the Vice-President, and the Cabinet—except for Kissinger, who is in Africa—are here. This event began in Roosevelt's day as a way for the President and the reporters cover-

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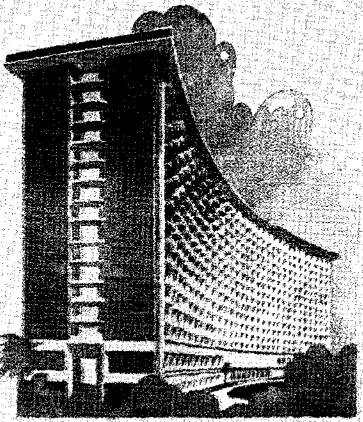

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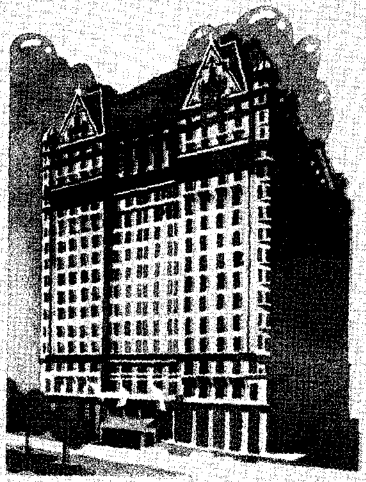

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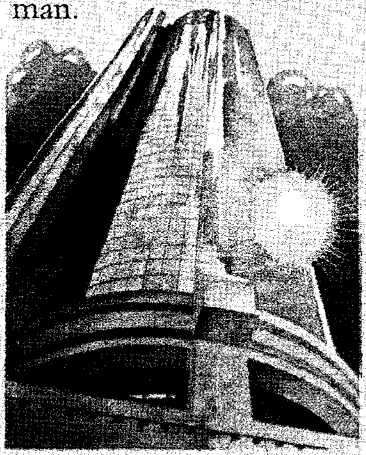

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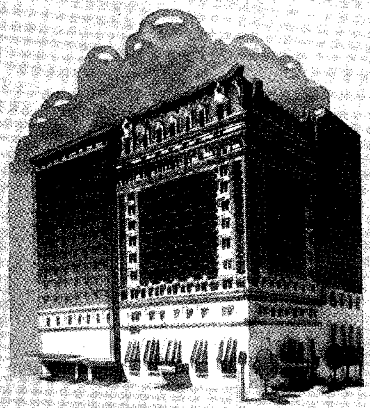

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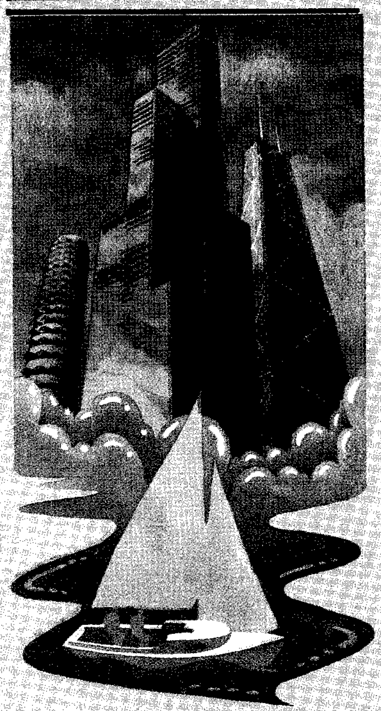

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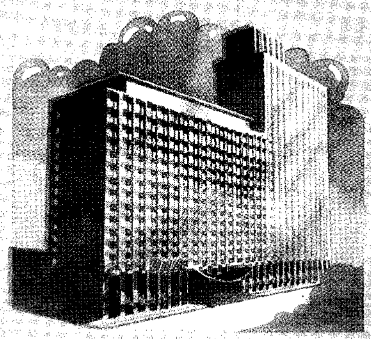

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Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (March 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Galleria Plaza (Jan. 1978), Houston Oaks
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
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Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
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Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
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San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
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Guatemala City	Camino Real
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MEXICO	
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NORWAY	
Oslo	Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES	
Manila	Philippine Plaza (Sept. 1976)
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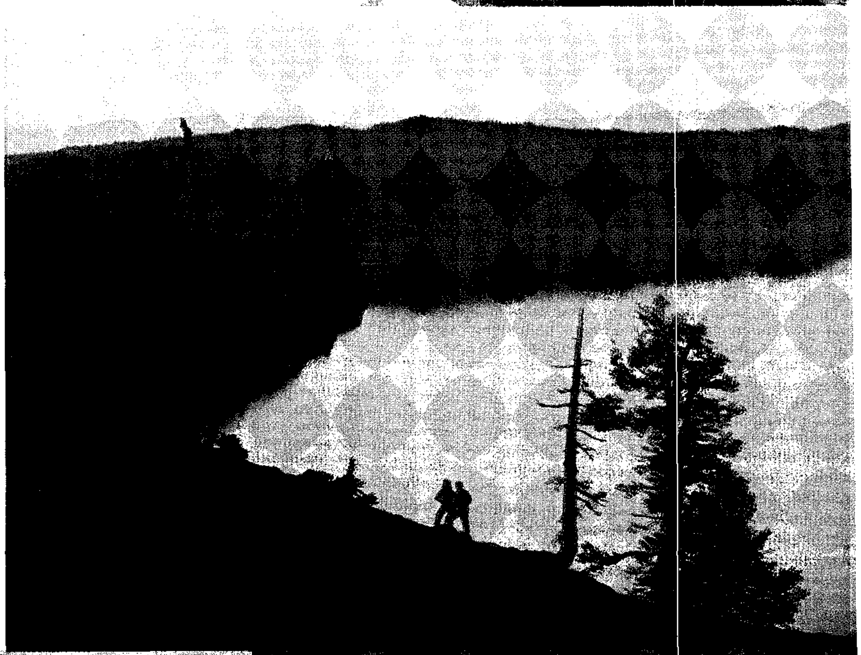
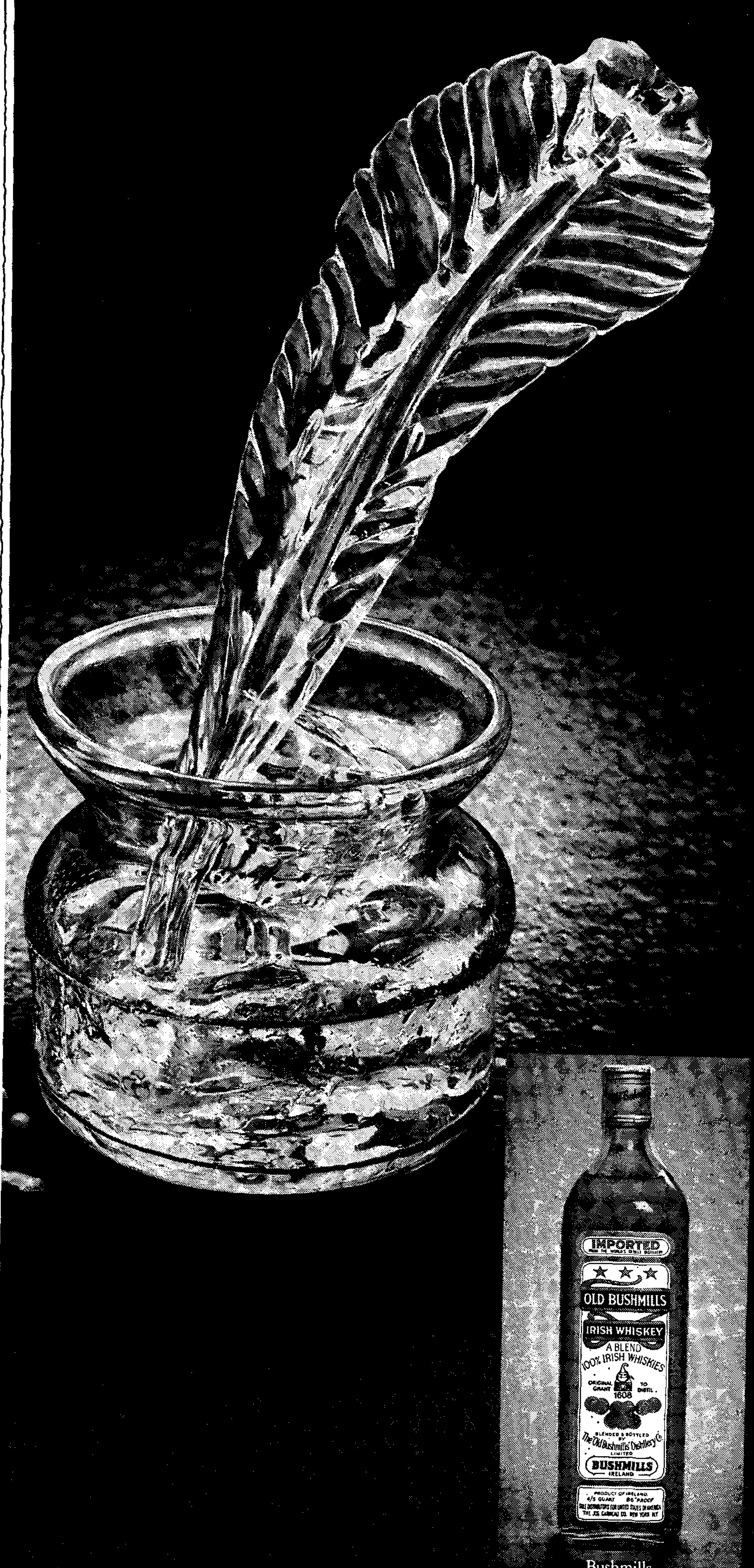


ing him to get together for an informal evening, but now about fourteen hundred people are here in the vast ballroom. Some god of irony seems to hover over these dinners. In 1973, it was held on the weekend in mid-April when the Watergate case was breaking, and we watched the Nixon Cabinet sit frozen-faced on the dais while Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein were given awards. It was arranged for President Nixon to arrive late, so he would be absent during the presentation. Last year, the dinner was held the weekend after Saigon fell. Tonight, as the President speaks, the returns are coming in from Texas, and they signal a disaster for Mr. Ford. The President proceeds with the jokes his speechwriters have assembled for him. "I have a great many friends in Texas," he says, "but we won't know exactly how many for an hour." He says there were two things he learned in Texas: "Never underestimate your opponent" and "Always shuck the tamale." (While campaigning in Texas, he had bitten into a tamale without removing the husks.) And then, after saying "I totally agree with Governor Reagan about the Panama," the President of the United States puts on a panama hat and says, echoing Reagan's litany about the Panama Canal, "I bought it, I paid for it, I own it, and I'm going to keep it."

May 4

Walter Cronkite has made it official. As a result of Reagan's victory in the Indiana primary today, Cronkite said, "Ronald Reagan as of tonight looms as a serious threat." A couple of weeks ago, Reagan didn't seem to loom as anything, but then his overwhelming victory in Texas—he won all ninety-six delegates—and today's victory over Ford in Indiana have altered the picture. Reagan won both his victories with the help of "crossover" votes by conservative Democrats for whom there was no longer any point in voting for George Wallace, but even so it is clear that the President is in trouble within his own party. Ford has been on the defensive, forced to answer questions everywhere about détente, defense, and the Panama Canal. After he had said that the United States "will never give up" its rights to the Canal, it was learned—through a leak by a member of Congress friendly to Reagan—that the Panama Canal Subcommittee of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee had been told by Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, who is negotiating a new Canal treaty, that his directive from the President

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



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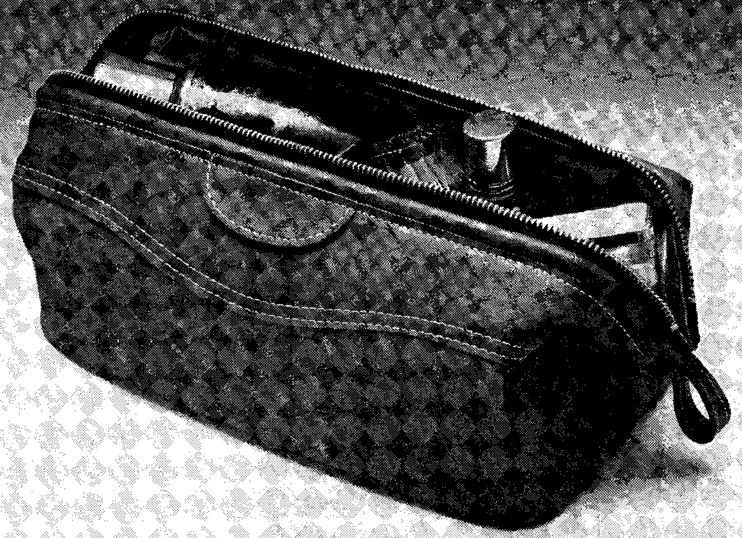

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was to yield the Canal Zone "after a period of time" and the Canal itself "over a longer period of time." Now the Panama Canal negotiations, which were to be concluded this year, are not to be concluded until sometime next year.

The Panama Canal story and that of Henry Kissinger's visit to Africa, in an incredibly belated recognition of the currents that are running through that continent and of the fact that we have been dug in against them, are almost classic examples of what happens to us in election years. Reason goes out the window, and we are left with slogans and charges that the other side has trouble replying to, because they are based on emotion. (The "missile gap" of 1960 which turned up missing after the election was another example.) Those who want to believe the charge believe the charge. And so hedging is done and policies are trimmed in order to head off the opposition. The President has charged that Reagan is "demagogic" on the defense issue, and has said that Reagan's position on the Panama Canal invites "bloodshed," but these statements have not helped him. Neither, apparently, has his warm embrace of the new B-1 bomber, the costliest weapons system ever and also a very controversial one (its necessity and its utility are both in serious doubt), or his request to Congress, made just before he embarked on a campaign trip to Texas, for almost one-third of a billion dollars additional to continue production of the land-based Minuteman missiles. (In January, the Defense Department explained that a decision to stop production of the Minuteman missiles had been reached, because officials thought that to continue to build them made no sense. White House spokesmen explained that the change of policy was a routine decision to proceed with an option that the Administration had been reserving for itself.) And neither has his defense by Senator Barry Goldwater, who said last Sunday, "I have to support Ford's position" on the Panama Canal.

Jimmy Carter won the Indiana primary easily, as he won the Texas pri-

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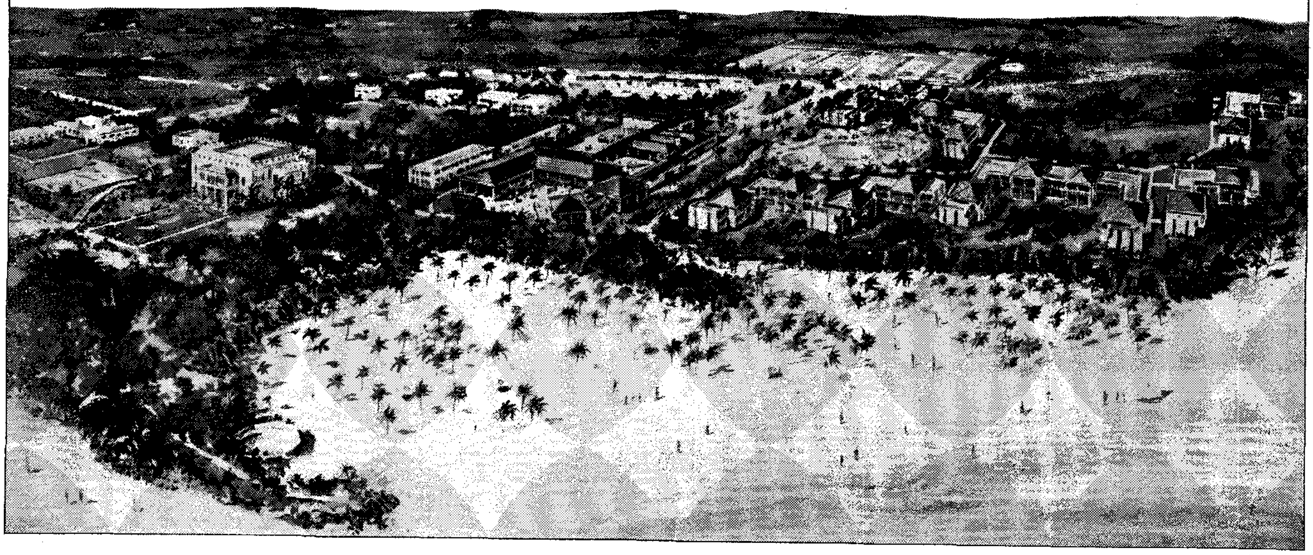

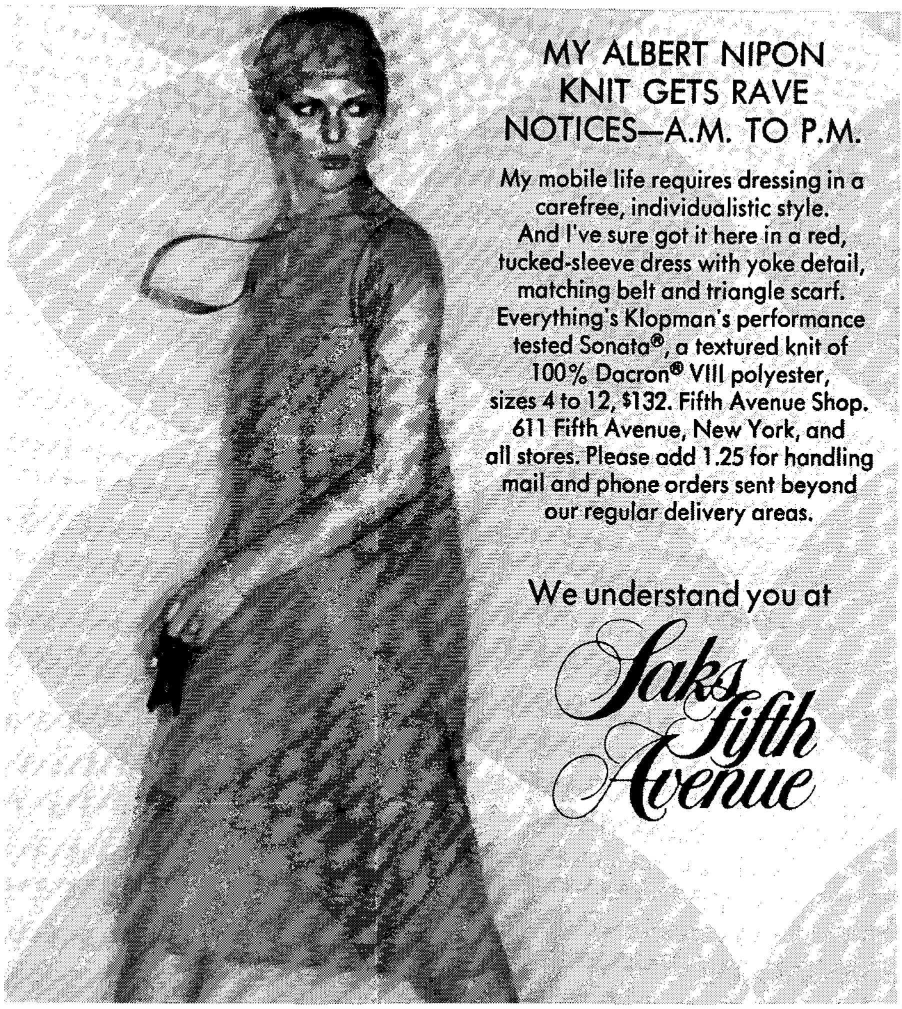

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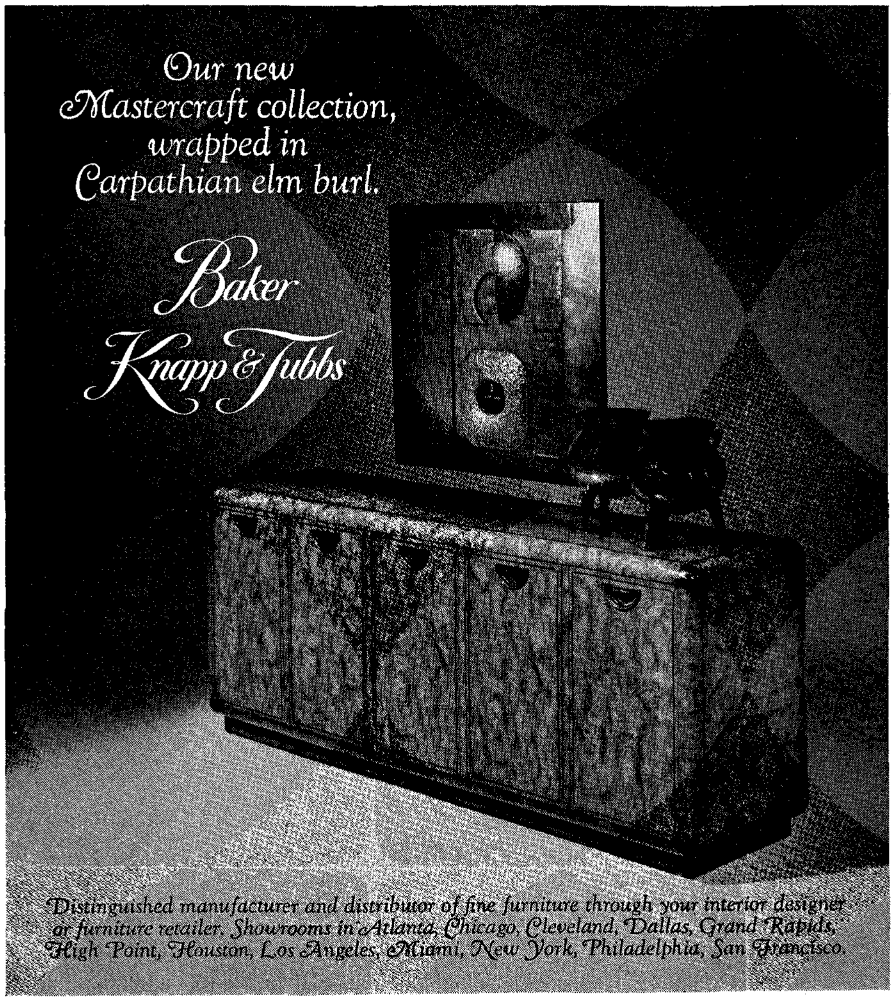

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mary on Saturday, and the general assumption now is that he will be the nominee. There have been a couple of blips on the screen—perhaps only that, perhaps more. It is hard to tell in the middle of a campaign. Yet we have to keep looking for signs of what the candidates are really like—especially one still as hidden as Jimmy Carter. The fact that people are looking for signs, and for incidents that might document whatever misgivings they have, explains why much has been made in the last day or two of the resignation of a speechwriter, Robert Shrum, who had been with Carter for only nine days. Shrum, a thirty-two-year-old man, who had written speeches for Edmund Muskie and George McGovern when they were running for President, knows a lot of people, and has friends who know a lot of people, including reporters, so his story spread fast. The story was fanned by some who do not wish Carter well, but it also attracted notice because of the particular nature of his complaint against Carter: that Carter took positions that varied in public and in private on issues such as defense and whether funds from the highway program should be diverted to the construction of mass-transit systems. There was no way to tell whether Shrum was giving an accurate picture, but his contentions lent credibility to suspicions that Carter's flexibility on issues verged on calculated manipulation. To make matters worse, Carter at first issued misleading statements about the Shrum episode. And then there was the matter of political endorsements. Carter has made a big point of saying that he does not seek them. Yesterday, in Indiana, he was endorsed by Birch Bayh, who said that Carter had phoned last week and asked for his help. The following day, Carter said that he had "never gone to anyone yet and asked them to endorse me." Questioned about this apparent contradiction yesterday, he explained, "My point was that I have never depended on endorsements to put me in office," and added that while he had asked for Senator Bayh's help, he had not asked for an endorsement. Carter is now saying that he will reduce his campaign schedule and spend more time talking with Party leaders and uncommitted Convention delegates.

May 6

THE Washington *Post* reported today that in the last fifteen years the United States has exported enough plutonium to make more than two hundred atomic bombs. The recipient

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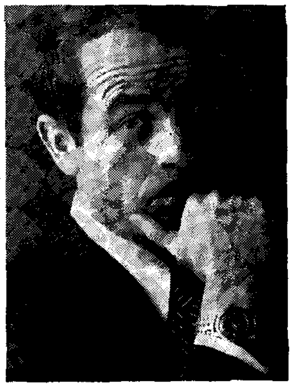

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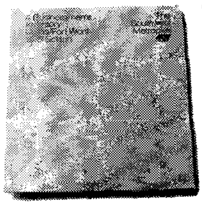

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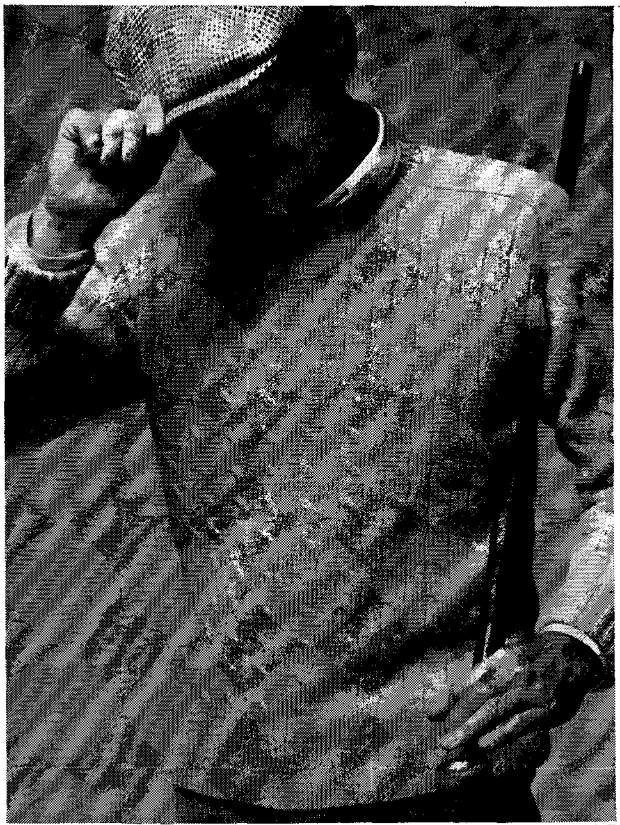

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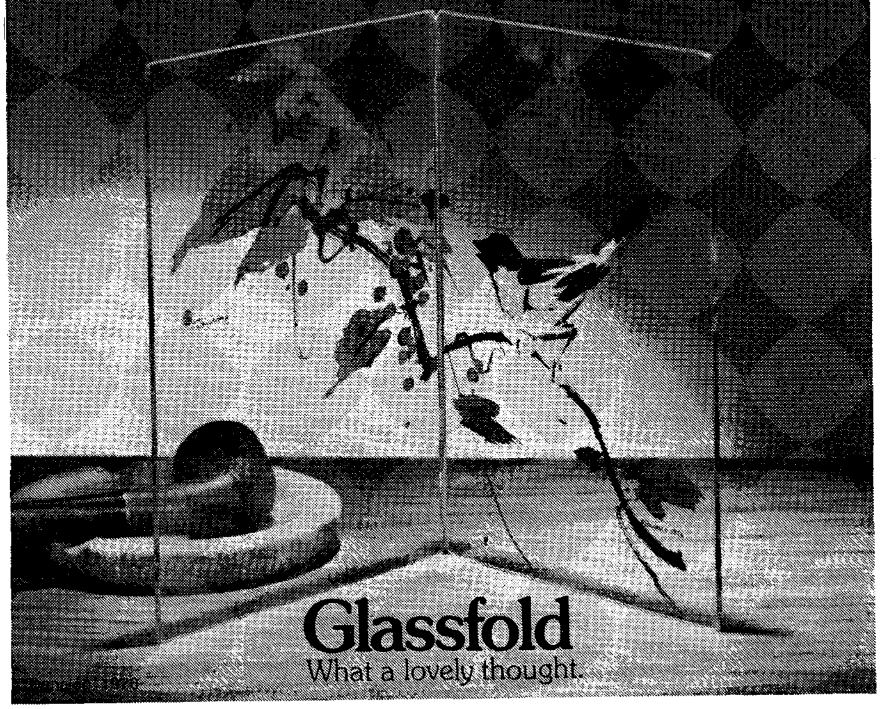

countries have been Japan, Germany, Italy, France, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Switzerland, and Great Britain. The Energy Research and Development Administration says that most of the plutonium is being used in experimental fast-breeder reactors, which manufacture more plutonium. Of the six countries (the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, China, and India) that have tested nuclear weapons, all but one (China) made their first devices out of plutonium.

MAY 10

TODAY, Mayor Daley, who knows something about giving signals, said that he was not ready to endorse Carter but that he thought that Carter and Senator Adlai Stevenson III, of Illinois, in whose name Daley holds eighty-six uncommitted delegates, would make an "outstanding" ticket. Daley, of course, could have told Carter this on the telephone, and perhaps he did. But Daley knew that everyone would understand what it meant when he said it publicly. It told politicians around the country that Daley was getting ready to move. Daley, the last of the old bosses, the disgrace of the Party in 1968, still mattered—to prove it, he got himself a herd of delegates—and he was making sure that everyone understood that.

MAY 11

FRANK CHURCH won the Nebraska primary today, and tonight on television Jimmy Carter, in black tie for the annual Democratic congressional fund-raising dinner in Washington, smiled what seemed to be a forced smile and said, "I can't win them all." Perhaps even more significant is the fact that Carter just barely defeated Morris Udall in Connecticut today. Udall has acknowledged that he left Nebraska to Church and put pressure on Church to stay out of Connecticut. Senator Robert Byrd, the favorite son, won in today's third primary, in West Virginia—a primary that Carter did not contest. That Church, not considered one of the more colorful campaigners around, could beat Carter will fuel the hopes of those who still want him stopped. Senator Humphrey, for example, has of late been praising his new-found friend Jerry Brown, who is campaigning in Maryland, and the independent young Californian has the support of Maryland's antique Democratic machine. Maryland's governor, Marvin Mandel, dislikes Carter, as do several of Carter's other gubernatorial colleagues. Not

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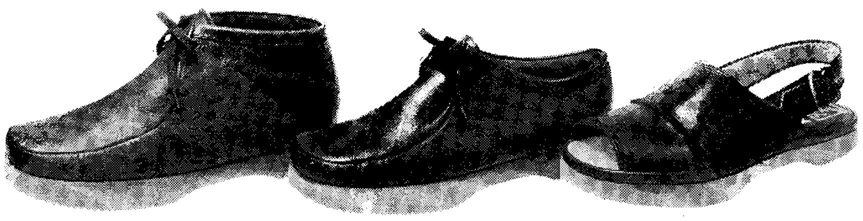

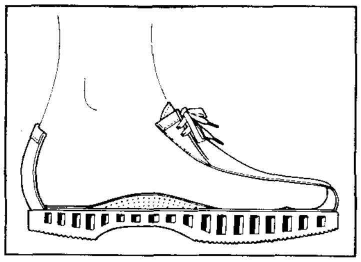

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only is Brown capturing attention but he is succeeding in ridiculing Carter, which no other candidate this year has done—few have even tried. Brown is suggesting that Carter is evasive on the issues ("Where is the real Jimmy Carter? There's the smile, but what's the person behind that?"), and he makes fun of Carter's suggestions for reorganizing the executive branch and proceeding on zero-based budgeting—requiring each agency to defend its budget from scratch, rather than its increments—as solutions to the problems of government. Carter, in turn, says of Brown, "My opponent says, 'It's the focus of government that means something . . . it's the direction you're going that counts.' Well, I don't know what that means, and neither do you."

In Nebraska, Ronald Reagan defeated President Ford—his fifth victory over the President in the last eleven days. (The President defeated Reagan in West Virginia, but the attention is on Nebraska.) This came on top of efforts to give the President a "new" campaign style. In this one, the President was to be more "Presidential," stressing peace and prosperity (after all, it worked for Eisenhower), and he was to throw in "trust," by which everyone was to understand how different he is from Richard Nixon, and he was to try to move the campaign away from Ronald Reagan's agenda. In a further effort to make that move, the President will now avoid question-and-answer sessions at his campaign appearances, during which he has been faced with questions about Reagan's issues. The President's advisers are taking potshots at each other through the press—a classic sign that a campaign is in trouble.

•

CARTER came to Washington this time as the conqueror at the gates, and he and Washington are tentatively exploring the possibilities of arranging some sort of truce. It is perhaps symbolic that he attended the congressional dinner tonight, redolent as it is of the old congressional-lobbyist-money arrangements by which so much here has proceeded. The dinner is not one of Washington's most refreshing occasions. This is the week when Carter presses for endorsements—in Washington, in New York, around the country. The message going forth from the Carter camp is that this is the time to get aboard—that it will be important to have come aboard when needed. Politicians and others are now faced with delicate questions of timing. On Friday, Carter will see George Meany. Today, Carter met with a number of House Democratic freshmen, and received the endorsement of eighteen of them. I talked with one of the freshman Democrats. Because of complications in his own political situation, he did not endorse Carter, but he was impressed. What he said is revealing about Carter's approach and his gathering support. "What impresses me is he's as bright as I've heard," this man said. "He's very much a coalitionist. McGovern put together enough delegates to win the Convention, but in the process he made some forty-five per cent of the Democrats mad. Carter does not cause the same problems. He has a broad base. It's going to be the most united Party since I don't know when. He told the freshmen that as he went around the country he was impressed by how well regarded they were in their districts. He said he especially wanted the support of the freshmen, because they were not marked by the problems of the senior members, who were caught in the old ways. He said he'll do better than any other Democrat in November." Spelling out what is on the minds of many members of Congress—and especially the freshmen, a large number of whom won in 1974 in normally Republican districts—this man continued, "The members of Congress who are facing strong challenges are concerned only with who will do them the most good at the head of the ticket. In 1972, some were worried about McGovern. This time, people who have marginal seats are very pleased about Carter, saying 'I wasn't for him, but . . .' His style is very appealing to people in politics. The complete politician is someone who can be his own man and still have everybody like him. That's the epitome of the politician. Carter appears to be his own man and still have all kinds of groups liking him. It's a model of what people running for office ought to do."

MAY 13

PRESIDENT FORD is delaying the signing of a treaty with the Soviet Union on underground nuclear explosions for peaceful purposes. The treaty limits the size of such nuclear explosions to one hundred and fifty kilotons for a single device and permits, for the first time, on-site inspection of certain explosions. The President's aides say that his delay in signing the agreement doesn't have anything to do with the forthcoming primary in Michigan, which has been designated all around as "crucial," but, of course, few believe this. The President has been

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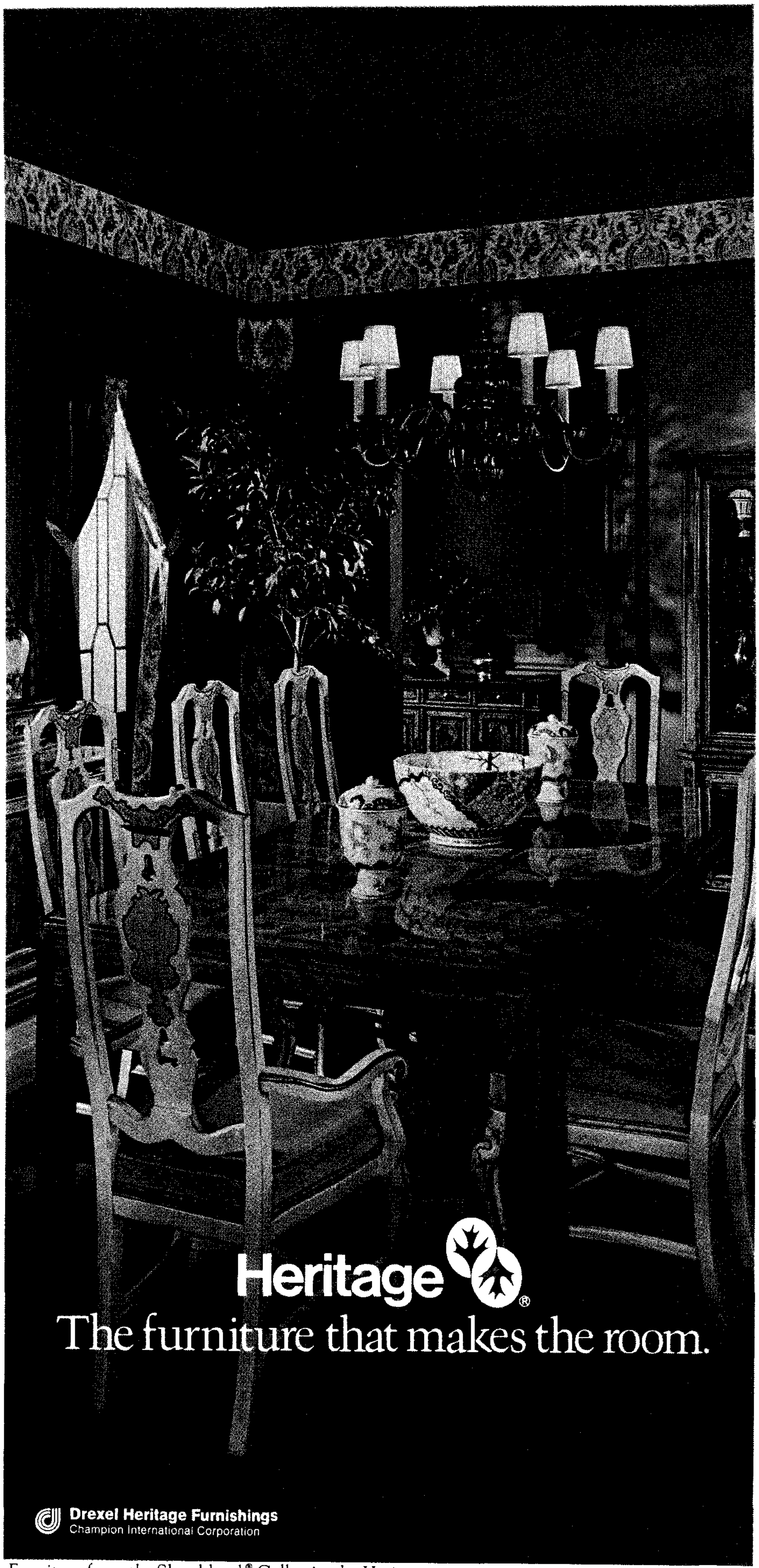
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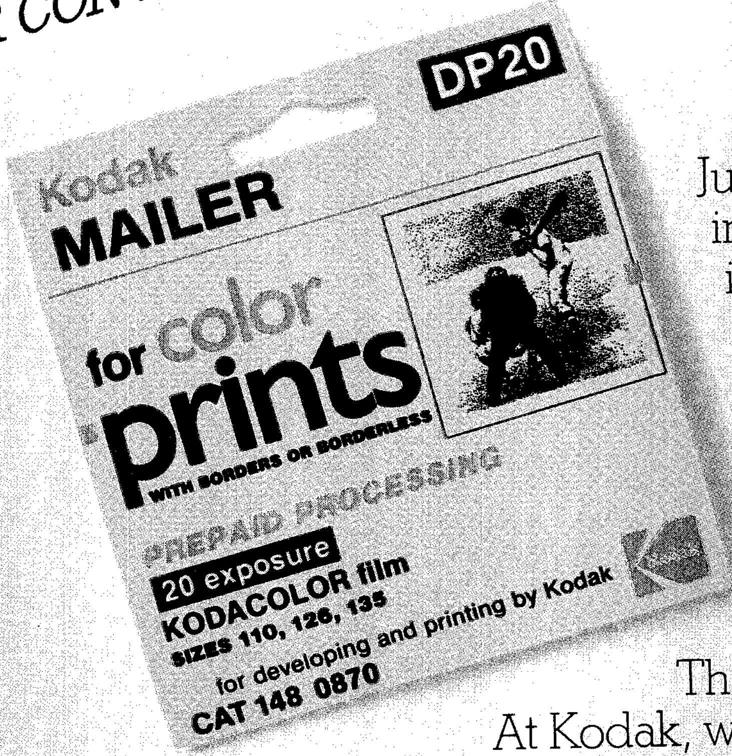
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struck by that strange process by which people seem to change physically with changes in their fortunes. The physical changes undoubtedly have to do with their own rising and falling confidence, with what they are going through. Now the President looks different—worried, shrunken, weaker.

•

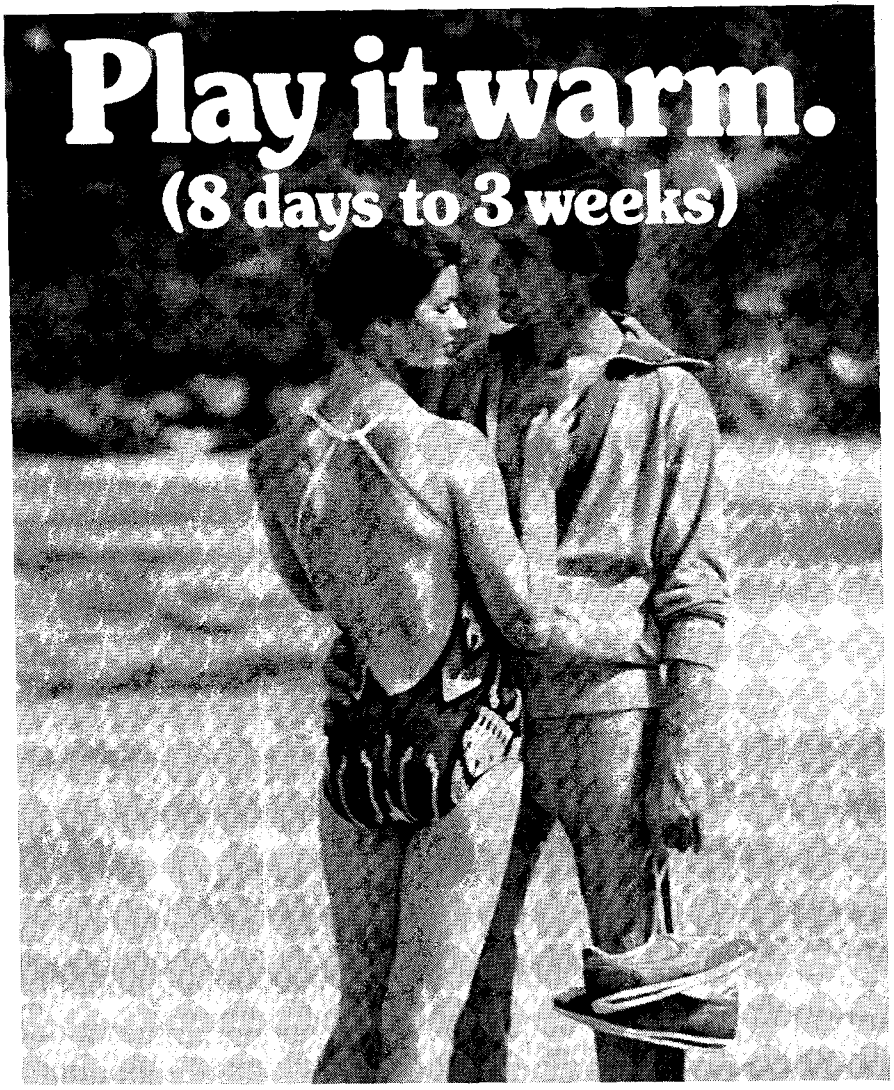
SENATOR EAGLETON gave way to the tide today and announced, along with other Missouri political leaders, that he would support Carter. Missouri has seventy-one delegates. In New York, Mayor Abraham Beame, a Jackson supporter, is reported to have decided to endorse Carter.

•

IN New York today, Carter made a speech about nuclear proliferation. He is the only Presidential candidate who has done this so far.

MAY 19

WEDNESDAY. Jimmy Carter has been wounded, and people are moving in. Jerry Brown beat him badly in Maryland yesterday—the vote was forty-nine per cent to thirty-seven per cent—and Carter just barely defeated Morris Udall in Michigan. Once more, a number of people, including candidates, journalists, investors in power, and others who play a role in the election, are taking a new view of what is going on in the Democratic race. Before yesterday, the common assumption was that Carter would be nominated easily and was the odds-on favorite to defeat Ford—or, of course, Reagan—in November. Today, the phone lines of Paul Simon, a Democratic representative from Illinois who wants a Humphrey candidacy, were busy, and on Capitol Hill it seemed to some that there was a new spring to Hubert Humphrey's step. Simon and Joe Crangle have decided to launch a draft-Humphrey committee tomorrow, rather than wait until June 9th, the day after the last primaries. More calls than usual came into the office of Edward Kennedy; there are those who will not believe until someone else has been nominated that Kennedy will not run. A Democratic member of the House told me today that his colleagues, meeting over coffee this morning, had taken notice of Carter's irritability in Michigan, where he refused to disavow an attack that Coleman Young, Detroit's black mayor, had made on Udall for having belonged to the Mormon Church, which discriminates against blacks. (Udall has been inactive in the



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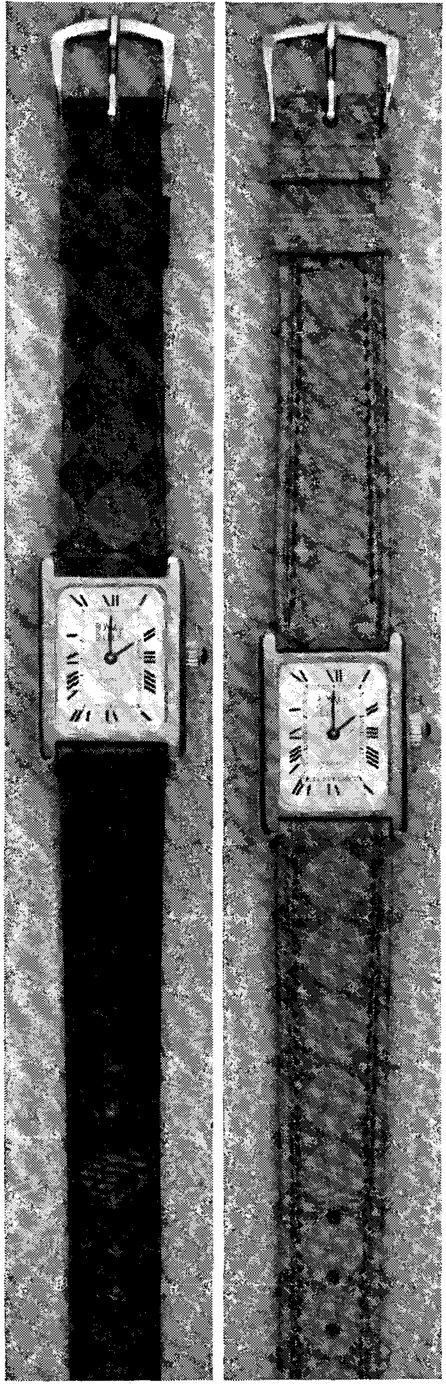

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Mormon Church for more than thirty years.) Moreover, Carter said that he himself had been attacked by Udall "on religious grounds" in New Hampshire—a charge that the Carter staff was unable to document. "He seems to be getting a little testy," the Democratic member of the House said of Carter. "Most of my colleagues weren't for Carter, but we will be with him if he proves himself in the marketplace. We've seen polls that show that we would do better ourselves in November with him at the head of the ticket than with any other candidate. His credibility and integrity were his broadest appeals but also his thinnest appeals."

The Udall and Church camps are in touch with each other, trying to carve up the remaining states so that Carter will have only one opponent in each of the remaining primaries; they are having trouble getting coöperation from the Brown camp. A trend may be indicated by the fact that polls taken a couple of weeks before the primaries in Wisconsin, Connecticut, Maryland, and Michigan all showed Carter leading by a wide margin, whereas the actual results showed him just squeaking through or losing. It is possible that the early leads were based on the publicity, and that Carter is not wearing well. But this trend, if that is what it is, is showing up almost too late for the others to stop Carter. On television last night, Carter said that Governor Brown "is identified quite closely with me." Carter continued, "I'm not taking away from the Governor's winning the popular vote in Maryland [pause, smile] but we got the delegates."

Carter's virtual dead heat with Udall in Michigan seems even more telling than his loss to Brown in Maryland. In Michigan, Carter, who says that he scorns organization support and endorsements, won the endorsements and backing of Leonard Woodcock, of Henry Ford II, and of Mayor Coleman Young. The turnout in Michigan was quite low—it has been low almost everywhere all year, and that may tell us something else—but even up to the end the general expectation was that Carter would be an easy victor. So now "the word" is that Carter "must" win the Oregon primary, where he will face Jerry Brown and Frank Church. I'm going to go to Oregon.

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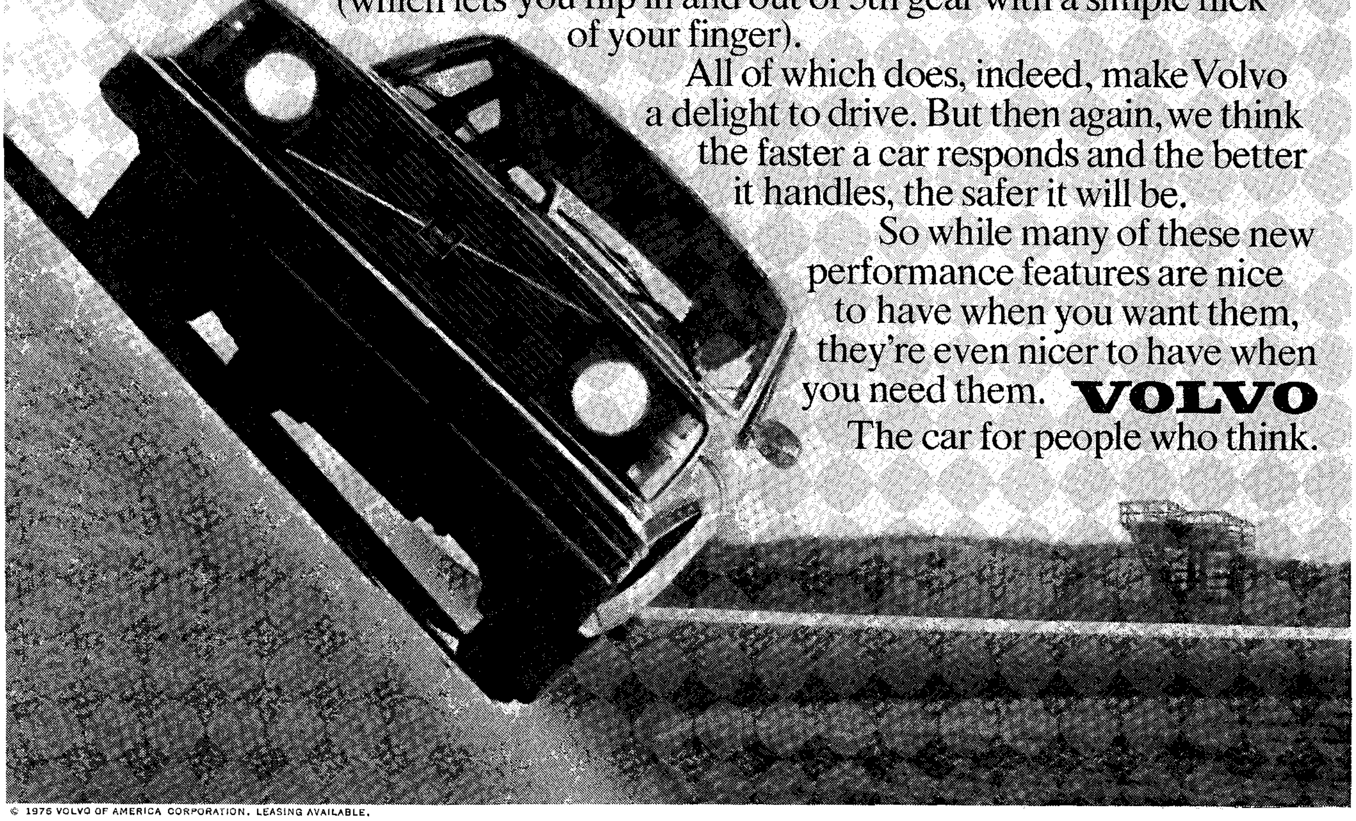

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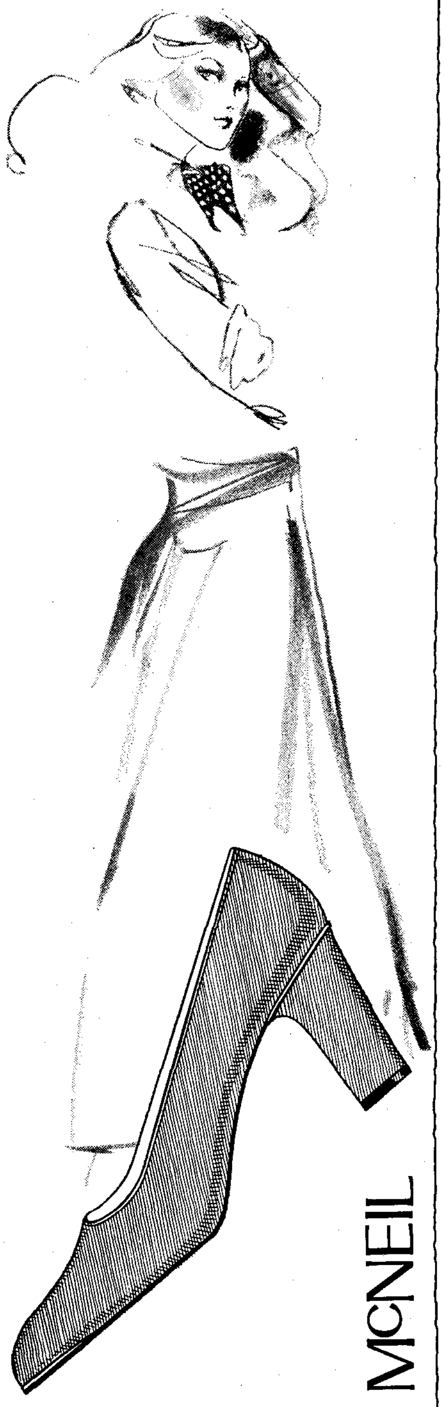

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cessful, in charge. He not only won in Michigan but won well. Last weekend, he went on an expensive and—given the current requirements of Presidential communication and protection—unwieldy whistle-stop tour of the state. But there are still questions about the strength of his candidacy, the nature of the race he has run, and the prospects for the Republican Party. Today, I talked with Senator Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, who was once chairman of the Republican National Committee. Dole, who is moderate to conservative, is a fairly blunt man and he usually has a pretty good feel for what is happening.

"It changes so quickly," Dole began. "I'd have said something different yesterday from today."

I asked Dole what he thought was happening to the Republican Party.

"I said early on that the Reagan-Ford thing was not bad, because Reagan was attracting new people and the Party would at least have a shot at them," he replied. "Ford was the first Republican candidate in a long time to appeal to younger voters. So there were little things that showed maybe the Republican Party might finally be getting off the dime and up from the twenty-one-per-cent thing." According to various polls, only somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two per cent of the country's eligible voters identify themselves as Republicans, while between forty and forty-six per cent call themselves Democrats and the rest describe themselves as independents. "Ford is proud of his Republicanism, and doesn't try to hide it," Dole continued. "Nixon tried to hide it, building his New American Majority, or whatever he was building. Ford went around and spoke and raised money, and still we are where we were. I always thought the Republican Party would be built by a Republican President managing things, but we're in the unfortunate position of having a President vetoing bills and getting on the wrong side of 'people' issues. You don't broaden the base of the Party by saying no. I don't think you should say yes all the time, but pick out some areas and have a reasonable position. He's vetoed the education bill, the jobs bill—you name it. We get accused by business of being more anti-business than the Democrats when we're in power. You could rationalize it by saying there is a divided government between the executive and the Congress now, with different parties in charge, but the point is we haven't moved beyond the twenty-yard line. There are

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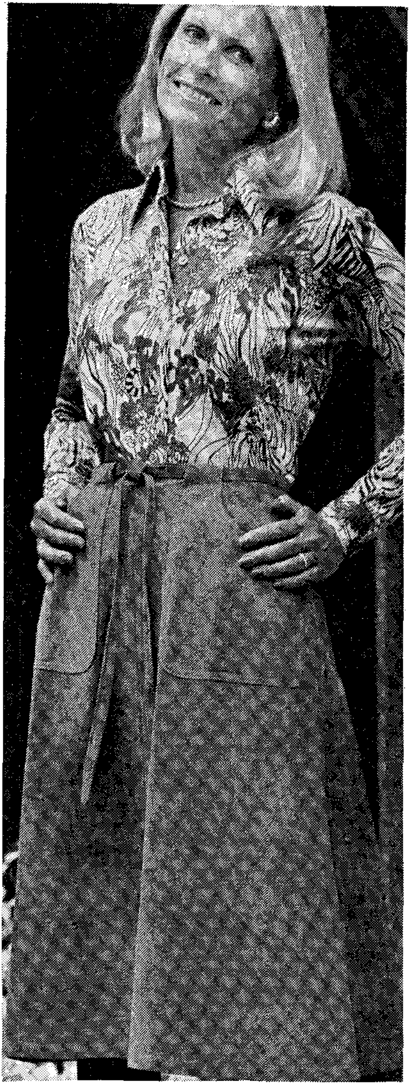

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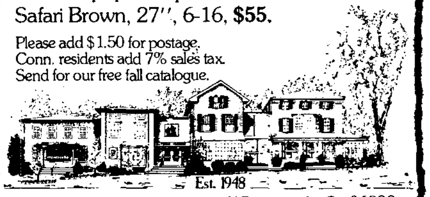

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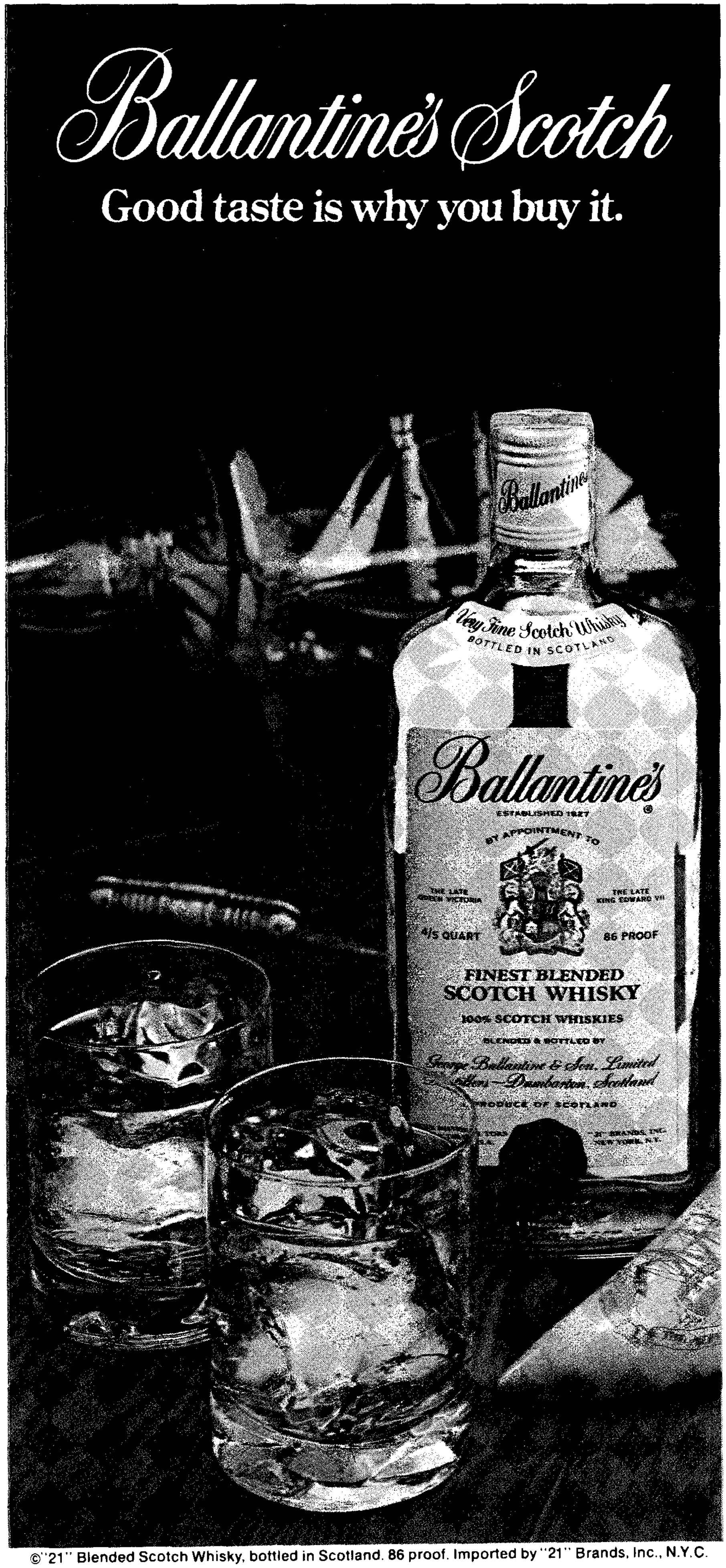
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people out there who have a fairly reasonable philosophy as far as spending is concerned, but so often they don't see any results, and it always appears that we're *against* people's interests. Republicans have failed to come up with a program. Strong defense—that's fine, but you don't build a party with that platform, and that's been Ford's biggest thrust in the past year. Deregulation of oil and natural-gas prices has sort of spattered—his energy program was not very attractive for getting people involved in a party. We're still going to be the minority party after the election. A more imaginative program should be put together. If we're against jobs in the public sector, then we should put together a program of jobs in the private sector. I think Ford's been preoccupied with holding back, cutting back, reducing spending. I don't think we'll become a majority party doing that."

"Fiscal responsibility does not bring people to their feet?" I asked.

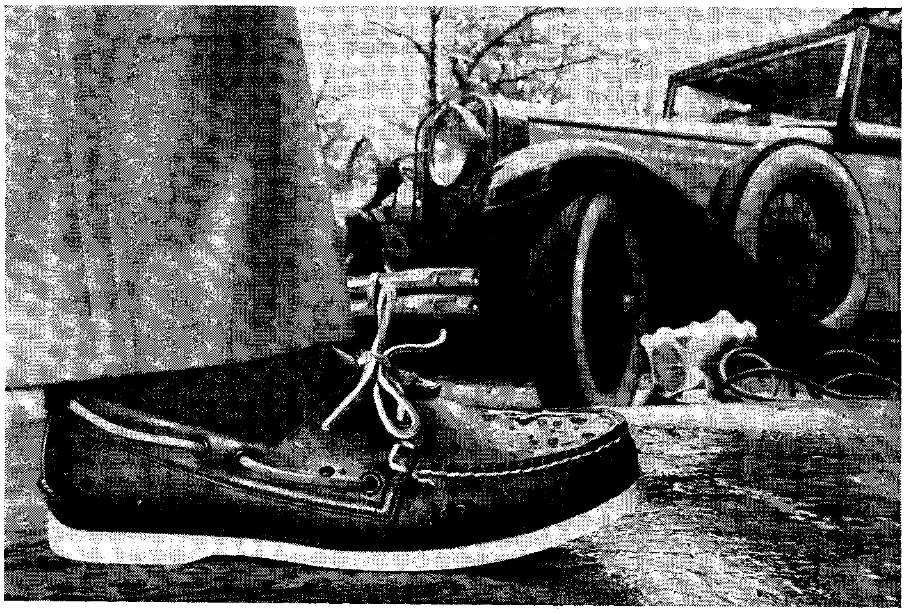
"No," Dole replied. "You can always make a speech and point out some ridiculous example of waste, if you know your audience. But if you talk about something they like, they're not going to react very well." This brought to mind Ford's first campaign trip to New Hampshire, when he briefed local officials on his budget, and most of the questions they asked had to do with wanting more, not less, from the federal government. Similarly, Reagan got into trouble with his proposal to reduce the federal budget by ninety billion dollars. He later tried to make it clear that he would just shift responsibility for these programs to the state level. Somehow, the Ford campaign let the issue of Reagan's ninety-billion-dollar plan die, but Governor William Milliken, of Michigan, a Republican, who worked hard for Ford in the Michigan primary, revived it in that state, with apparent success.

I asked Dole what he felt the problems were with the campaign Ford had conducted.

"Reagan has been running both campaigns," Dole replied. "His and Ford's. He lays out the issues, and Ford responds."

•

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON. The Senate is debating Senate Resolution 400, "to establish a Standing Committee of the Senate on Intelligence Activities," and Senator John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, has the floor. The bill, the result of the work of the Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities—the Church committee—barely made it to the floor in its present form, and now Senator Stennis and some of his allies are engaged in one last attempt to weaken it. The new committee would take the place of the Church committee, which was established temporarily to investigate allegations of abuses by the intelligence agencies and to make recommendations. While the establishment of a successor committee may not sound like a very significant departure, the new committee would alter the institutional arrangements by which the intelligence agencies had conducted their activities almost unchecked. Only a few senior members of Congress, Stennis among them—men who could be counted upon to agree with what the agencies were doing, and to keep secrets—had known what was going on, and apparently none of them had known all of it. Under this arrangement, the agencies had proceeded without any real interference, and their congressional confidants had enhanced their own power. That is why Stennis is fighting this afternoon. The new committee would have one of the most important forms of power that can be allocated on Capitol Hill—the power to authorize funds for all the intelligence agencies. Using this power carefully, the members of the committee would have at least a chance to find out what was going on. A secondary power would be the power to disclose its findings, if necessary, to the Senate as a whole in a closed session. And the new committee would be empowered to propose new legislation embodying guidelines, statutes, charters for the intelligence agencies. Depending on how this is carried out—the proviso that attaches to any federal enterprise—what is being debated on the Senate floor today could represent the beginning of fundamental changes. At bottom, the difficulties have been that the agencies had no clear instructions on what they were or were not to do, from either the executive branch or Congress; that Constitutional procedures for making important decisions in the area of intelligence operations did not exist; and that all the processes involved—the making of policy, the decisions about activities, the supposed supervision—were warped by secrecy. The peculiar role of secrecy is subtle, and its importance is often hard to grasp. This was reflected in remarks made to me by one man who was involved in the Senate investigation of the intel-



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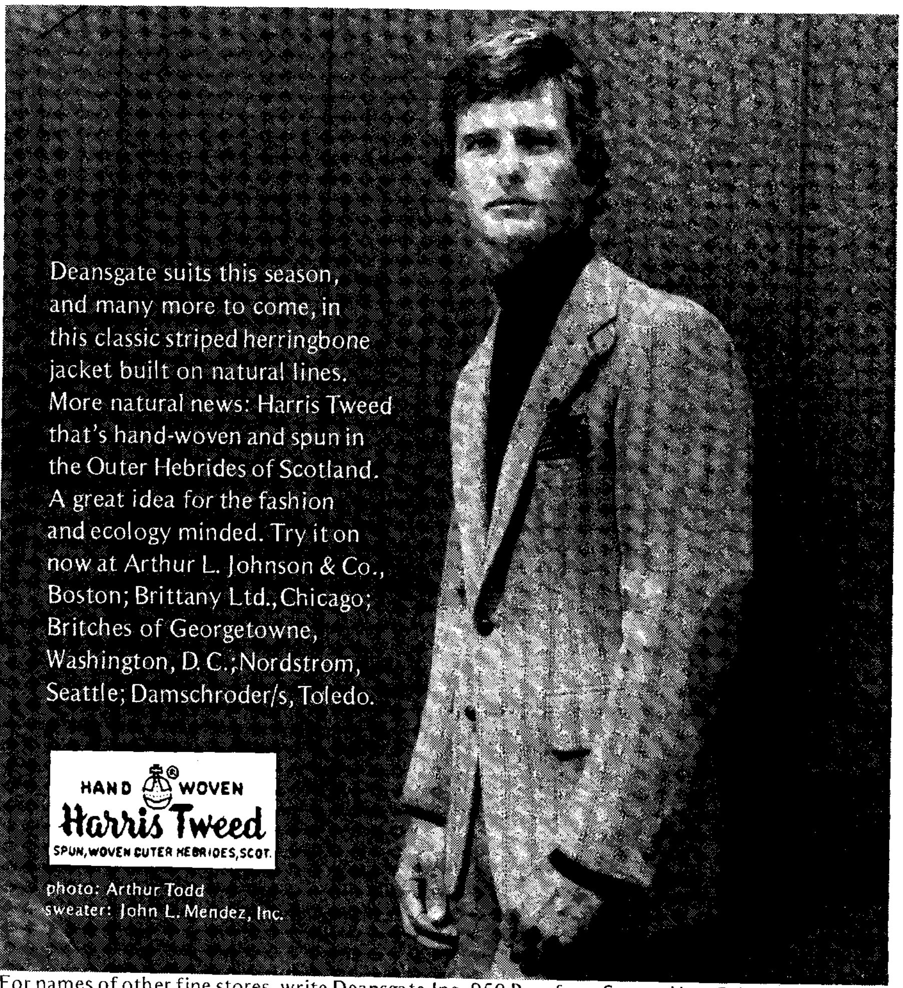

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ligence agencies. He said that the experience had brought home to him the impact of dealing with secret matters. He said, "The more you know, the more you become drawn in, the more aware of the cost of talking." And then he made an even more interesting point. He said, "You lose any sense of the worth of what you know, because it's secret, and you can't talk to people who might use it in ways it is not supposed to be used. So one of the paradoxes of the work of the intelligence agencies is that it's contrary to the rational process, because it limits the process of intelligent analysis. The more sensitive it is, the less analysis is involved. It becomes a thing in itself, not to be confronted by anything else."

As usual, the interest on the part of Congress in the subject was brought about by outside pressures. It is another example of the fact that Congress is essentially a reactive branch, but sometimes it does react. Although there was ample evidence that the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. had been exceeding what might have been expected to be their charters (there were no effective ground rules or charters), that they had been impinging on the liberties of American citizens, and that the C.I.A. had been involved in questionable and embarrassing activities abroad, sometimes luring us into the equivalent of war without war's ever being declared, Congress was not aroused to move until late 1974, in response to a series of stories by Seymour Hersh in the *Times*. The abuses laid bare by Watergate had been all but forgotten. Hersh wrote that files were maintained on at least ten thousand Americans, and that activities conducted against them included break-ins, wiretapping, physical surveillance, infiltration, and the opening of mail. It was in almost reflexive response to these revelations that the President appointed a commission, headed by Vice-President Rockefeller, and the Senate and, subsequently, the House appointed committees to investigate the charges. For the first time, a fairly broad spectrum of politicians, who were powerful but were not part of the inner group, realized what was going on—how the President and the heads of sensitive executive agencies had operated for the last thirty or forty years. The politicians were forced by new, widespread press interest and public outrage to examine things they had long left unexamined. They had to look at these things for their own survival, if not for the country's. In the course of their looking at them, old relationships were broken

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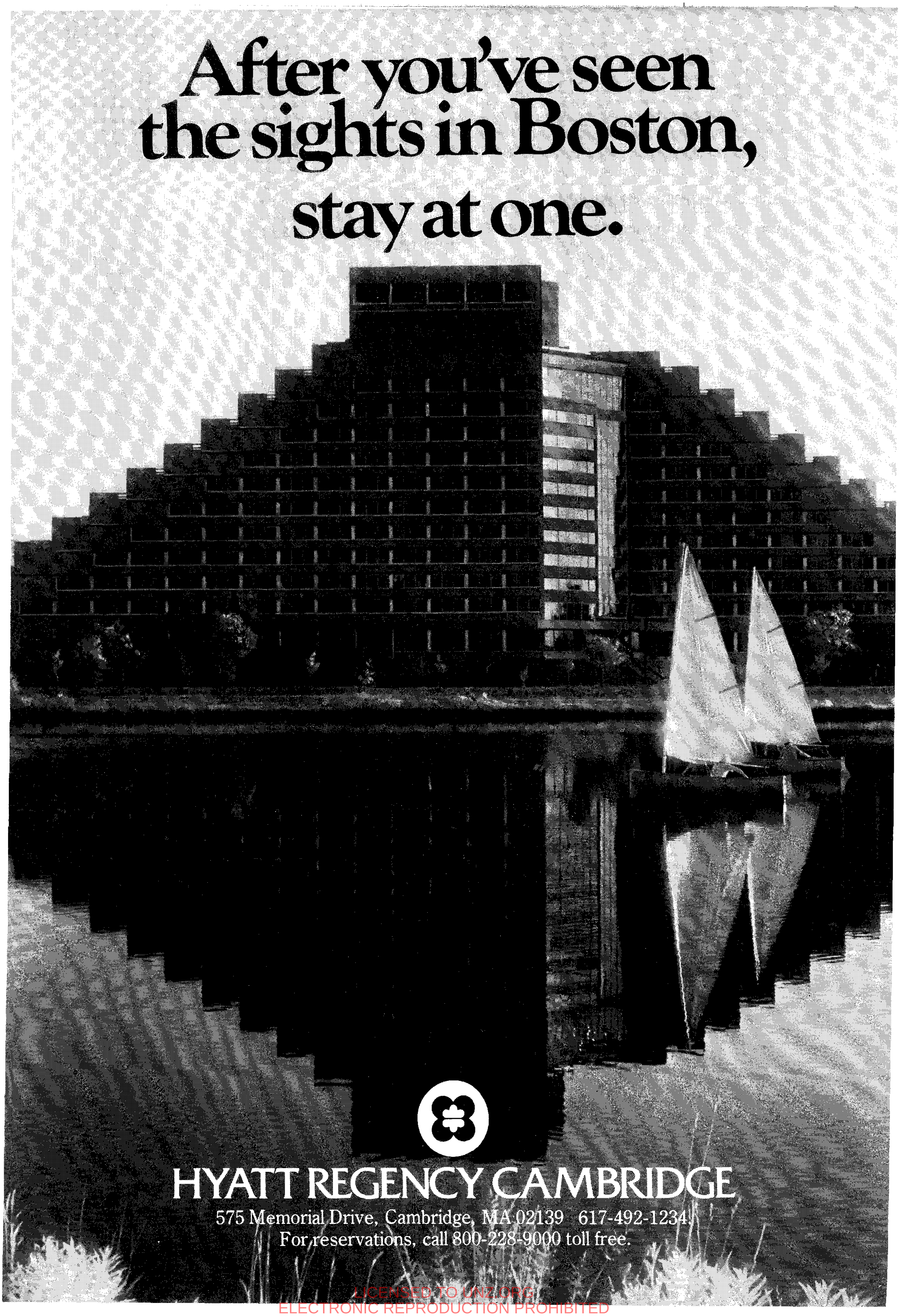

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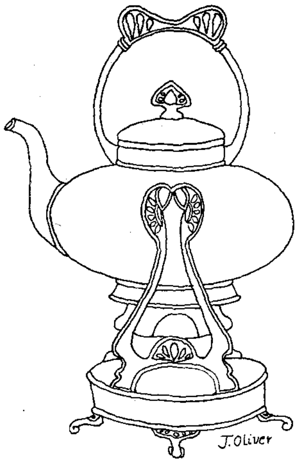
down. Senator Stennis must have seen that they would be, and he therefore opposed the Senate investigation from the outset. When he failed to head it off, he tried to head it. But he failed at that, too. Slowly, the senators who examined it came to see that tens of billions of dollars, tens of thousands of lives, and our national reputation were being handled in a way that was not in accord with Constitutional processes. So they had to invent a Constitutional process, and that is what they are doing now. Whether they want to or not, they are heading toward a situation wherein the decisions that are made will have to be made jointly and a broad group of senators will have to decide if, when they see something that disturbs them, they will act. Thus, they will share authority and responsibility—a role in which they are not entirely comfortable. It was easier to leave things to the likes of Senator Stennis and to see no evil.

But the investigations turned up enough to make inaction impossible. Even the Rockefeller Commission, a number of whose members, including its chairman, shared the general Cold War assumptions on which the agencies proceeded, confirmed much of what Hersh had written, and it found that some of the activities were illegal *and some governed by laws that were* unclear. The Rockefeller Commission and the Church committee brought to light operations with names that sounded as if they had been taken from our adversaries—"COINTELPRO" and "CHAOS"—to disrupt domestic black, student, and antiwar groups. Both operations began as counterintelligence against domestic subversives, and spread. The Senate committee found that, in the midst of the Cold War, F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover supplied the White House under Truman and Eisenhower with what amounted to precursors of the "enemies lists" compiled during the Nixon Administration. The Senate committee said in its report that "intelligence agencies have served the political and personal objectives of Presidents and other high officials." It said that "unsavory and vicious tactics have been employed—including anonymous attempts to break up marriages, disrupt meetings, ostracize persons from their professions, and provoke target groups into rivalries that might result in deaths." It found that the C.I.A. was opening the mail of Americans, including—unfortunately for it—a letter from Senator Church to his mother-in-law. It found that the National Security Agency was intercepting the overseas cables of Americans. The senators learned that the F.B.I. was keeping files on them—some read them—and on other Americans who had never broken any law. They learned that the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution had been violated by secret acts of the executive branch. And they learned that many of these things had been going on for forty years. The Senate committee concluded that "the Constitution has been violated in secret and the power of the executive branch has gone unchecked, unchallenged."



So the bill now on the floor is the first step toward broadened supervision of the intelligence agencies and the drawing up of charters for them. Stennis is offering an amendment that would keep the jurisdiction over the Defense Department's intelligence agencies in the Armed Services Committee (which Stennis heads) rather than transfer it to the new committee. Stennis is making his last stand. His power is about to be cut, and—perhaps more important—the way he has carried *out his role as an "overseer"* of the C.I.A. and the military intelligence agencies is about to be repudiated. This is a man who has seldom been defied. The fight that is taking place on the Senate floor is nominally a fight over the Stennis amendment but is really a fight over power, over a style of operating, and over philosophy. Those who are siding with Stennis this afternoon—Barry Goldwater, John Tower—have a different view of the world from those on the other side. To them, the world is no less dangerous than it was a quarter of a century ago, and the military must be given its head, and its friends must protect it. To them, spreading the responsibility for what these agencies are doing is dangerous. Stennis, speaking in his deep, boll-weevil voice—he is almost a caricature of what we used to think senators should be like—says of the military intelligence activity, "We could hardly do a worse thing than to subject all of it to the ordinary legislative process of this con-

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gressional body. That is just a matter of common sense." Stennis doesn't speak—he orates.

So does Frank Church, who follows him. "The Armed Services Committee," Church says, "speaking through its distinguished chairman"—and he sweeps an arm toward Stennis's seat, which is empty (Stennis has left the floor)—"opposed sharing any legislative authority" over the military intelligence agencies. Then, stretching his arms out in front of him to form a circle, he explains, "For years, the problem has been that there has been no committee in Congress that could reach out and embrace the entire intelligence community. Now we have one, if this substitute resolution is adopted. But if the Stennis amendment is approved, we are right back to where we started from. The net, that seamless web, has been broken, and we are back to piecemeal jurisdiction distributed among several committees of Congress, no one of which can do the job." Church yields the floor to Senator Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, a member of the Church committee who devoted a great deal of effort to the investigation of the violations of citizens' rights, and Mondale holds up a copy of the report and talks about the "abuse of human rights and legal rights by these agencies." The implied question: Where was Stennis when this was going on?

And then Senator Tower makes a valid point: "If there has been any dereliction, then the entire U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives must bear the responsibility." The agencies, he argues, were following the standards of the time. Then Stennis concludes, arguing, "We're not trying to keep the information away from the senators or from the American people." What he is worried about is "disclosures to our adversaries, those that are pitted against us, that are planning against us," he says. He continues, "And we're trying to keep it from our adversaries," and adds that what is needed is better intelligence: "Better alternative methods will bring better and more valuable results." Stennis has gone off in an entirely different direction. And when the roll is called on his amendment, he loses—perhaps to a degree that John Stennis has never lost before. His amendment is defeated sixty-three to thirty-one. Then the Senate votes, seventy-two to twenty-two, to establish the new oversight committee.

Afterward, I ask Senator Charles Mathias, Jr., Republican of Maryland, who was a member of the Church

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committee and one of the catalysts behind its establishment (Mathias was among the first senators in recent years to speak out about the dangers to our liberties of actions taken in the name of national security), how effective he thinks the new committee will be. He replies, "If the executive sets out to defeat it and undercut it, I have no doubt that it has a high degree of capacity to do so. The second question is whether the committee will have guts. Anyone standing on the brink of a moment in history can have courage, but the courage that matters is the courage to stand alone and blow the whistle day by day. Third, the members of the Senate have to have common sense about where to bear down and where to be flexible—more sense than the select committee sometimes showed. But I think the new committee will make a difference. I think the people downtown—and that includes the C.I.A. headquarters, in Langley, Virginia—will stop and think before they take either pen or gun in hand. H. L. Mencken said, 'Conscience is the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking.' That's what's going to be different—they may have all the opportunities and desires they had before. And I haven't lost faith that people will obey the law if they know what the law is. We'll see."

May 21

Portland, Oregon. Jimmy Carter is addressing a luncheon of the City Club, a civic organization, at the Benson Hotel. Carter had planned to be here today and to return tomorrow to Plains for three days of rest. But yesterday, as he had done before in this campaign, he cancelled the time off, and he will devote most of the weekend to campaigning in Oregon. Carter used to talk about taking more time off to think and plan for the fall campaign for the Presidency, but, in the tradition of *Homo candidatus*, he has yielded to the impulse to keep campaigning for the nomination—make more of an effort. When Jody (Joseph) Powell, Carter's press secretary, told the accompanying press last evening that Carter would campaign through the weekend, one of the major questions that arose was how the reporters would cope with the logistical problem of getting clean laundry. (The problem has not yet been solved.) George McGovern once told me that candidates reach a point where they don't want to stop—find the sudden cessation of the flow of adrenalin too painful—and don't want to think. In

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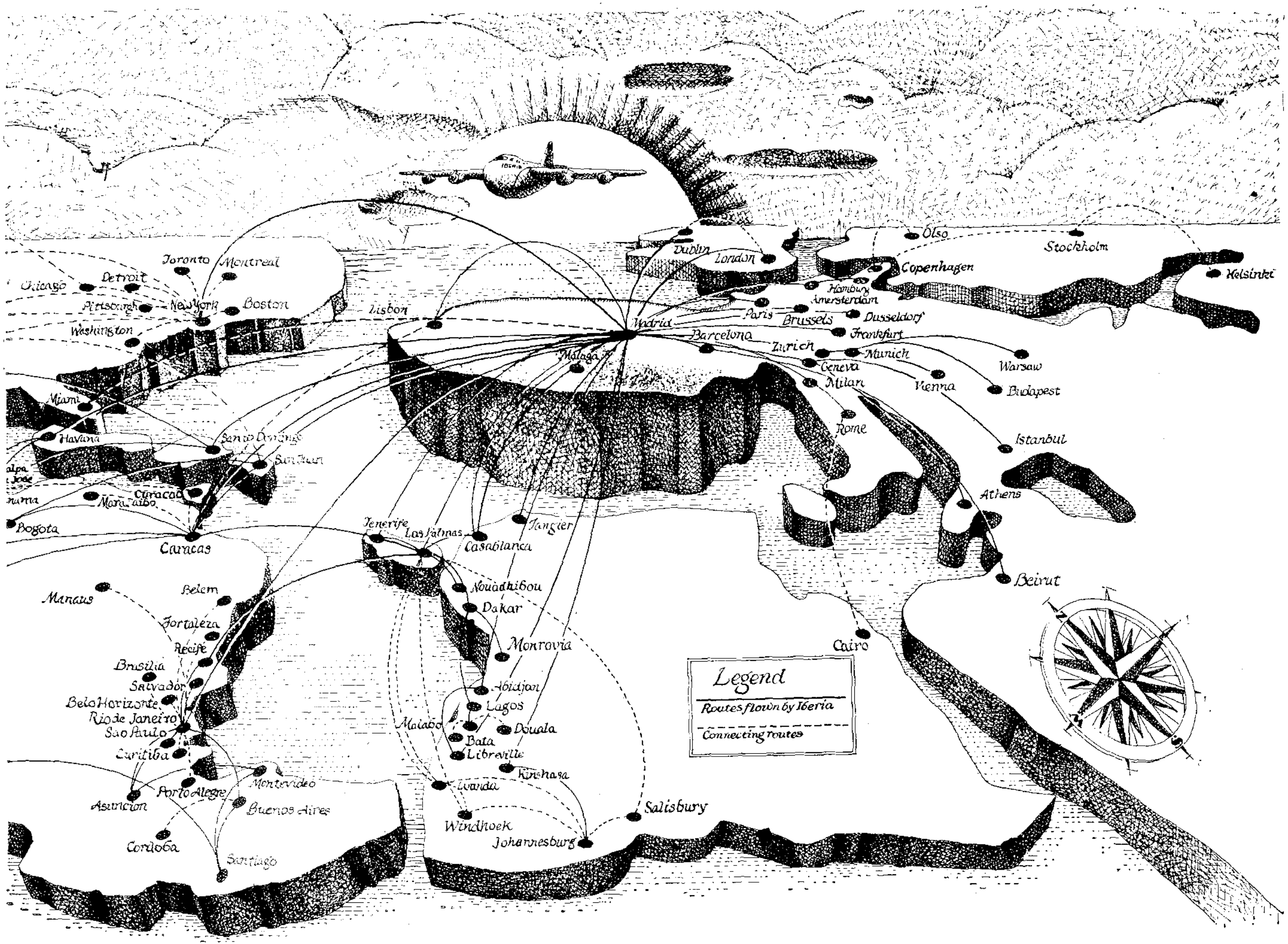
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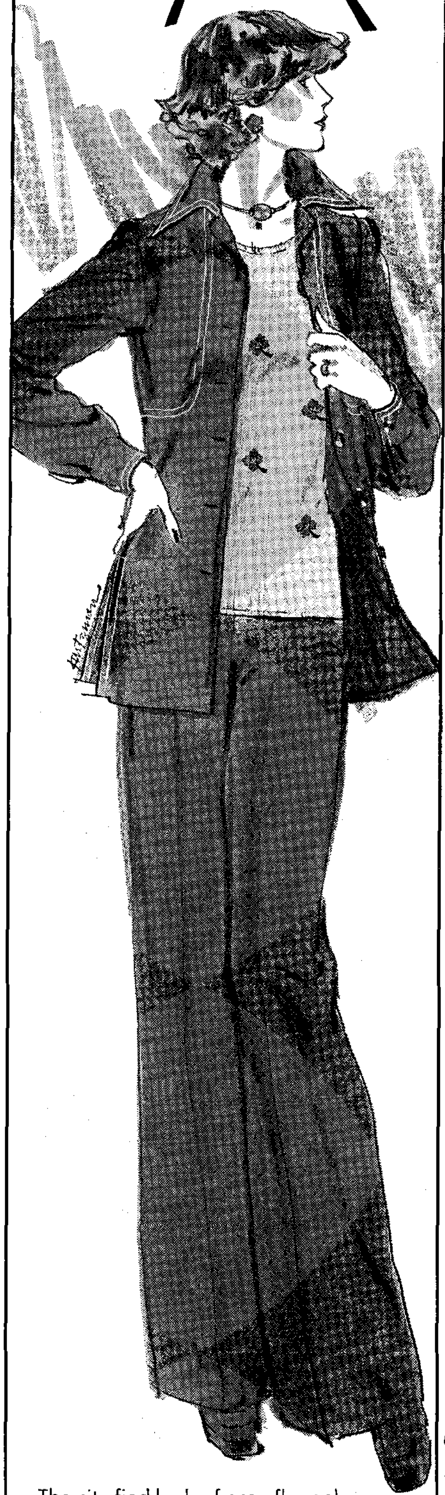

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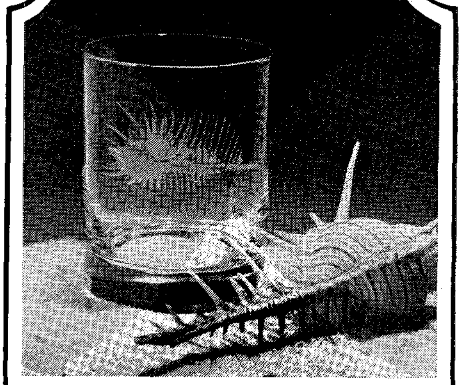
Oregon, Carter has a difficulty and an opportunity. The difficulty is that he has lost two important primaries in a row, and his "winnerness" is wearing off. The opportunity is that here he is faced with two opponents—Church and Brown—instead of one. Moreover, the Oregon primary has its own mystique and a disproportionate importance, which Carter recognizes. Only thirty-four delegates are at stake in the Democratic race, but this primary usually gets more attention than several primaries in which a greater number of delegates are involved. The Oregon primary has a disproportionate importance partly because it always has had; it has become a tradition, like New Hampshire. And it gets the attention it does partly because so many members of the national press are drawn to Oregon—to its natural beauty and its fresh salmon and its generally attractive people. Oregonians take their politics seriously, and, on the whole, Oregon elects politicians of a high calibre. Oregonians like to think of themselves as independent, and as playing an important part in Presidential elections. They like to think of Oregon as New Hampshire at the other end of the line. They like to point out that in the last fifty years no one has been elected President who lost the Oregon primary. It is a relatively untroubled state—no race issues (few blacks), no urban crises. Oregon is not tense. Oregonians worry about "nice" issues, like disposable bottles. (They passed a law banning them.) In other states, politicians have to demonstrate their concern about shoe imports or naval bases; when they come to Oregon, they must address themselves to questions about the environment. For members of the press and others, the Oregon primary is a social occasion, just as the New Hampshire primary is. All these factors affect our politics more than people might think.

Last night, in Los Angeles, Carter met with representatives of the Jewish community, many of whom remain skeptical about him, because, among other things, he goes about saying that he is a Christian—an assertion that offends certain sensibilities. Some are also troubled by the degree to which he stresses his Baptist faith—worried about anti-Semitism among Southern Baptists. Carter has Jewish associates, but he has not been able to place himself beyond suspicion. In addition, his cool political style and his failure to embrace positions that liberal Democrats consider important have played a part in creating a certain resistance to him among Jews, many of whom are liberal Dem-



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ocrats. After the meeting with the Jewish leaders, Carter attended a fund-raising dinner—about twelve hundred people, at a hundred and twenty-five dollars each—in the large ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel, which was called the "kickoff dinner" for the California primary, to be held June 8th. Jerry Brown is favored to win the California primary, but Carter is making an effort there, and said last night of Brown that "every delegate he gets, he's going to have to fight me for." In response to the criticisms that Carter is "fuzzy" on the issues, Carter has in recent days begun to mention four issues—government reorganization, welfare, tax reform, and nuclear proliferation—and talk about them briefly in the course of what has become his standard speech. But he hasn't seemed comfortable with them, and so last night, after saying "I share with you and with others deep commitments about some of the major issues," he said, "There are two levels of the campaign. One level is the tangible issues: unemployment, inflation, environmental quality, agriculture, education, welfare, health, taxation, and many, many others. And the other level of the campaign is the intangibles." More comfortable with the "intangible issues," such as "competence" and "compassion," he stuck with those. Carter likes lists—particularly lists of adjectives—and last night he spoke of the "horrible, bloated, confused, overlapping, wasteful, inefficient, ineffective, insensitive, unmanageable bureaucratic mess." And then he said, as he has said all year, that he did not want anyone to vote for him if that person did not want the executive branch of the government "completely reorganized." He makes it seem like a very daring thing to say. He still talks of reducing the number of government agencies from nineteen hundred (no one, even in the Carter camp, can document that there are this many) to two hundred—about which one wonders if he is serious. Some consolidation of government agencies is obviously desirable, but the result of what Carter proposes would be ungainly superagencies—such as he is charged with having established in Georgia—and the achievement would be questionable. "I consider myself to be a tough, competent manager," he says. There is some variation in Carter's speech as he has delivered it throughout the year, but the astonishing thing is how little variation there is. Whole segments are delivered—word for word, pause for pause, catch in the voice for catch in the voice—

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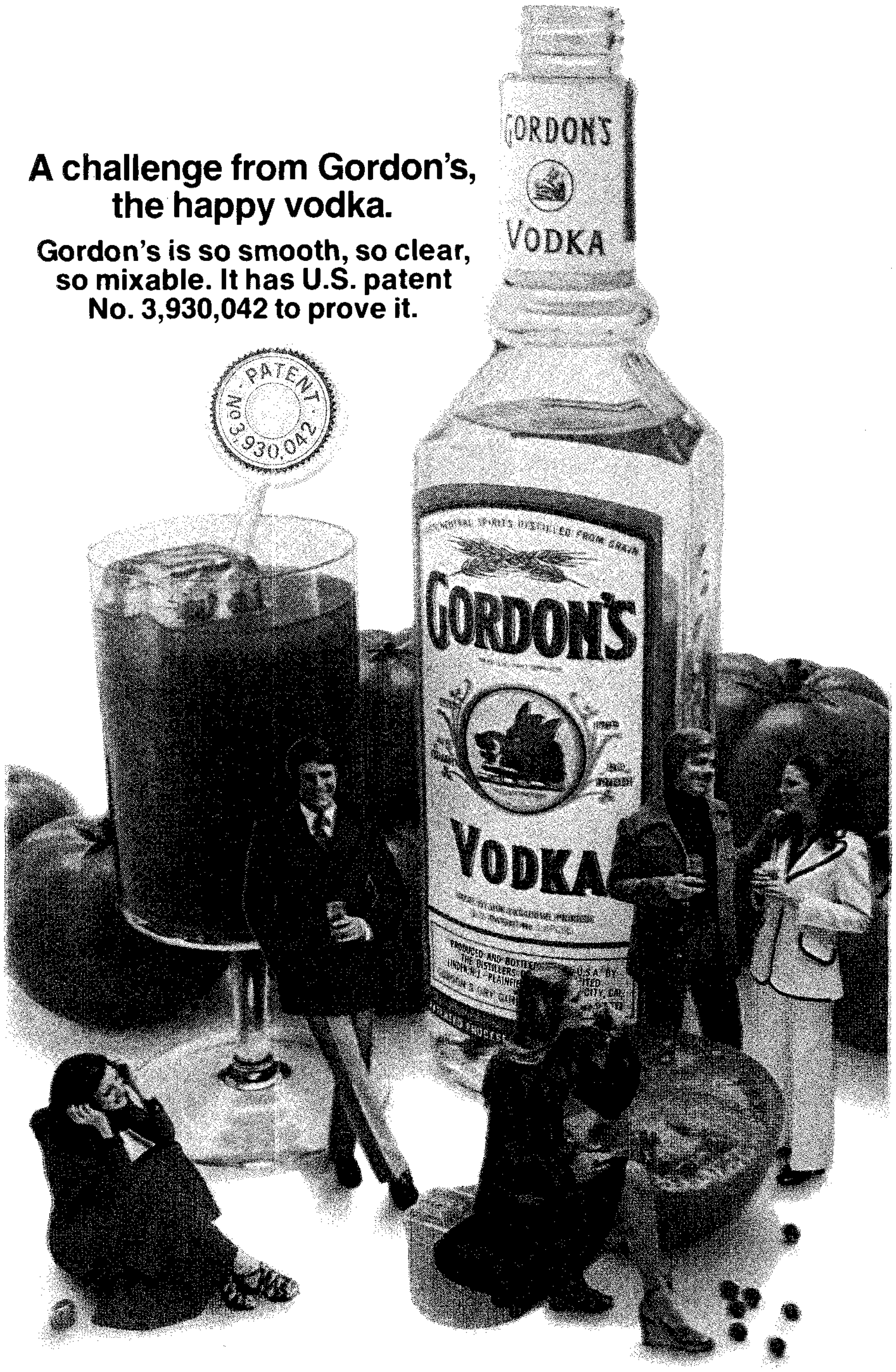

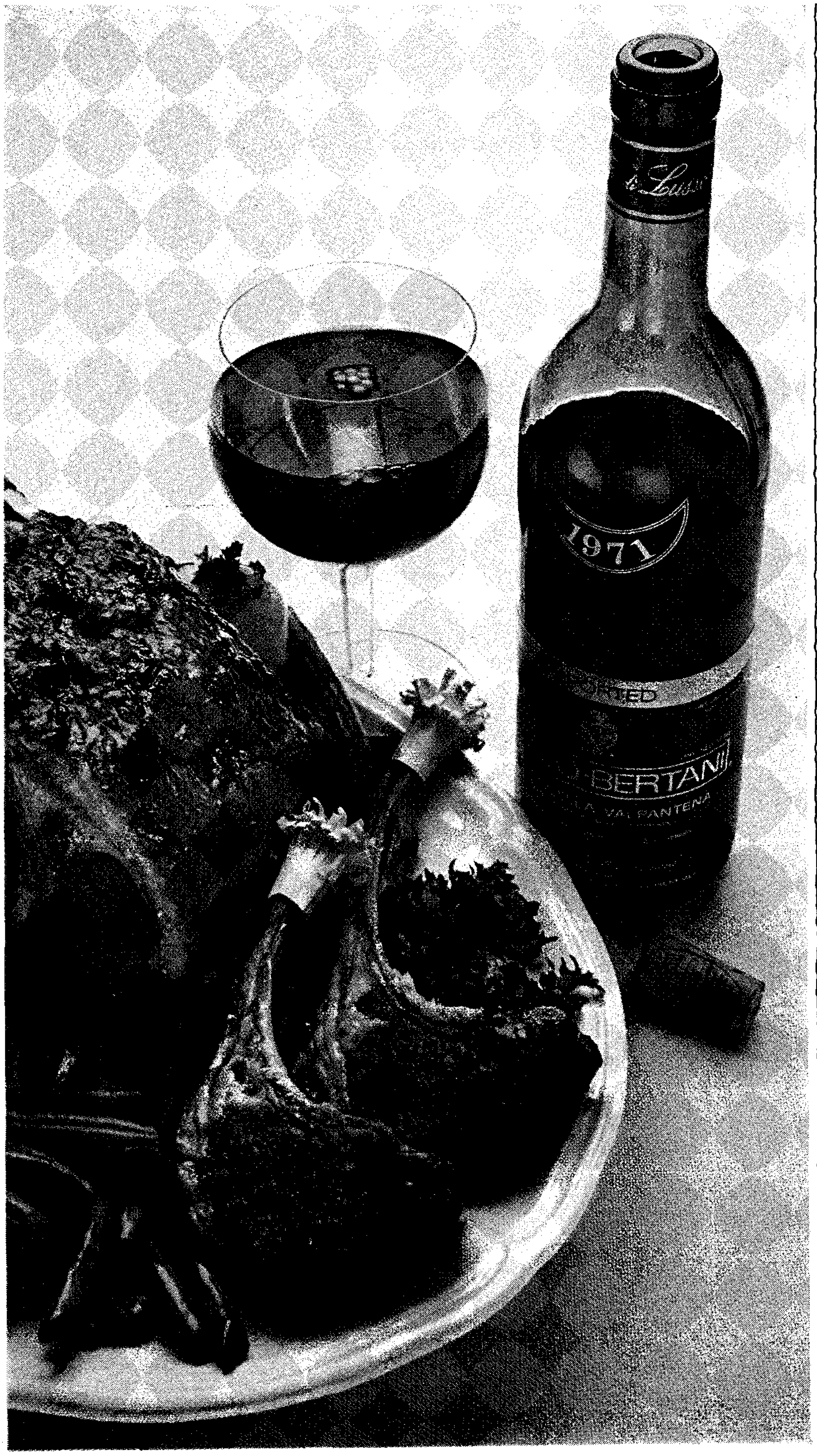

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just as they have been delivered all year. The audience at any given time does not know this, and therefore responds as an audience hearing it for the first time. The audience is not in a position to know how this repetition diminishes the appearance of sincerity. But in the case of Carter's speech it is not just the repetition that raises questions. It is hard to say what it is: the message itself, perhaps—all that idealism coming forth from such a steely, and even somewhat ruthless, man—or perhaps the obvious packaging of the message to strike certain chords. Not just repetition but perfect, unerring repetition. It becomes hard not to be dubious when one hears him say, just exactly as one has heard him say so many times before, "What we want in this country is a government, once again, that's as good [pause] and honest [pause] and decent [pause] and truthful [and the pauses continue] and fair, and competent, as idealistic, and compassionate [and then, dropping his voice and placing his hand, palm out, in front of him exactly the way he does it every other time he says this], and as filled with love [pause] as are the American people." The cadence and the pauses, the raising and dropping of the voice are crucial to the effect that Carter's speech creates. In his speech last night in Los Angeles, he said that the other candidates decided "not to run for the office itself" but to run in a few states and go "to the Convention to get in some back room and horse-trade." Carter chose to run in almost all the states, because, his aides explained to me earlier this spring, they felt he had to, in order to get the requisite publicity and delegates. They felt that Carter, not particularly popular in the Party, would not have a chance of winning the nomination if he did not come to the Convention with just about enough delegates to win. Here, again, Carter makes a virtue of necessity, and he told his Los Angeles audience how many delegates he claims and how many he expects to get on the next Tuesdays, and he recited how many candidates he has retired along the way.

"When I ran in the state of Iowa," he said, repeating the distinction he has created between running for President and running against an opponent, "I didn't run against Senator Birch Bayh, I ran for President [pause] and I won." He continued, "When I went to New Hampshire, I didn't run against Congressman Udall, who was a favorite there, I ran for President [pause] and I won." He said the same of George Wallace in Florida, and even of Sargent Shriver, who was not exactly a formidable opponent, in Illinois. He then listed the things that have happened in the past which trouble Americans: "We didn't decide as a people to start a war in Vietnam and Cambodia and see hundreds of thousands of women and children killed and lose fifty thousand young American lives and spend one hundred and fifty billion dollars, but our nation did, our government did—my government [pause] and your government. We gave Richard Nixon an overwhelming vote, and later we didn't decide to wrap the White House in secrecy, to cause a prostitution of the office of Attorney General, to damage the professional reputation of the F.B.I., to bring disgrace on our whole nation in the eyes of the world with Watergate. It happened in our government, in my government [pause] and your government. And we didn't decide to plot assassinations and murder against leaders of nations with whom we were not at war—I wouldn't plot murder and neither would you—but our government did it. We didn't make the decision, but it happened, in my and your government. Those things need not be, and through the process of politics they can be changed. A lot of people say, well, we don't need to set a higher level, a standard of ethics and morality and excellence in politics—you've heard this a great many times, but that's just talk, yes it is, it's ours [pause] and yours [pause], my nation [pause] and yours, my country and yours, my life [long pause] and yours. The sordidness need not be, the insensitivity need not be, the callousness need not be, the dishonesty need not be, and the lies need not be." He said, "Not so long ago, I was standing at the Liberty Bell the day before the Pennsylvania primary. . . . I thought about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry and Thomas Paine and John Jay and John Adams and John Hancock." And he told an utterly still room, "We have within us the same strength, the same courage, the same will, the same intelligence, patriotism, love of our land, religious faith, concern about our children, compassion, and love. . . . It's a reservoir waiting to be tapped." And he told the people in the vast room—as he has been telling people all across the nation all year—that he considered them part of his family, that "the friendships that we've formed will be permanent," and that "I want that same intimacy to

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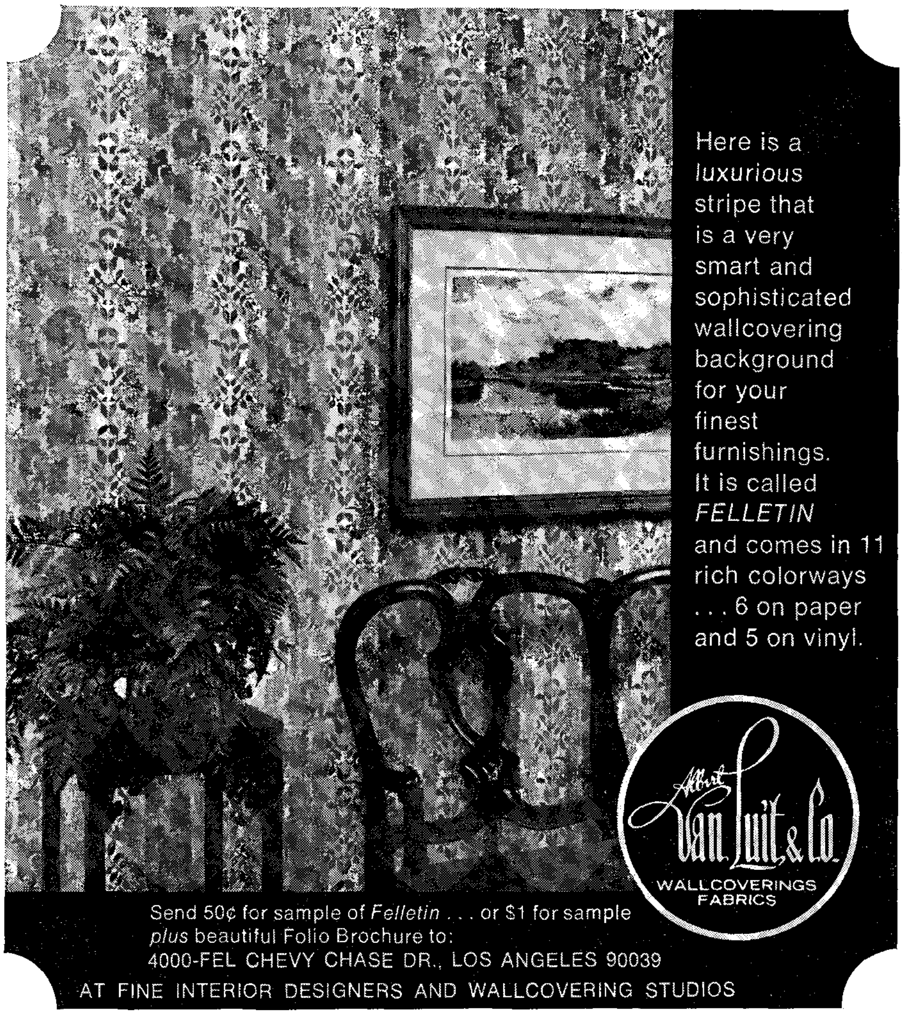
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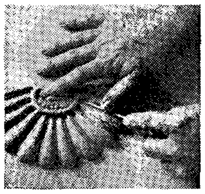
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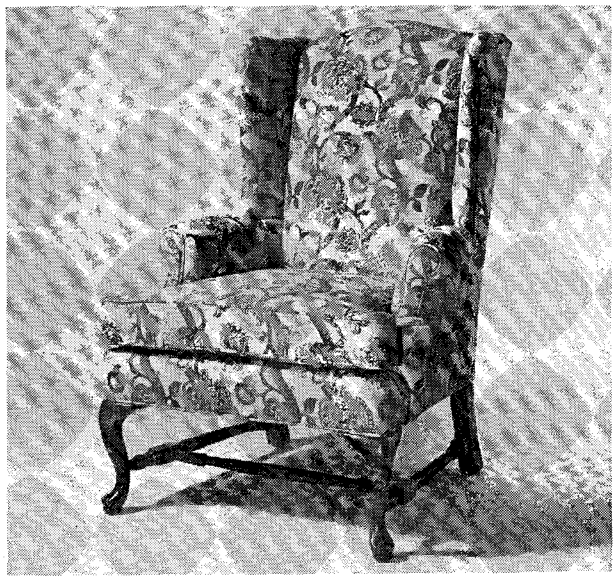
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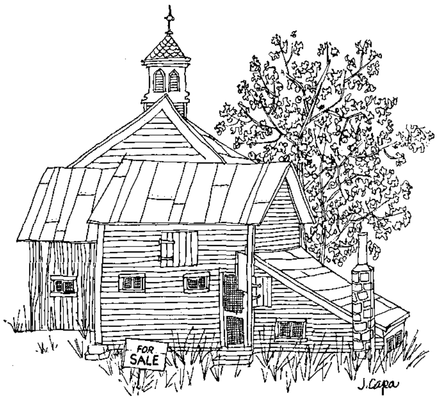
carry on into the White House." He said, "I want you to be proud of me, because I'm proud of you." (He told a group of elderly citizens in New Hampshire, whom he had presumably never laid eyes on before, that "all of you have lived lives of great service.") He went on to tell the people in the Beverly Hilton about the injustices he has seen in America, about how the affluent do better at the hands of government than the poor do. But Carter cloaks his liberalism in expressions of conservative values—home, family, land, religion, patriotism. The presumption is that any politician who invokes these values cannot be dangerous. They aren't really conservative values, they are simply values, but in recent years the liberals have permitted conservatives to appropriate them. And Carter ended by saying, "We still live in the greatest nation on earth."

Carter may be in some trouble, but he doesn't appear so before audiences. He is a rebounder. He gets a knock, but he keeps going—seeming, most of the time, imperturbable. He has stumbled over ethnic purity, and in Nebraska and Michigan and Maryland, but he keeps going, appearing imperturbable and confident. He smiles, but it is a gritted-teeth sort of smile, and—like the beautiful cat with sharp claws that his mother once called him—he scratches. His targets are those who oppose him—political leaders, the press, anyone who gets in the way of his determined march to the White House. There are by now a number of people across America who know the feel of those claws. Today's New York *News* ran a story saying that Edward Kennedy would accept a draft at the Democratic Convention, and would also be agreeable to running as Hubert Humphrey's Vice-Presidential nominee. Kennedy said that the story was "pure speculation," but there was reason to suspect that Kennedy was once more doing his quadrennial dance of the seven veils. Even a hint that Kennedy might run can cause some peo-



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ple in the Party to withhold their support from anyone else. Moreover, Kennedy has been cool to Carter, as Carter undoubtedly knows. The *News* said that one reason Kennedy had changed his mind was "his growing concern that the sweeping legislation that he and other Senate liberals have worked on for the last seven years . . . would not get full support from Carter." If Carter is elected, Kennedy would, because of his continuing political standing and his ability to draw attention, be one Democrat who could cause him trouble. And Kennedy seems to be reminding Carter—and the world—that perhaps Carter is doing so well because Kennedy did not choose to run. This morning, in a press conference in his chartered plane, flying here from Los Angeles, Carter said he thought that the "immediate impact" of the Kennedy story would be to increase Kennedy's vote in Oregon. Kennedy's name is on the Oregon ballot, even though he has not entered the race. Carter undoubtedly knows that Kennedy is not likely to get many votes, but Carter's saying that Kennedy should now get a fair number of votes sets a standard against which Kennedy might be judged.

Carter now has a more sizable entourage than he had earlier in the year: more staff, more press, more of the sort of people who travel along with a candidate and say that they are working on "issues" or drafting statements that the candidate may or may not use. Other campaigns frequently pass out press releases, statements, but not the Carter campaign. Carter pretty much sticks to his speech. Today, his campaign did prepare a statement—for him to read at a mock Convention of Oregon high-school students—in which Carter pledged, as candidates in elections past have pledged, to limit the power of the White House staff and to have a strong, independent Cabinet. ("There will be no all-powerful 'palace guard' or 'shadow' Cabinet in my White House. There will be no anonymous aides, unelected, unknown to the public, and unconfirmed by the Senate, wielding vast power from the White House basement. . . . Part of the problem has been the tendency of Presidents to select Cabinet members on the basis of political considerations. . . . I will pick my Cabinet on the basis of merit, not politics, and I will restore my Cabinet to its proper role as the President's first circle of advisers.") But at the mock Convention Carter, as if he were uncomfortable with the idea of reading a statement, merely made a brief reference to what it said. (The Convention was in its second ballot; Carter got the most votes on the first ballot, but not enough for the nomination.) Then he told the students that other candidates were "horse-trading for the highest elected office of the world—I've not done that." He mentioned the need to "first control and then reduce and then eliminate completely all nuclear weapons in all nations on this earth." He talked of the need for tough, aggressive determination to protect the outdoors, and he told the young Oregonians, "I'm a canoeist—I've spent a lot of time on a kayak."

At the Civic Club luncheon here at the Benson Hotel, he adds to his familiar list of qualifications—that he is a farmer, an engineer, a businessman—that he has "substantial timber holdings." Timber is a major industry in Oregon. He tells his listeners that he favors Oregon's proposition—on the ballot this November—to place limits on the construction of nuclear power plants over the stricter proposition that will be on the California ballot. Oregon is said to be an "issue-oriented" state, and he touches on some issues—on government reorganization, zero-based budgeting, long-range planning, health care, welfare reform, tax reform, environmental quality—and says that he has a position paper on every conceivable issue. If they want to know his position on any subject, he says, they should write to Atlanta, to Box 1976—"That's this year."

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THE big headline on today's Los Angeles *Times* is "S. Africa May Get Reactors." The story says that the State Department is leaning toward approval of an application, submitted by General Electric, for licenses to export two nuclear reactors to South Africa.

MAY 23

SUNDAY. The coffee shop of the Portland airport. Jerry Brown is sitting on a bench at the end of a long table, reading a newspaper. On the campaign bus on the way to the airport, he had asked me if he could borrow the paper, saying, "I want to see what the dialogue is." Several reporters and Brown aides are at the table, having coffee and awaiting a plane that is to take us around the state of Oregon for the next two days. Brown, like Carter, changed his schedule at the last minute to add time in Oregon. Brown's campaign here is only ten days old. Since his name is not on the Oregon ballot, he is attempting to get people to write his name in. Ordinarily, this is a difficult process, but Oregon is a highly literate state, and Brown has come in on a wave of excitement. In the coffee shop, an elderly woman spots Brown and comes over to talk with him, telling him that she supports him. Suddenly, she looks up and sees the candidate's entourage. Somewhat startled, she says, "Are all these people with you?" Brown sweeps an arm in our direction and says, "They're not really with me. They're kind of *around* me." The woman says, "Oh, I thought you were alone." Brown replies, quietly, "I am kind of alone."

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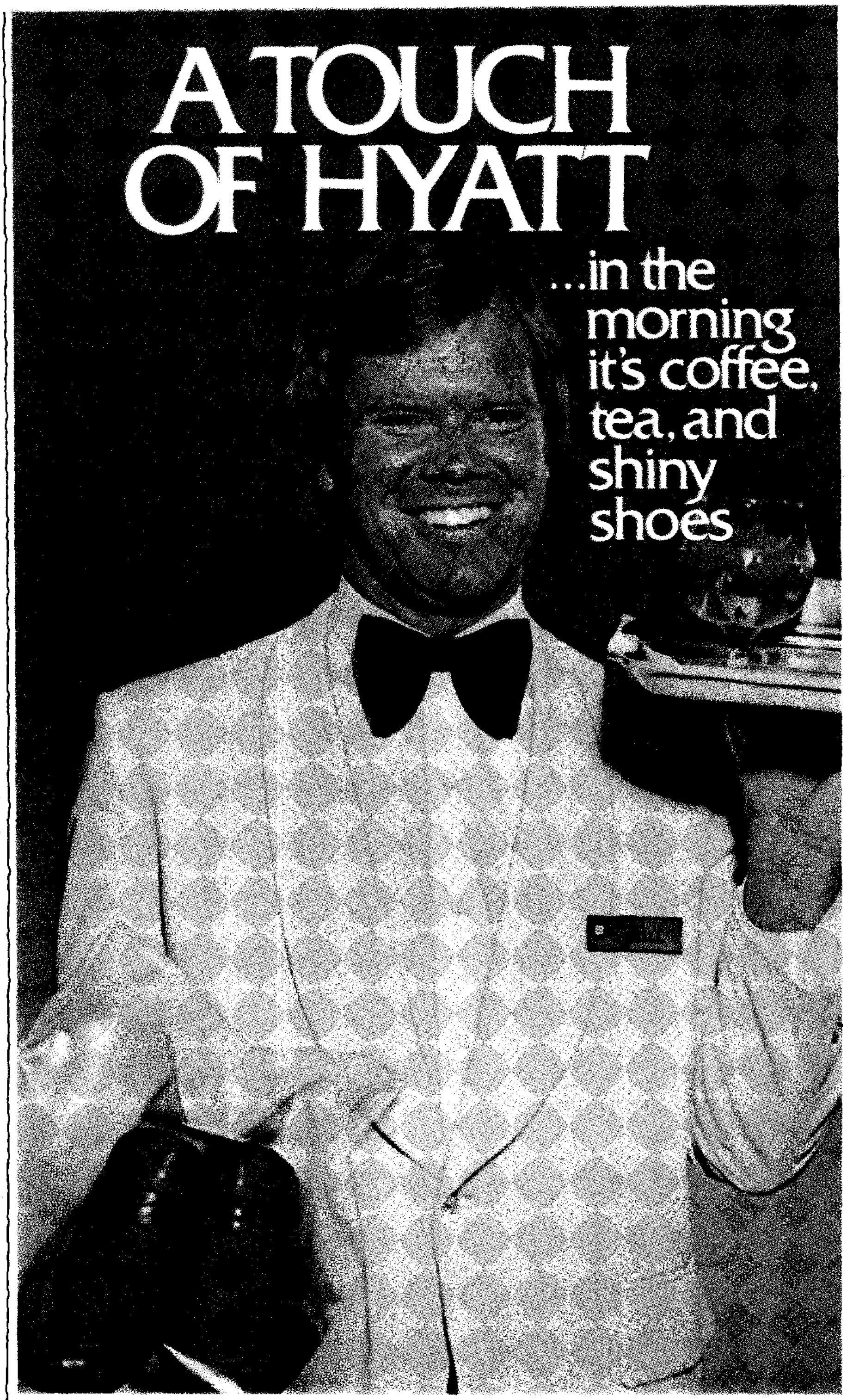
BEND, OREGON. Brown stands on the steps of the Deschutes County Courthouse, a greenish sandstone building. A sizable crowd has been waiting for over an hour. Bend, a hundred and twenty miles southeast of Portland, is a lovely town of sixteen thousand people, with snowy mountains in the background. Spotting the crowd as we approached, Brown said, "That's a *crowd!*" As his comment on being alone suggests, as well as much of what he says and does, Brown approaches the campaign with a combination of reality and artifice. He does seem to be a lonely figure, but he seemed aware of the effect of what he said and how he said it. Yesterday afternoon, in the lobby of the Benson Hotel, he foisted upon a puzzled reporter a scholarly paper on "appropriate technology"—the search for technology that is appropriate in scale to its purpose and setting—and urged him to read it. What the reporter was interested in was how many delegates Brown thought he might get in Rhode Island. After journalists called upon Brown in recent years, their copy as often as not included references to the book of Aristotle on the coffee table and the meal in the health-food restaurant. This afternoon, Brown referred with some satisfaction to having taken one sophisticated journalist to a health-food restaurant. He is different—though not very different—and he capitalizes on his differentness. He savors getting off a good line. At the coffee shop, he referred to charges that he was not sufficiently specific on the issues. "Specificity is a rhetoric all its own," he said. And then he did an imitation of John Kennedy in 1960 giving figures—infant-mortality rates, figures about children who could not read—and saying "We've got to do better." Brown went on, "Then they appoint more examiners, and then the exam-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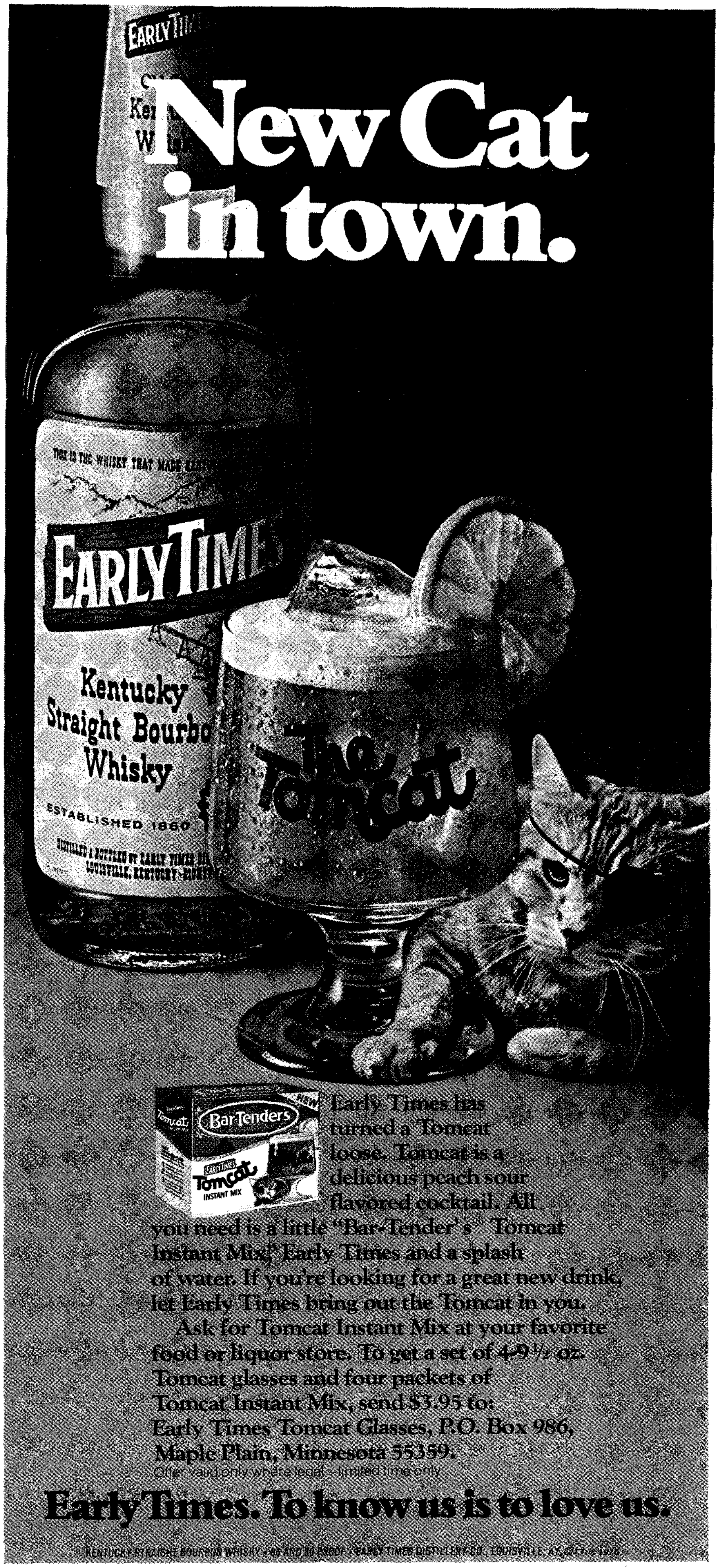
iners redefine reality. There's a lot of that—redefining reality." Effective. And even the fact that the Brown campaign is chronically falling behind schedule seems a result of reality—the campaign is disorganized, and the candidate, even though he is not a very relaxed man, does not get upset at being late—and of some consciousness of effect. It is attractive for a candidate to tell reporters, as Brown told us this afternoon in the coffee shop, to order some food if they like—the plane will wait—and it is useful for a candidate to be able to show that crowds will wait for him, as in Brown's case they do. He doesn't just ask to borrow a newspaper—he remarks that he wants to see what the dialogue is. On the plane, a rickety twenty-eight-seat DC-3, in which we flew here from Portland, Brown came back to where some reporters were sitting and said, "Want some coffee? There isn't any." A few days ago, in a meeting with the editorial staff of a Eugene, Oregon, newspaper, he was asked how he thought he differed fundamentally from Jimmy Carter and he replied, "Fundamentally? How about superficially? Or existentially?"

In Bend, Brown tells the crowd, "A write-in is unusual—it's a little unorthodox. But so is my campaign." He poses as unorthodox, yet in Maryland he made common cause with the most orthodox of politicians. The Bend crowd applauds. It is white, not particularly young or mod. He deals with the fact that there is substantial resentment in Oregon against California, its rival for resources; Oregonians tend to think that California is a hype, and they are particularly disturbed that so many Californians have been fleeing the increasing crowdedness of their state and moving to Oregon, thus threatening Oregon with sudden leaps in population. Brown tells the crowd, "One thing I'm doing for California, I'm making it so nice that people won't come here to Bend," and the crowd laughs and applauds. Brown jokes with his audiences, plays with them. And he takes steps to confront his critics. For all his famous popularity in California, there is also criticism—criticism of a sort that might catch up with him. The criticism is that he is indecisive, waffles on important issues, does not get very much done—that he does not display much taste for the hard work of governing. He even seems a bit bored with the job, some of his critics say, and so he is running for President. In the last few days, he has taken steps to meet some of the criticism and, in



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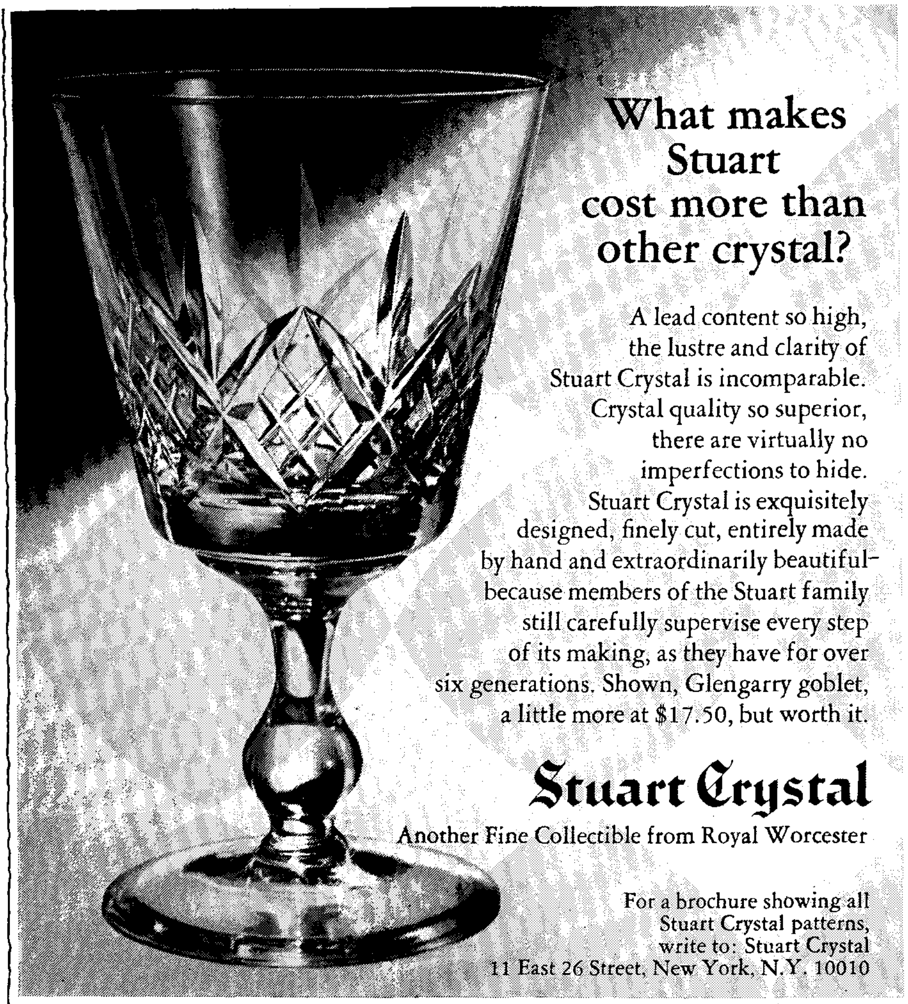
the process, to enhance his position with the Oregon voters, to whom environmental questions are important. He tells the people of Bend that he has signed a bill (he did it two days ago) to provide a ten-per-cent tax deduction to homeowners who install solar heating. For which he is applauded. And then he tells them that he has signed a measure to lower the amount of water that toilets must use from seven gallons to three and a half gallons per flush. He always pauses before the "per flush," and the audience always laughs and applauds. He tells the people here that he will sign bills next week—he talks of signing bills in a way that suggests that he sponsored them, even if he did not—that provide stricter safety standards for the construction of nuclear power plants, "similar to the nuclear initiative that you're going to have in November." For which, again, he is applauded. He has avoided taking a position on Proposition 15, which is on the California ballot and would impose strict limits on the construction of nuclear energy plants.

The voice is youthful, and Brown comes across younger than his thirty-eight years. Perhaps it is the youthful voice, but there also seems to be an unsettledness about him. I know men younger than he who seem much more settled. It is said that there is an electricity about him, and there is. It seems to be the slight, taut body; the dark, ferretlike eyes, which dart about (except when he locks them into almost disconcertingly long eye contact) under thick, dark brows; the sense of leashed energy, of tension; and the youthful voice. Brown is not a still man, and he does not produce stillness in his audience. The features are sharp: a thin, angular face; a hooked nose. From time to time, he brushes back a lock of his straight, dark hair which falls over his forehead. And he offers his audiences a mixture of seriousness and humor, of idealism and cool, of conventional and unconventional politics, as he stands there in the sunshine, talking into the microphone. He does not, like most other politicians, speech at his audiences, nor does he, like Jimmy Carter, weave a spell. Carter could make the same speech to an empty room. But Jerry Brown, like a California entertainer, works his audiences. Though he fosters the image of an unconventional and anti-program politician, he tells his audience here that he favors the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill, which is about as conventional and programmatic as one can get. (His espousal of Humphrey-Hawkins came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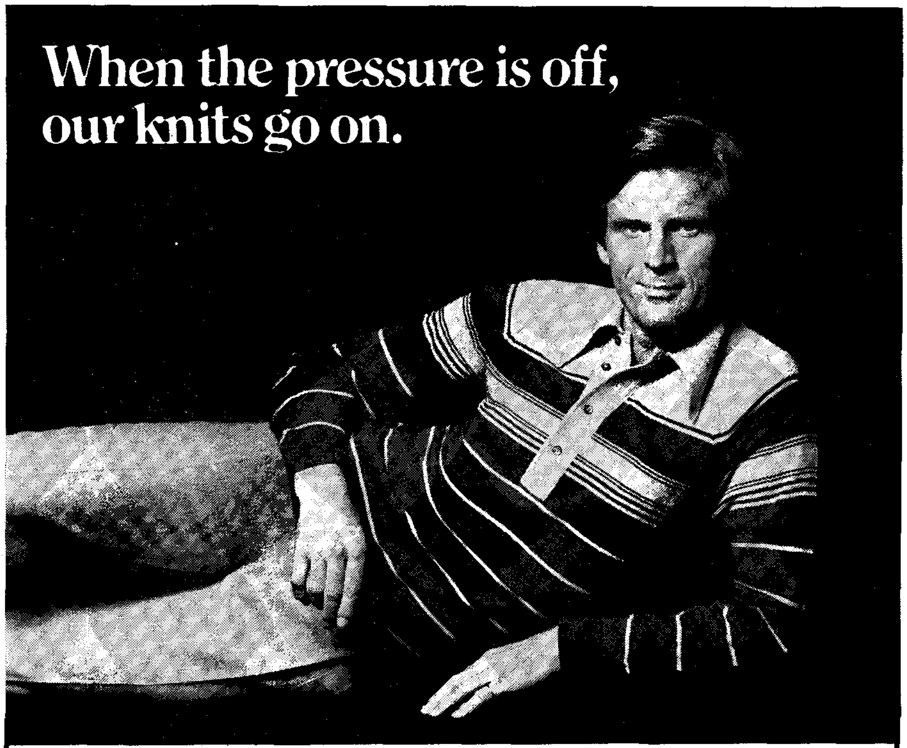

When the pressure is off, our knits go on.

Thane's top ideas in regimental stripes in full-fashioned, soft 100% ORLON* acrylic: Sir Hastings Clan. About $20 at Lytton's, Chicago; Hamburger's, Baltimore; Muse's, Atlanta; and Rogers Peet, New York.

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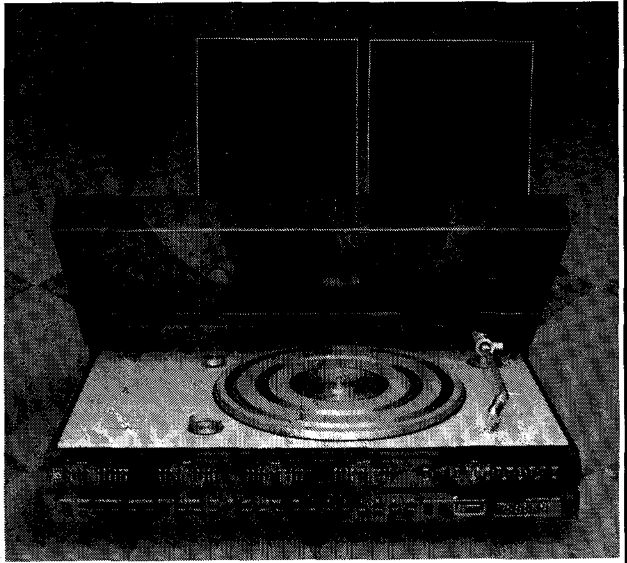

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The Beocenter 3500. Here is an elegant combination of two critically acclaimed audio components: the Beogram 3000 turntable and the Beomaster 3000-2 receiver. Complete the system with our new Phase-Link™ speakers and you can enjoy a totally uncluttered pathway to music.

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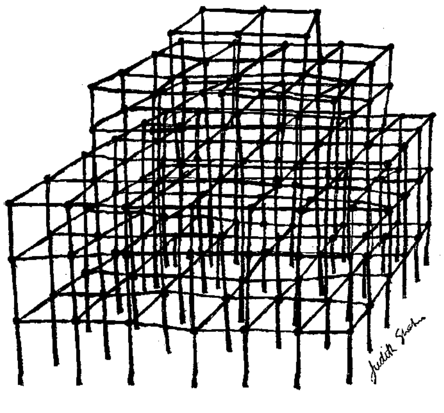
shortly before he entered the Presidential race.) Then he says, "I can go to Washington unencumbered with the baggage and the alliances of the last twenty years." He says, "We have fiscal limits, we have ecological limits, we even have human limits." He is dealing in realities and is also exploiting people's concerns. He talks often of how there has been "too much overpromising, too much overselling." His television and radio ads have him telling us that a President "comes in the morning, leaves at night," and saying, "He is just a human being, like everybody else. There's no magic, there's no genius to it." He is an effective debunker. And he talks about real issues. He talks of "the Faustian bargain" according to which we buy forty-five per cent of our oil abroad and pay for it by selling twelve billion dollars' worth of arms. He talks of the necessity of slowing down the arms race, and says that "the human species is not going to make it unless we can figure out a different way." He talks of overpopulation. He asks, "How long is it going to take before we blow this whole planet up?" He is the only candidate who talks this way. He talks of the necessity of a foreign policy that will protect the environment, and of the need for coming to grips with the interdependence of nations. Appropriating Buckminster Fuller's evocative image, he says, "We're on a very small Spaceship Earth, and we've got to respect the limits, the resources. They're not endless, the air and the water, the soil and the oil; we have to use them wisely. Now, I don't know that the President can give any guarantees. He's just one person, but he can provide for leadership, he can set a tone, and a direction, and I think the emphasis has to be on the interdependence of countries, on our own strength, and I think that starts with honesty, with full employment, and with a recognition that the rules of the road are changing as we have more people and we have to be more cautious and not be consum-



"Our new London 'Show-Shopper' is a show stopper."

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ROBERT MORLEY
GEORGE COLE
BEN TRAVERS
Selfridges

The show part is our famous London Show Tour—we've got too much sense to tamper with *that*. The shopper part is the great news. With your dollar worth so much here (our pound is down to less than $2.00) Britain is awash with bargains. And of course, Fall and Winter is the theatre season.

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Only $50 more, and you get all of the London Show Tour plus a half-day's shopping tour in London, including a stop at the famous Silver Vaults. A full day's shopping in Brighton (marvelous antique shops), lunch and transportation included. Unlimited bus and rail travel around London for 4 days. Expedited custom tailoring, fashion shows and lectures, and even a free suitcase to bring your bargains home in style.

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or see the Yellow Pages for our toll-free number in your area.

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My Travel Agent is ______________________

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We'll take good care of you to Britain. Europe. The World.

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Includes round-trip flight from New York, first night in a good London airport hotel and an Avis car with unlimited mileage.

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Custom-touring, planned with your Travel Agent. Choose—from hundreds of places—where you want to go, when you want to leave, how much you want to spend. It's all booked in advance to come out exactly as you want.

Prices quoted in effect November through March, 1977, and subject to change and Government approval. Group Inclusive Tours are subject to a number of restrictions, including a $15 surcharge for weekend travel. So you must read our brochure for full details.

Note: These are just some of British Airways' 1-week tours for Fall and Winter. For 2 and 3 week versions, and full details, see your Travel Agent.

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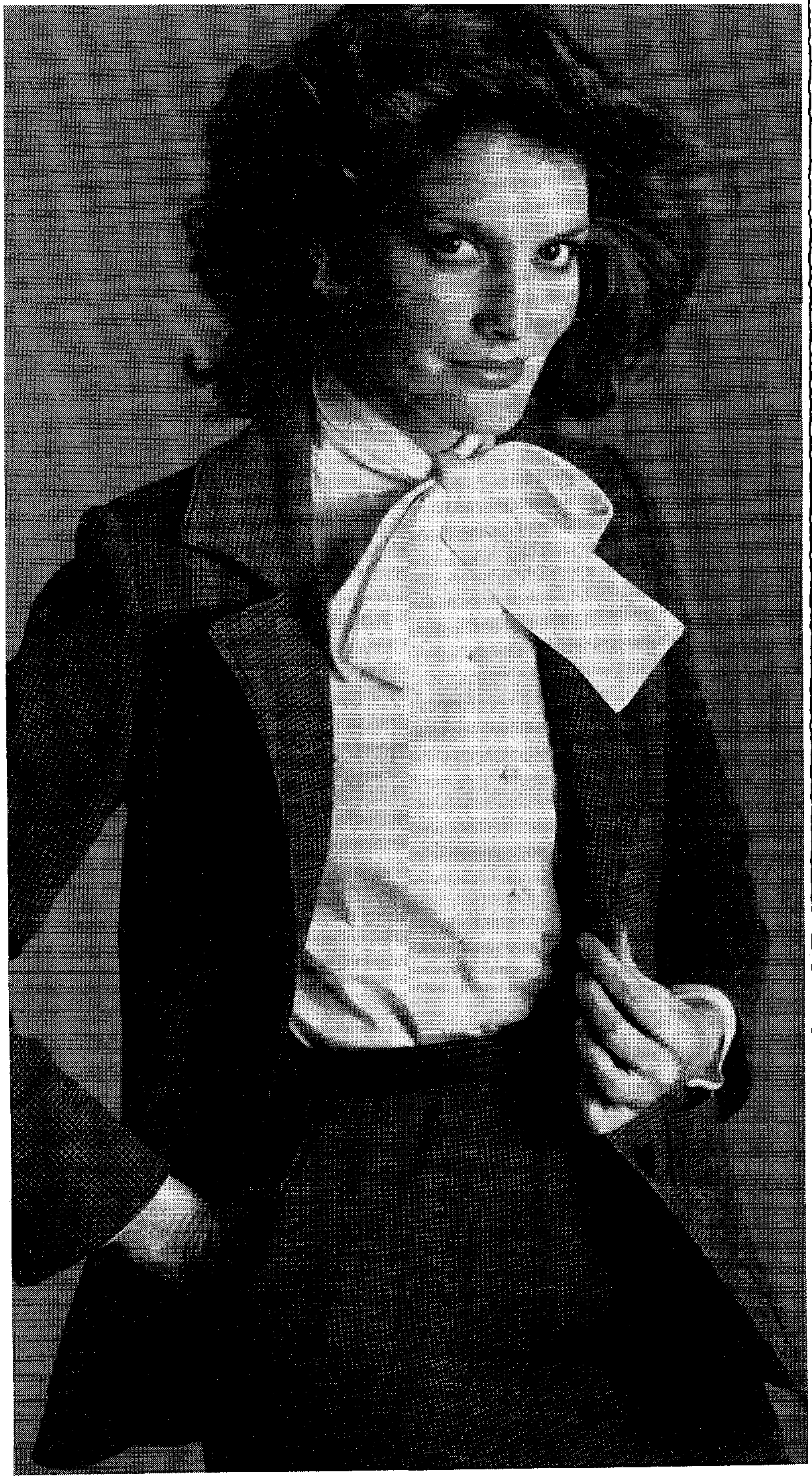
The Good Wools. Knitted in a class by itself. About $240.



PURE WOOL

ing things in our energy. . . . There are a lot of things we can do; I'd like to try to bring that same openness and energy to Washington as I've tried to in California. To do that I need your help." And he concludes, "As Bend goes, maybe so goes Oregon and so goes the country." He is not entirely serious when he says this. He is saying it, and at the same time he is mocking political rhetoric. Just as he is a deadly serious, ambitious politician who gets pleasure and applause out of mocking politics.

In a question-and-answer session, Brown is asked what he would do about the military budget. He replies, "That's a part of the budget that I'd like to take a look at"—an unexceptionable response, as is his further observation that "you have to have a strong defense, but you have got to make choices." He says, "I'd want to take a very hard look at the B-1 bomber," which on Thursday the Senate voted to postpone a decision on. (The B-1 bomber would be assembled by Rockwell International, in Palmdale, Los Angeles County, California, which is the prime contractor for the B-1. Thousands of other contractors in California are already making money on the B-1 prototypes and stand to win even more business if the bomber goes into production.) He says that he cut the California highway department from sixteen thousand employees to thirteen thousand five hundred. He never says that he would cut the defense budget. When several people in the audience start to talk at once, he remarks, "Maybe we ought to just open this up for general discussion." He says, "I would come to Washington with a different perspective." He says, "I came into politics later," and says that he came in through the civil-rights movement, the antiwar movement, the McCarthy campaign. (He puffs up his role in these movements.) He offers, he says, "a difference of generations." He comes across as fresh, new, different, with-it. He is not the first politician of his generation—there are many in the Congress. He is the first politician of his generation to get national attention. He is the first politician of his generation to get national attention by being hip. He is hip—California hip—and he knows how to use it to political effect: health food, Zen, appropriate technology, quoting E. F. Schumacher's "Small Is Beautiful." He makes his with-itness into a kind of revolutionary politics, even though his politics are hardly revolutionary. He is a mixture of a conventional politician and a modern, with-it young man. He has made anti-rhetoric into (to paraphrase him) a rhetoric all its own. He is a master of style, a skillful manipulator of symbols. His refusal to move into the new governor's mansion built by Ronald Reagan for a million three hundred thousand dollars—choosing instead a two-bedroom apartment in Sacramento—put him on the map. He always gets laughter and applause when he refers to "the house that Ronnie built." When he describes the place—"seventeen rooms, nine bedrooms, six or seven bathrooms"—it sounds like a preposterous place for anyone, not to mention a bachelor, to live, and he also points out the practical consideration that Reagan failed to furnish it. And it does not seem to matter that, in addition to his apartment in Sacramento, Brown maintains a three-bedroom house in Laurel Canyon, in Los Angeles. He wears expensive-looking, conservative suits (usually gray pin-stripe), initialled shirts, and ties from Giorgio, a plush Beverly Hills shop, and he has enjoyed dinner parties at Malibu, but by the simple expedient of turning down Reagan's mansion he has got across the idea that he is "ascetic." He is often described that way. Asceticism is an old trick, which has been employed by some masterly moral and political leaders. Socrates. Gandhi. Henry David Thoreau wrote a whole book about how he had abandoned worldly pursuits and withdrawn to Walden Pond, but he made it into Concord—less than two miles away—every day or two. What would happen if Ralph Nader moved out of his rooming house and into a house in Georgetown?

Like Nader, Brown has a well-developed sense of theatre. Brown tells this audience, as he has told almost all his audiences lately, about the people he has appointed to office in California. His appointments, again, make use of symbols, but then it must be said that symbolism is an important part of governing. And, in this case, behind the symbolism could also lie substance. He tells of how he appointed to the Medical Quality Assurance Board a nurse, a pediatrician, a director of a free clinic, and an acupuncturist. He has appointed more women, he tells them—as Secretary of Agriculture and Services, Secretary of Resources, on the men's parole board, on the Fish and Game Commission, as Director of the California Department of Transportation, as Director of Veterans' Affairs. He has also appointed blacks and Mexican-Americans to important jobs. When he talks of appointing a woman to the

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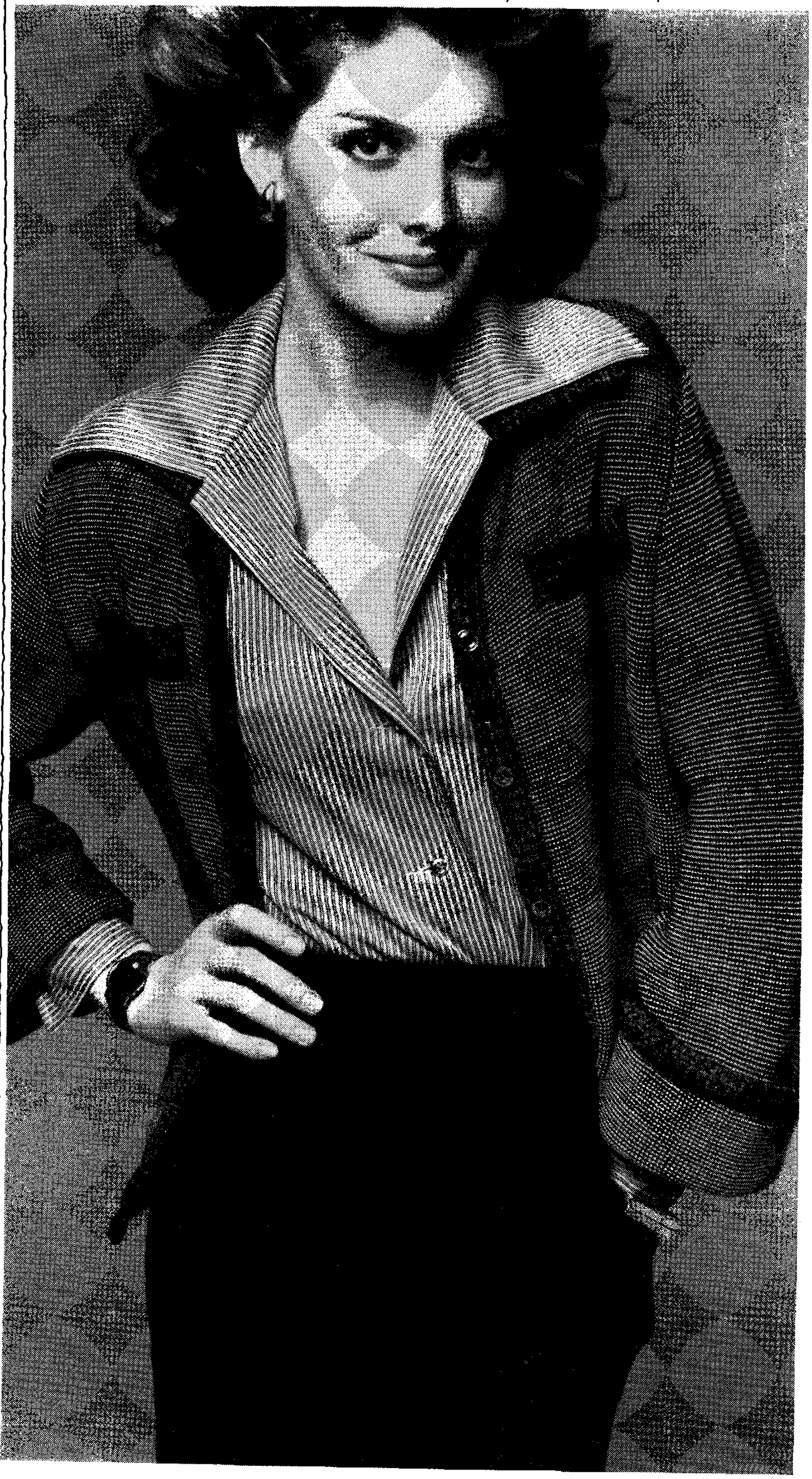
The new Kimberly. The focus is texture. The feeling is rich.
The Good Wools. Knitted in a class by itself. About $190.



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The classic RADLEY shetland has the authentic Alan Paine saddle shoulder. Made in England in exclusive colors. About $23.50.

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Sometime Sofa® sleepers sometimes go to bed.
Beautiful matching stationary sofas always stay up.

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parole board, he pauses, then says, "I figured she'd know when to let them out." The point is not clear, but the audience always laughs. Closing, he says, "I once drove through Bend on my way to Idaho." He says, "I remember Bend," and then, after a pause, he adds, "I don't know why I remember Bend." He keeps going, and appears to finish three more times. He seems intoxicated by the group, by its response, by the clear, cool air. They like him and it's a nice afternoon and he's in good form. He likes the name Bend. In a variation on an old joke, he asks, "What has Jimmy Carter done for *Bend?*" The audience does not seem to notice that he is mocking.

●

FLYING from Bend to Roseburg, Oregon, I have a conversation with Brown.

Since he talks of himself as representing the future and is often depicted as the candidate of change, I ask him how he would like to see the country change.

"I think there is a long way to go before there is sufficient unity or integration of this country," he replies. "There are still barriers to people. There is a divisiveness that is always part of a pluralistic society. But the divisions seem to be increasing. It's the task of public policy to promote harmony. One way to do that is through jobs—opening up careers that are rigid and stratified, and doing that within ecological limits. I think there's a level of unpredictability and confusion in public policy that undermines people's confidence—it undermines private investment. Keeping in mind that a lot of people can't work at the level of their talent, making that more possible in the context of economic growth takes leadership that enjoys a lot of confidence."

"That's a pretty conventional answer for someone who is supposed to be an unconventional politician," I remark to Brown.

"That's right," he replies. " 'Change' is just a word," he goes on. "We need continuity just as we need change. Just to stay where we are may take some pretty profound changes."

I ask him what he means.

"Well, just to keep New York where it is will take some changes," Brown explains. "We've tried redevelopment, welfare, Social Security."

I say that much of his rhetoric seems to be anti-federal-program, which raises questions about what he is for, and then point out that the Hum-

I asked our creative people:

Why use print?

By Carl Hixon
Chairman of the Creative Review
Leo Burnett U.S.A.

Worrying that I might be as retarded as the rest of the advertising industry regarding print and its creative possibilities, perhaps because I had been a vice president too long, I went into the kitchen and talked to the cooks. I queried the entire Leo Burnett Creative Department, asking:

"When and why do you like using print?"

Here is a sampling of answers, some of them matter-of-fact, others innovative and a few downright mystical:

"Nothing brands like print."

"When the product has a print soul."

"When my copy runneth over."

"When the television legals are after me."

"When I want complete control over production of the finished advertisement."

"When I need a touch of class (because television seems to make all things common)."

"When a very simple idea can be posterized."

"It's a terrible burden to have to persuade someone in 30 seconds."

"When I want to touch the conscience of my audience."

"When you can't even recite the *strategy* in 30 seconds."

"When you're selling hearing aids."

"You can choose your company in print but not in television because networks have neutral personalities."

To know about print it helps to know about print writing and print writers (print art directors, too). A print-chromosomed copywriter has a second sight into his* medium. He understands that out there between all those pages are creative opportunities of cosmic proportions, but worries that everyone is too mind-set or chicken to try them.

These are some of the things he knows:

What a magazine does best is surround us with beloved objects, and information on how to use them, so that reading a magazine we become like gleeful little kids. This is the mood in which the print writer can court us—full of lovely, selfish feelings and wanting intimate things to be divulged.

Gentleness is a virtue, subtlety a persuasive tool in print. Ideas we privately approve but seldom recommend for TV because they lack bite or grab often flower profitably in some quiet meadow of print, soliciting the reader with sweet reasonableness and sanity.

Many products simply don't come to life within 30 seconds; not that they are complicated and need explaining, but because they exist on a grander scale and must be perceived longer. Anything less amounts to *lèse-majesté* and fails to express their inherent drama.

Besides being expansive in print, you can be baroque, grappling reader to ad with dozens of Lilliputian attractions. This is an exclusive property of print. In the hands of a gifted copywriter (and art director) it is worth a dozen finely focused commercials.

Psychologically, print writing is tougher than television writing. An artful presentation won't postpone the ash can, nor is there a collective responsibility shelter for the many collaborators on the finished product, should disaster strike. Don't look for cosmetic help from the director or music man. Don't expect lucky accidents on the set. The author and his ad—both naked and vulnerable—stand side by side in the harsh light of the conference room, awaiting summary judgment. Print writing builds men.

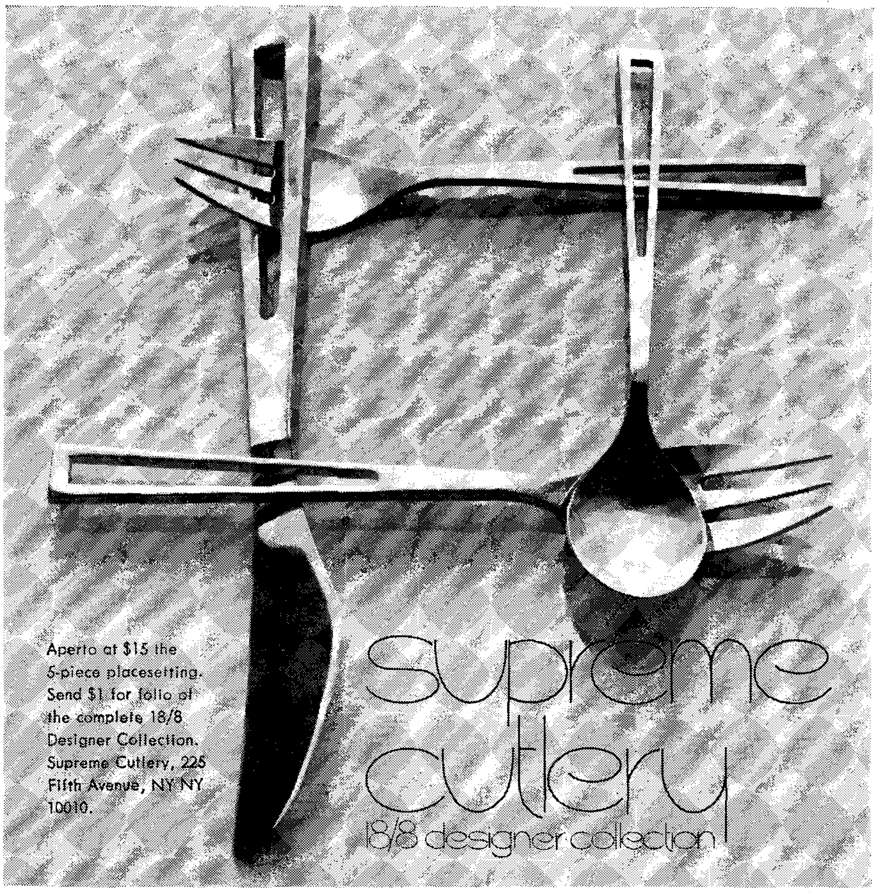
Most beginning writers have a blinkered bias towards television, believing their career tracks will be swifter and smoother in this medium. This is unwise in an evolving industry and society where some of the biggest budgets are now spent largely, even exclusively, in non-broadcast media. A creative novice today should aim to be an all-court player or he'll never make it—least of all at an agency like Leo Burnett, where many of our greatest case histories have been and will continue to be print-intensive.

Finally, I see by the papers that the newest business school theory to explain the role of advertising in our economy champions the advertising profession (double take!) because it distributes information to consumers which they would not otherwise get and thereby decreases alleged monopoly power. So as the original and still senior information dispenser, print now looks stronger than ever as a strategic medium.

I think we'd better think it through again.

**Or her, as the case may be.*

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



Aperto at $15 the
5-piece placesetting.
Send $1 for folio of
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Designer Collection.
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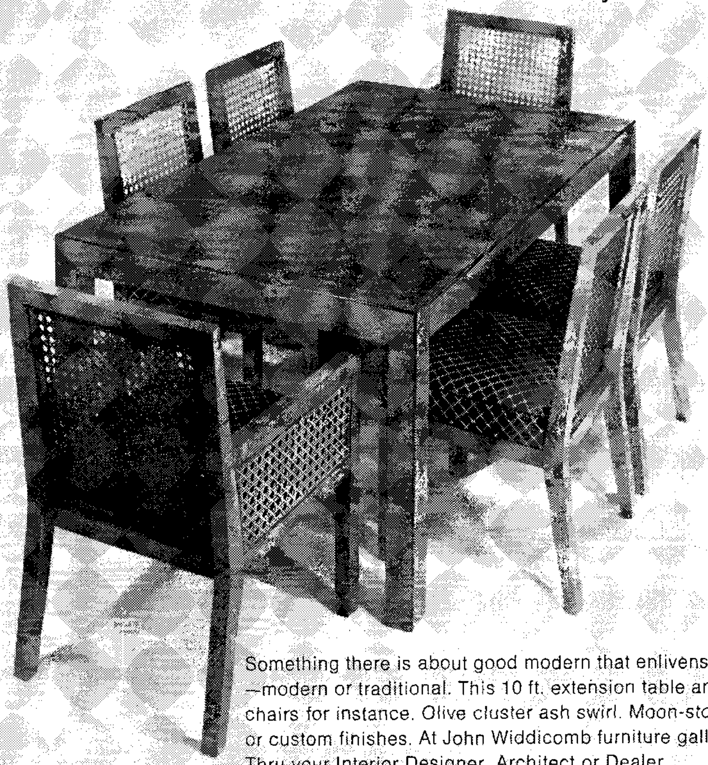
The Designer Collection at A&S, B. Altman, Bloomingdale's, Bullock's, Dayton's, Famous Barr, Foley's, Garfinckel's, Godchaux's, Higbee's, Jordan Marsh, Kaufmann's, Lazarus, Macy's, Marshall Field, Sakowitz, Shillito's, Strawbridge & Clothier, Woodward & Lothrop, and fine shops everywhere.

Supreme Cutlery, a division of Sigma the Tastesetter


John Widdicomb

makers of fine furniture for more than a century

Something there is about good modern that enlivens a room —modern or traditional. This 10 ft. extension table and chairs for instance. Olive cluster ash swirl. Moon-stone or custom finishes. At John Widdicomb furniture galleries. Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer.

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phrey-Hawkins bill is highly programmatic.

"It's a commitment to a process that will have to be filled in," Brown says. "I think we're at a transitional point. The Chief Executive would have to raise questions and scrutinize things to find new programs. I'm not critical to be negative. I'm critical to learn. You can't just choose up sides and run the country. There are too many sides."

I tell Brown that I was recently in the office of a liberal Democratic senator who was reading an interview with Brown in which Brown talked about the necessity of thinking smaller, of cutting back on what government tries to do. The senator, I tell him, said, "Fine, but what does that do for an illiterate Indian child?"

"That's a non sequitur," Brown replies. "I'd like to see some of these senators. Have they ever been to an Indian village?"

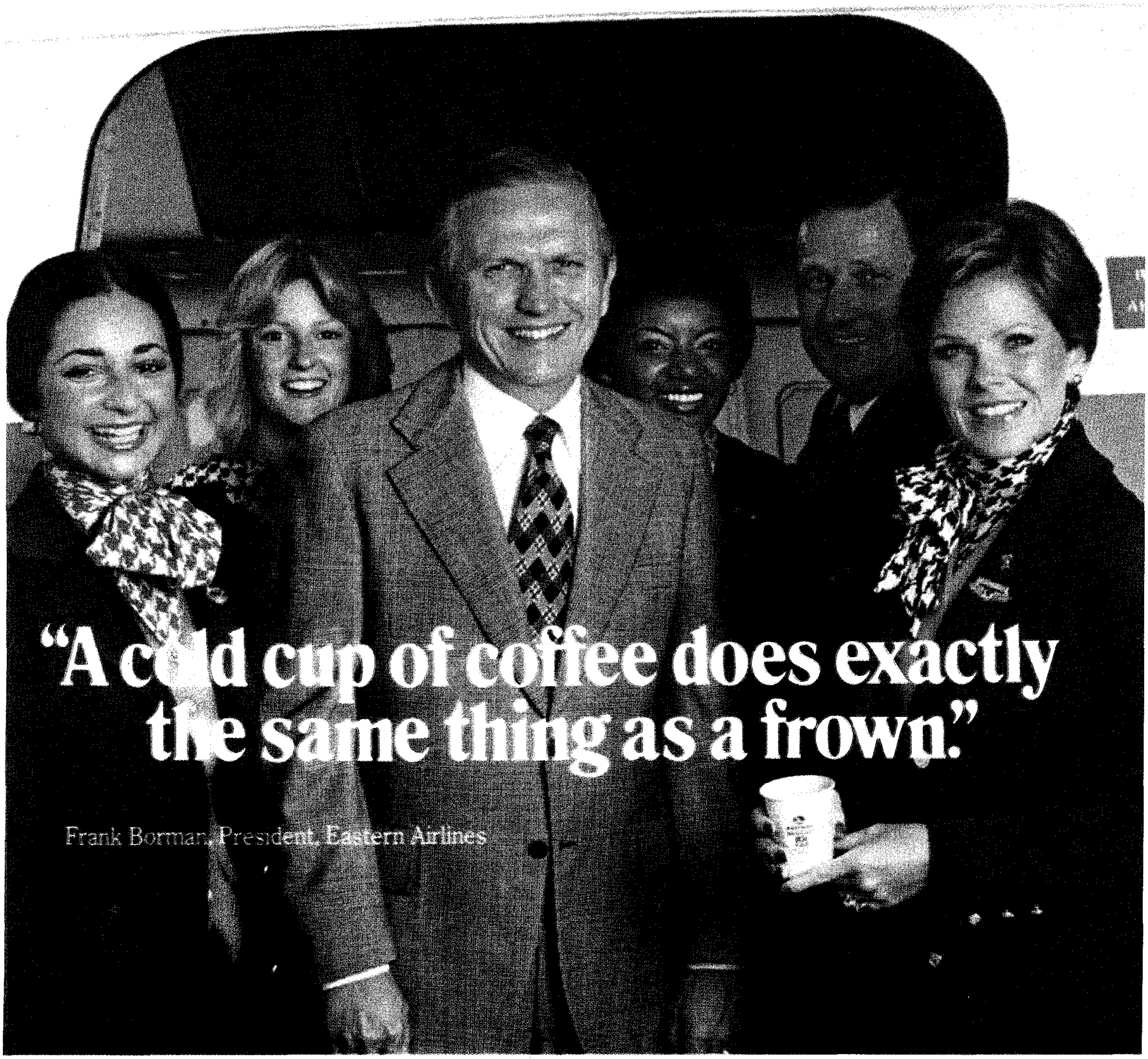
I tell him that this one had.

"What does he mean?" Brown continues. "That the Senate is going to solve all the problems—a program for everything? That's a pretty dismal prospect." And then he shifts his line of argument. "California has more programs than anyplace else," he says. "Sometimes I raised the budget for them. Is there something unpermitted about questioning?"

The question about it, I say, is, what is the positive side?

"The positive side is that California is doing more than any other state in the country," he replies. "The education people think there is a theological imperative to educate. The health people think there is a theological imperative to provide health. Well, there are limits. The totalistic statist view is ultimately totalitarian in its thrust. What is the logical extension of all this? Total government involvement in everything. Do you think a senator in Washington can teach a kid in Bend, Oregon? Be serious."

I ask Brown if he is for federal education programs, and he says that he is, but that he feels—as just about everyone does—that the current programs give out the money in too many categories that carry too many special regulations. "Take manpower-training programs," he says. "The trainers get the jobs, the trainees get the certificates. I think that's an insight that's worth holding out to people. Everything that government does is good—educating people, defending the country, cleaning up the environment. The question is, how do you sort out among good things? You have to take each program


"A cold cup of coffee does exactly the same thing as a frown."
Frank Borman, President, Eastern Airlines

A frown does the same thing as a late suitcase.

A late suitcase does the same thing as an unfriendly gate agent.

These things can turn you off. And we can't afford that.

We want your business.

So one of the things we've done to improve our service is to give each of our employees an added reason to take better care of you. That reason is a share of the profits.

Eastern is the first and only major airline with an employee profit-sharing plan.

Now we all have a personal stake in getting you to fly Eastern Airlines again and again.

You'll find that our reservations' people will do their best to get you to the right place at the right time.

You'll get your ticket a little bit faster.

You'll see extra smiles from our flight attendants.

You'll hear an extra "thank you" from everybody.

You'll find your luggage being treated with more respect.

And we're going to give it back to you as fast as possible when you arrive.

We'll do our best to get you out of the airport on schedule.

But if there is a delay, we're going to tell you the reason why.

In short, all of our people are committed to giving you the kind of service you can't get on any other airline.

But if by chance we goof and you get a cold cup of coffee, please let the flight attendant know about it right away.

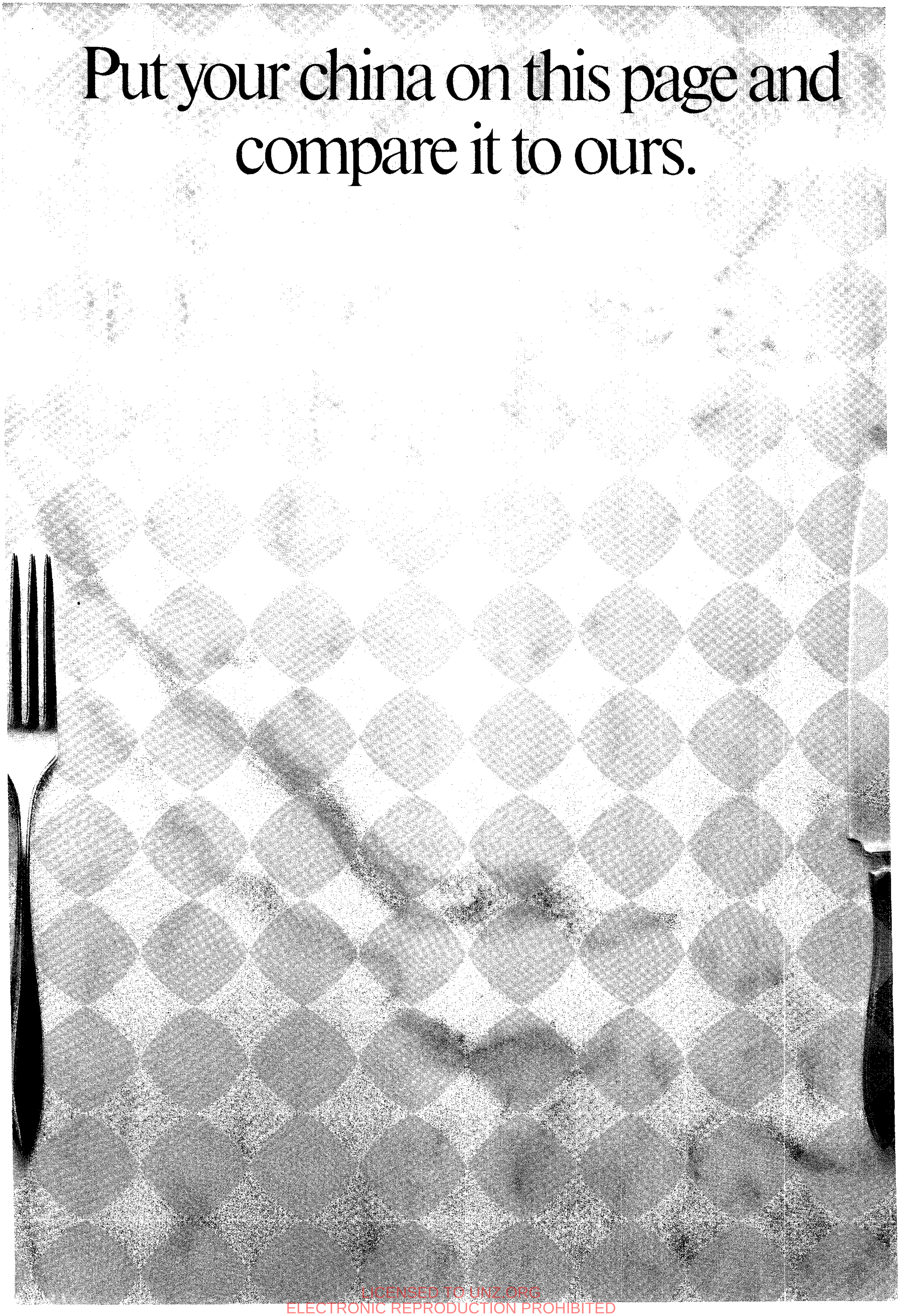
We want to take care of you.

We know there are a lot of airlines out there you could fly besides Eastern.

So if we want you to fly Eastern all the time, and we do, we have to earn our wings every day.

EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

"THE WINGS OF MAN" IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.

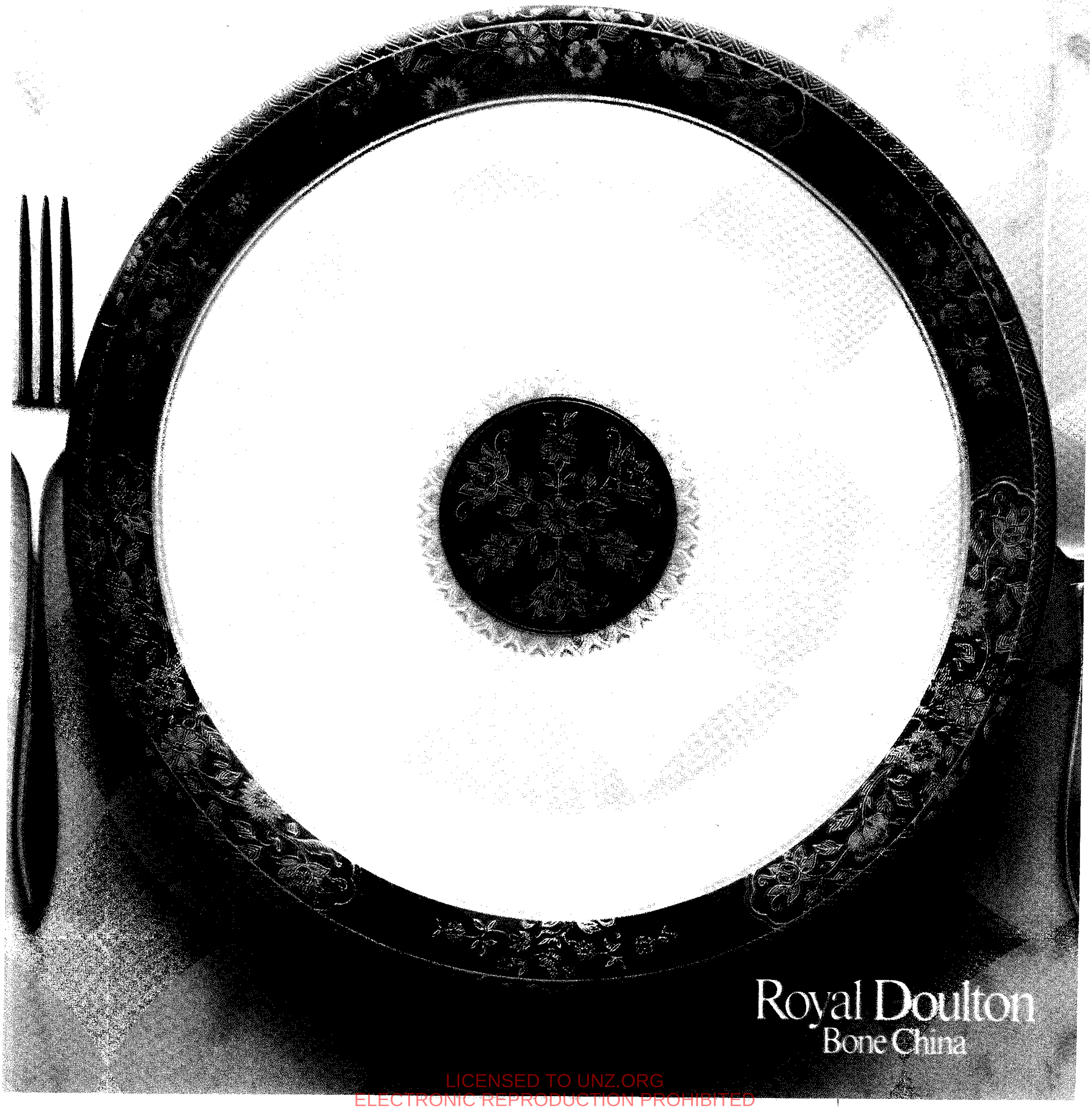

Put your china on this page and compare it to ours.

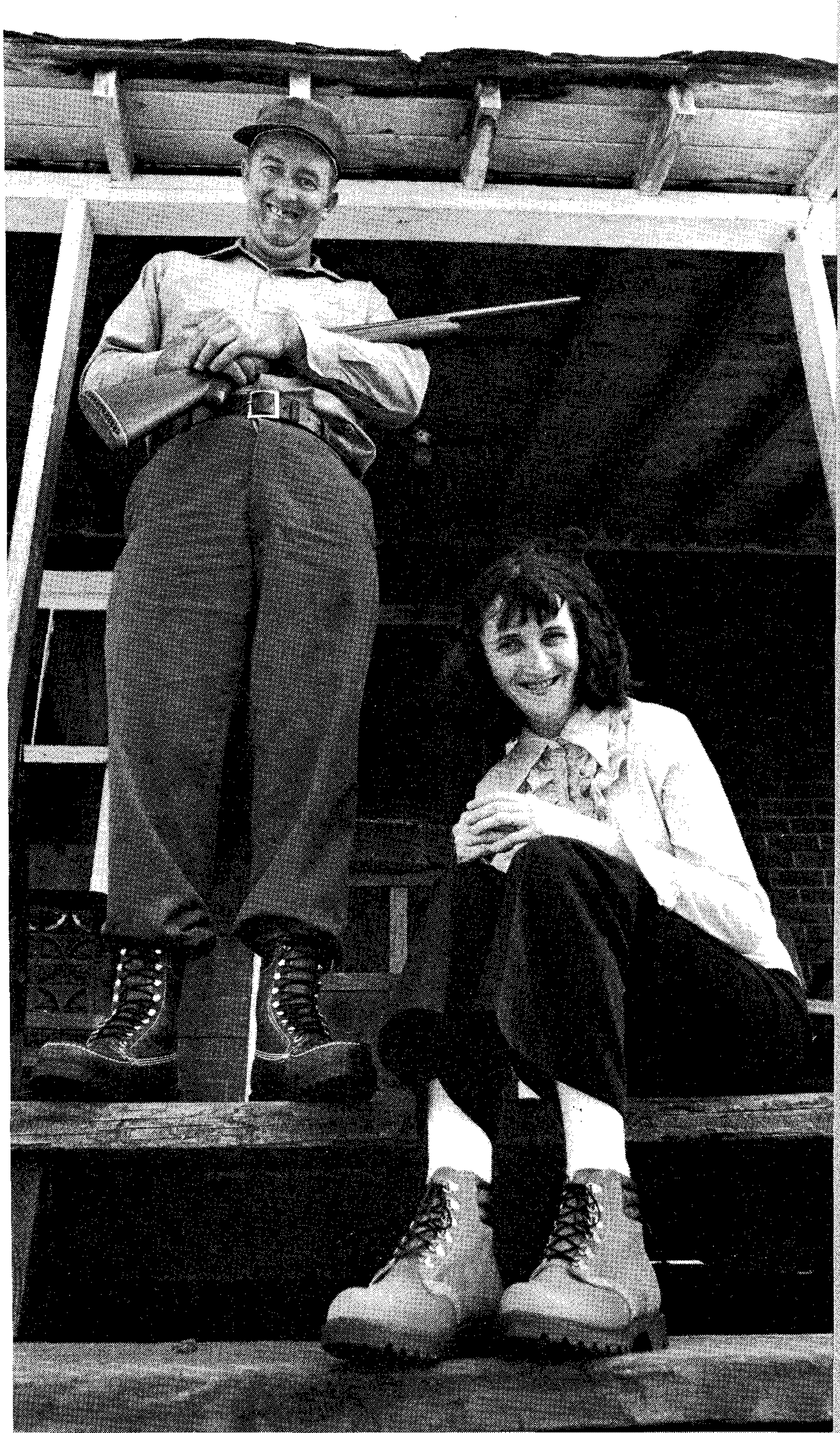
Honestly, is there any comparison?

If your china doesn't fall short, congratulations. (You may already own Royal Doulton.)

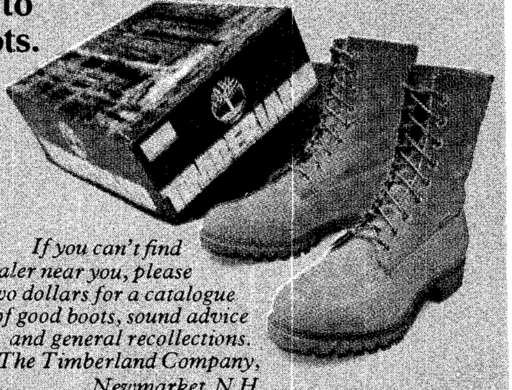
If, however, you feel that your china does pale by comparison, visit your Royal Doulton dealer. He'll be happy to show you our incomparable collection of fine English bone china.

For our complete dinnerware brochure, send 25 cents to Royal Doulton, Dept. 90, 400 Paterson Plank Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.





Now Elvira there was sitting down by the road with W.B., and they were countin' Buicks. They had near to forty when all for a sudden, these two fellers in a big Nash stopped and asked about her foot size. Not knowing for sure, Elvira took off the right one and she and W.B. tried to read the number inside. Neither one could make it out, and next thing you know, I'm upside the porch looking down at this city boy looking straight down into Elvira's shoe! Well, you can surely bet I went directly down there just to make sure nothing funny was about to happen. Turned out what they wanted was to see if Elvira would test out a fine new pair of boots for them, and just as long as I was there, would I like to try some too. I thought I would, and let W.B. hold the gun while I did. Need two hands to tie boots.



If you can't find a dealer near you, please send two dollars for a catalogue full of good boots, sound advice and general recollections. The Timberland Company, Newmarket, N.H.

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and look at it. After all the federal aid, have we made schools any better? And is there a way in Washington to find out? A lot of the evaluating is itself an institution that wants to grow. It's a process that is never complete. We used to rely on the local school board. Now we have the Princeton testing service. My attitude is that you want to liberate people to find themselves and find space to live and explore life. How do you do that? I accept that government has to have a strong role. I'm working at it. I'm trying to come up with things. I've got a lot of ideas. There are a lot of things I want to look at."

He is a jumble of thoughts, themes, moods. They don't seem to be ideas thought through as much as vibrations he has absorbed: glimpses. He has an active, playful mind. "I don't have answers," he likes to say. "I have questions." A clever position, but what does it lead to?

One does not hold a conversation with Brown—one holds a symposium with him. Brown plays with you in conversation; he debates, turns questions back on you. He has a debater's turn of mind. He says that he won awards in debating and extemporaneous speaking at St. Ignatius College Preparatory School in San Francisco but that he preferred debating. He is a counterpuncher. Brown does not radiate warmth; it sometimes seems that he does not know how to. When his face is in repose, the corners of his mouth are down at the sides, giving him a petulant look. Much is made of the fact that he is publicly cold to his father—Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, the former Governor of California—who is a genial man, and comparisons are often drawn between the father's warmth and the son's coldness. But one must consider that it may not have been easy to be a politician's son.

Jerry Brown can be good-humored and very funny. He can be kindly in small ways. On the plane, as he inquires into one's comfort, there are what seem to be normal human exchanges. He can be cold and remote, but there seems to be a part of him that reaches out for normal human exchanges. In conversation, Brown veers between the straight and the smart-aleck, between the serious and the point-making. A lot of what he says is conventional, and even the questions he asks are not unusual. Many people in Washington ask the same questions. But he wraps his conventional approaches, ideas, thoughts in unconventional rhetoric, in aphorisms, in shots at bureaucrats and evalua-

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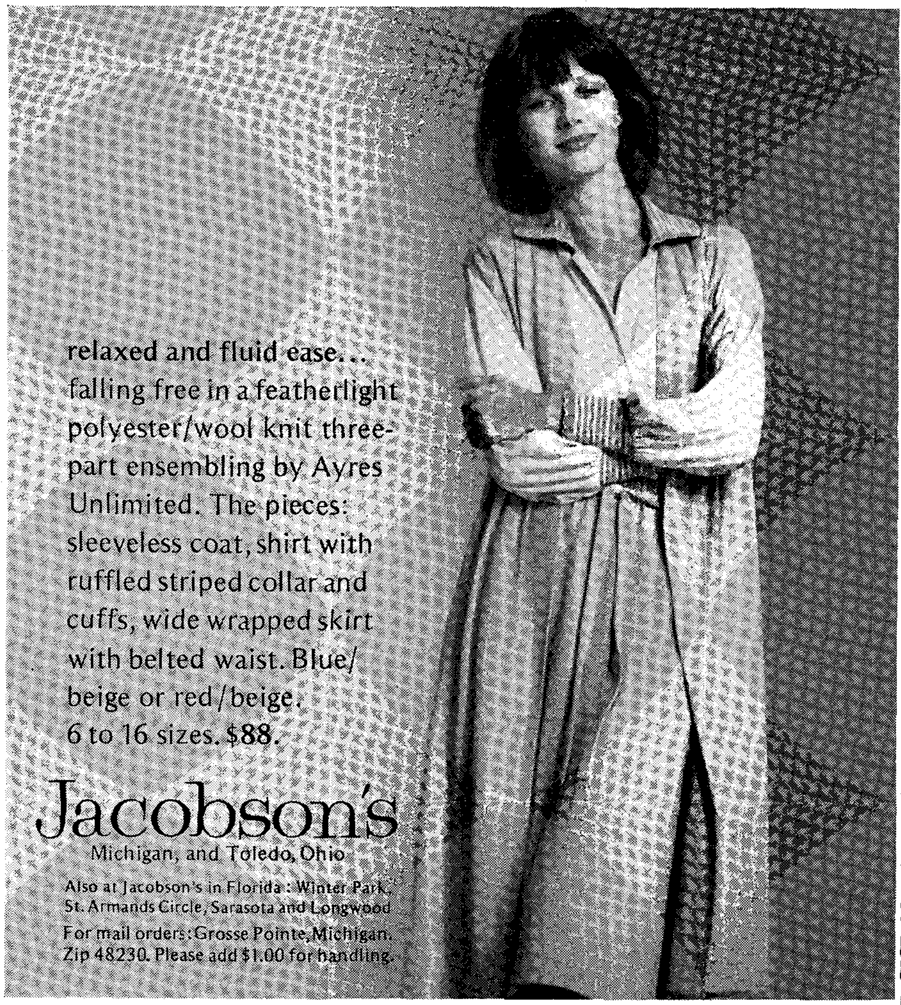

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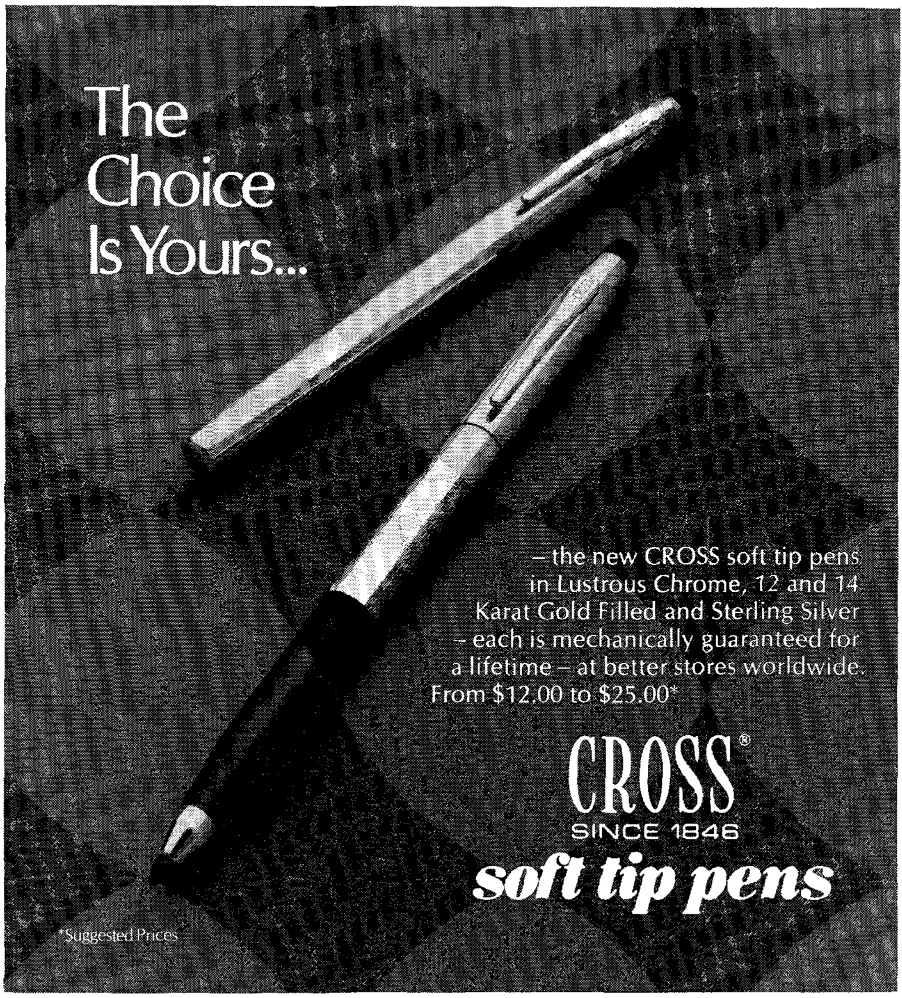

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tors. He is Humphrey-Hawkins and health food.

Brown knows what he is doing. Talking about his race for the Presidency, he says, "What makes so many people in California like me? An ability to identify with young people and people who aren't a part of what's been going on, and at the same time be seen as conservative about government. It's just a possibility. We'll find out. And anyway there was nothing to lose. I think it's a process I had to go through."

•

IN Roseburg, another lovely town, with a population of seventeen thousand, people wearing sweaters and jackets have been waiting on the lawn of the Douglas County Courthouse for Brown for two hours. He tells them some of the same stories he has told before, and he tells them to write his name in on the ballot on Tuesday. He tells them that there is a blank space on the ballot. He says, "That doesn't represent my mind—it's not blank. But it's open." He says, "Being President is not the same as just sitting there in the Senate reading the *Congressional Record*." He talks of running the most populous state in the country. He tells them that "there are limits to the ecology, there are limits to the economy, and there are limits even to what a President can do." He, like other candidates, has a set talk, but he delivers it with more variety and spontaneity than most. He seems to be having fun. Why shouldn't he? As he said, he has nothing to lose. "Some people think I'm a little tight on the budget," he says. "But it's not because I'm conservative—it's because I'm cheap." A good line, and it gets laughs. "Everybody who comes to government tries to press their advantage probably a little further than they ought to go," he says, and the people in Roseburg cheer when he tells of reducing the amount of water that toilets must use—"per flush." Oregon is hunting country, so when he tells the audience that he is against the mandatory registration of guns or the confiscating of all guns (he does not say who does advocate that), the audience cheers. He says that he offers "an open spirit, a new generation of leadership." And then he talks of "Spaceship Earth," saying, "There's only so much air and water and soil. In another twenty-five years, the ocean's going to be dead if we don't protect the sea life, if we don't protect the air, the ozone layer. And I think that if we could project to the other countries of the world a planetary

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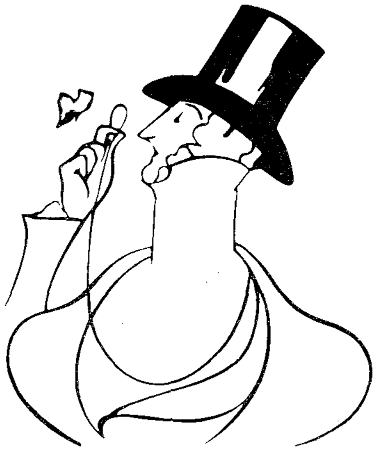

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realism that dealt with all the issues—economic, environmental, as well as military—we could recapture the spirit that we had in this country when Jack Kennedy was President, when we were on the upbeat. I don't think we have to concede anything to other countries. This is a very young country. Look at the kind of business changes we have, or the changes in technology, culture, and music. This is a very new and vital country. It's a revolutionary country, and I think that that kind of energy is what we need to bring to Washington—honest, open, that's ready to try a few things. There's no one easy answer." As he talks, he is standing on a grassy bank, the leaves of a large elm tree grazing his head. The sun is going down. He looks very small. "We've got a limited number of cookies in the jar," he says. "The greatest priority is rebuilding this country domestically"—fixing up the cities, he explains, and cleaning up the environment, and providing jobs. It becomes harder and harder to tell what he would do, or whether he knows; at this point in his speech he sounds like a programmatic liberal. But he is probably candid in his answer to a question about what took him so long to get into the Presidential race. After pausing a few moments, he says, "Well, I looked at the thing and didn't think any of the candidates were catching on. I knew I was popular in California. I figured, 'Well, why not?' "

•

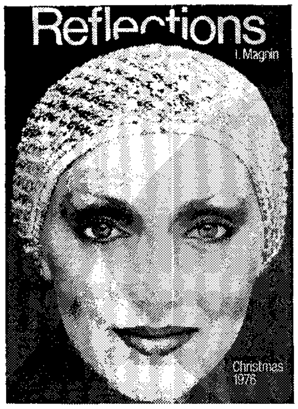
BACK on the plane, Brown shows me a printed sheet titled "Selected Highlights of Governor Brown's First 16 Months in Office" and listing thirty things that Brown did—bills he proposed, bills he supported, bills he signed. "That's my thirty-point program," Brown says, and he indicates items covering child-care programs, low-cost vaccines for senior citizens, health services for American Indians, meals for needy students. "Show that to your senator," he says.

"But you don't talk about these things before audiences," I remark.

"That's not part of my process," he replies, and he fumbles for words for a few moments and then says, "No, I don't talk about those things. Someday, someone will figure that out."

From time to time, Brown has mentioned the necessity of long-range planning, which seems somewhat out of character. I ask him how he would do it.

"I have a lot of skepticism about the planning process that I've seen,"



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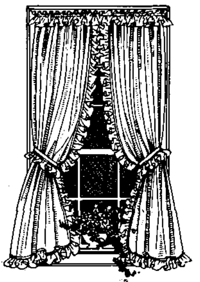

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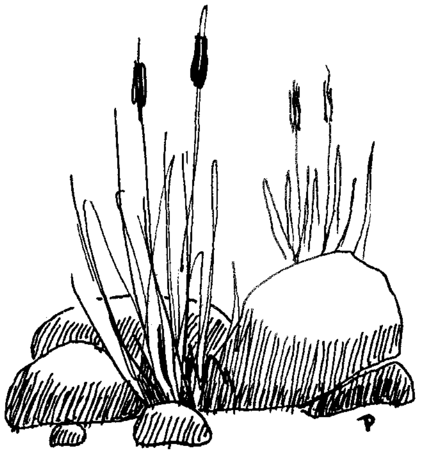
he replies. "You have to think ahead and get a sense of where the country's going and make judgments. Economic planning is necessary, but I think it's very difficult, because you can't know the consequences of what you're doing. We've got to plan more, but we can't fine-tune it. That's a paradox. We have to plan more because we can't leave things to the vagaries of the economy and the environment. The government has to assert a greater role in matters like clean air, the regulation of automobiles, energy policy. In energy, the whole price structure has encouraged growth and overconsumption. The government has to bring pressure on the use of automobiles, to get more people on trains. It has to get more investment in solar heating, in coal. There should be different membership on the Federal Power Commission. I'm trying to get the idea over that we are in an era of limits. I don't think there are a lot of mysteries in all these issues. The ideas are out there."

I then ask him how his belief in Zen, which stresses the moment, fits in with the idea of governing and of planning for the long run.

"I don't know if it does," Brown replies. "It just fits into everything I've learned, the way I do things. I pick things up from a variety of sources. Zen stresses living in the moment. So do the Jesuits, so does monastic living—living in the present moment, don't worry about tomorrow, Divine Providence will take care of it. Be in the present moment. *Age quod agis*—that's a Jesuit motto. Do whatever you're doing. That could be Zen as well as Jesuit."

"How does it square with governing?" I ask.

"Many possibilities can be in your mind," Brown replies. "You try to think ahead, but you recognize the multiplicity of possibilities. You can't control events and you can't predict



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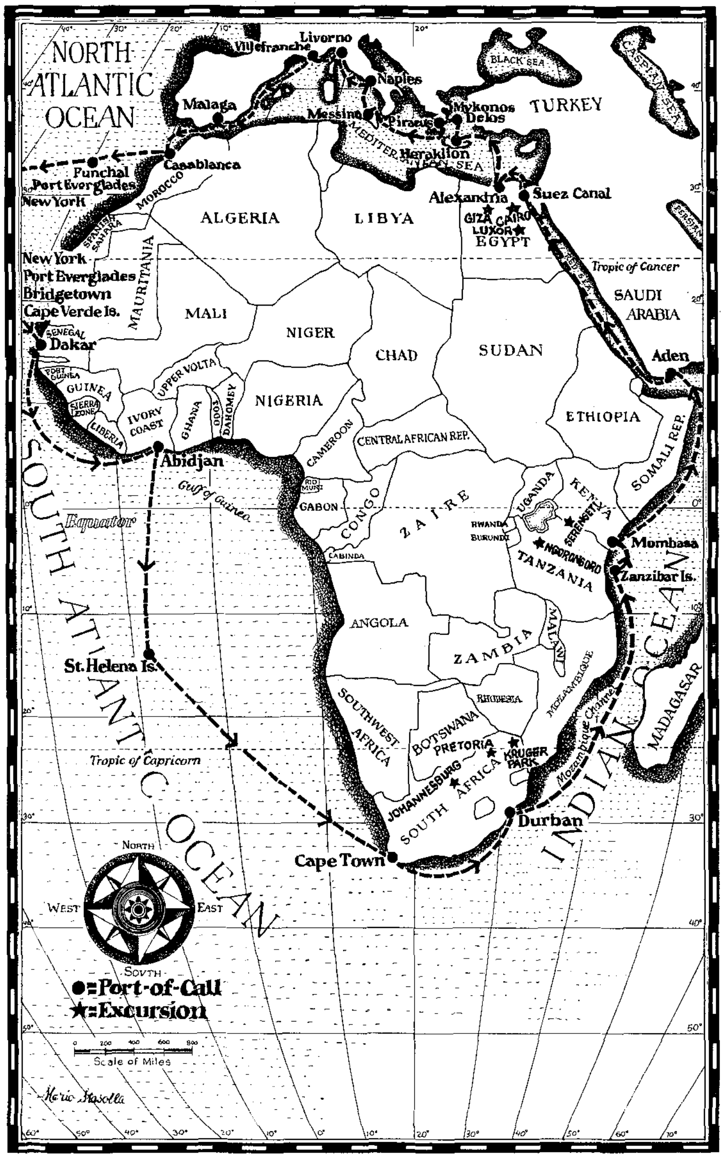
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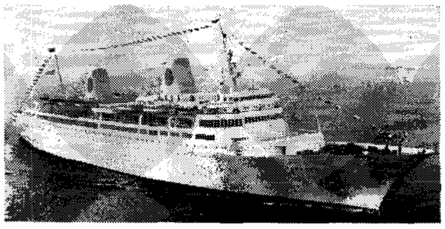

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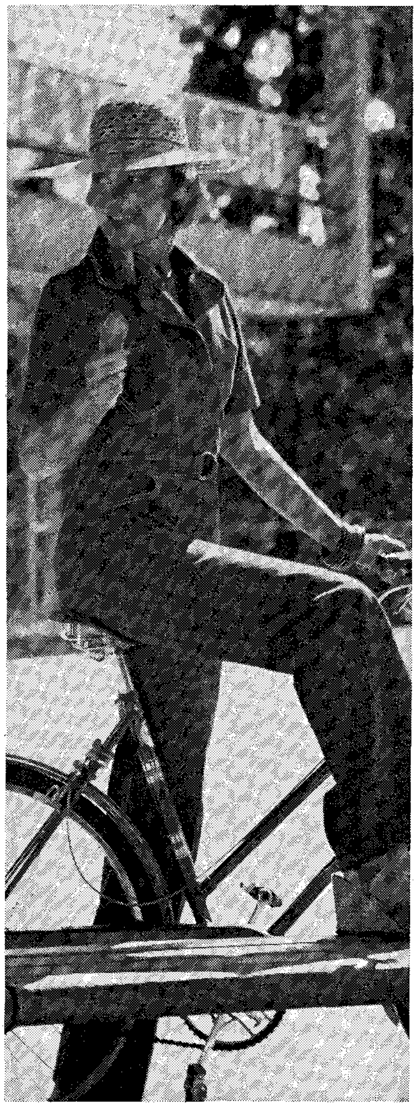

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them. That's not really a contradiction, because you can do only what's before you. As governor, I just get into what I'm doing. It's like the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court doesn't decide issues unless they're before it. If you try to decide things before they're before you, you get into trouble. A lot of action has adverse consequences that people didn't expect." He goes on for a while, listing programs, such as urban renewal and the highway program, that have had such consequences. He talks about the importance of "creative nonaction."

I say that I understand what he is getting at, but couldn't it lead to a paralyzing philosophy?

"That's a point," Brown says. "A lot of what goes on in political dialogue is sloganeering—people jousting back and forth without knowing what they want. Like defense. 'We want a strong defense,' 'We want to cut the military budget.' They become symbolic jousts. A lot of the advocacy groups are talking about positions, not specifics. So you have to find a workable path. That's what governing is. A lot of the things at the top of the agenda are bad ideas. There are so many ideas that are already proposed that just to sort them out is full-time work. How much you do is not the essential part of leadership. The important thing is the clarity of mind in laying out alternatives. The ideas of what is to be done—these appear in the Congress and the interest groups. All that the President can do is emphasize his values and give a sense of direction to the whole process."

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At Coos Bay, a large crowd has been waiting at the airport. Brown stands on a luggage dolly and tells them, "We got delayed a little in Bend." This time, when he mentions the blank space on the ballot he says, "That's a certain amount of Zen emptiness." In his appearances, he picks up things he has been talking about on the plane. He remarks to the crowd, "After a while, you make so many speeches you don't know where to tune in." Then, selecting a popular target, he tells them that "the pundits and the Pooh-Bahs of the Potomac almost had Carter nominated last week" but that "Maryland changed that." He tells them, "I haven't spent a lot of money, because I've found that the programs aren't as spelled out as they should be." But then he lists things he has backed—child care, scholarships, and so on. He says, "I think there is a real

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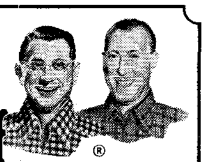

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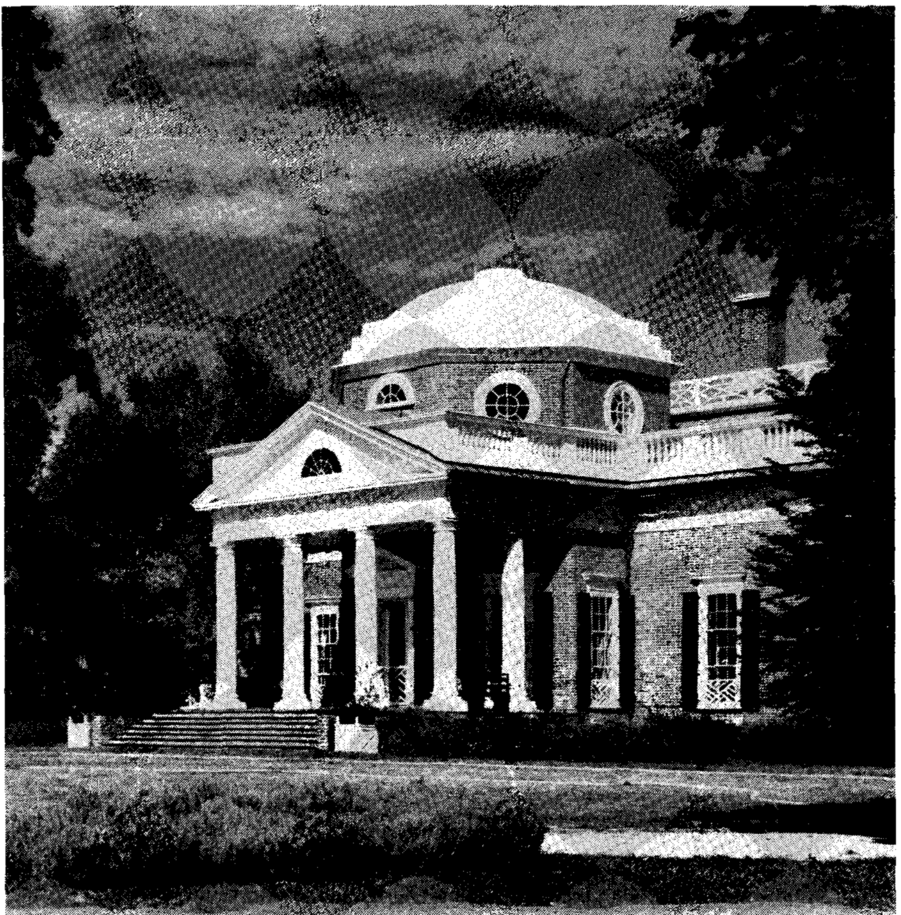
question as to whether the human species is going to survive."

It is a cool night in Coos Bay, and the crowd is paying close attention to this young man who tells it that the world may blow up. Just when one begins to wonder whether he is serious, he lands on an utterly serious point. "We have to realize that the Third World is out there," he says, "and that the distribution of resources is unequal." He also says, "If we have cities falling apart, we're not going to offer much of a vision to the rest of the world." And then, asked what he would do about foreign policy, he gives an answer he has given elsewhere. "What's Brezhnev going to do with me? I don't think he's ever dealt with anyone like that." It's late at night, and he keeps going, answering questions from the crowd. "I give you A for your questions," he jokes. "Are we going to stay here all night?" he asks good-humoredly. "Aren't you getting cold?" The crowd loves it.

MAY 24

MONDAY MORNING. The North Bend, Oregon, airport, just outside Coos Bay. Brown has already spoken with some fishermen near Coos Bay, which provided good scenes for tonight's television news. Now the network correspondents are asking Brown how he thinks he will do in the Oregon primary, what percentage of the vote he would consider a victory, whom he considers his most formidable opponent. Brown talks earnestly, with assurance, the way politicians talk into TV newsmen's microphones. "I wouldn't be surprised if I won," he says. "They're equally formidable adversaries. I'm not in the game of predicting. The Oregon people have the same independence and fiscal frugality that I have." He says he also wouldn't be surprised if he lost. Then, seeming to tire of playing it straight, he says, "I don't understand why you always want to write the story of tomorrow today and then the day after tomorrow write what happened. I think that's a bit of a journalistic redundancy, but I haven't been able to convince anyone." And then he jokes, "There's a heavy dateline: From North Bend—neither surprised nor unsurprised." He goes back to talking about the sense of limits he has tried to convey, the importance of creating jobs, rebuilding the cities, stabilizing the economy. One television reporter tells him that four minutes elapsed between the time he said that he wouldn't be surprised if he won and the time he



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said that he wouldn't be surprised if he lost, and therefore both statements can't be used. As the reporters rush to the phones to call in their stories, Brown wonders aloud why both statements can't be used. "Does that not conform to the Columbia School of Journalism?" he asks, now really warming to the possibilities of mocking journalism. Brown doesn't smile or laugh much; the amusement shows in his intense eyes. He starts on the idea of paragraphs. "Have paragraph, will phone," he says. And then, when it is time for us to board the plane, he says—apparently delighted with the thought—"Pick up your paragraphs and move out."

•

ON the plane, Brown tells me that the training in the Jesuit seminary—where he spent three and a half years, one of them in almost total silence—was "that the world is an absurd situation." Brown does have a strong sense of absurdity, which is amusing, and which also feeds his impulse to cut through pomposity—an attractive political attitude. The Jesuits, he tells me, teach you to ignore questions of long life, of health, of wealth, of how you are regarded. This may have given Brown, as he suggests, a kind of detachment from this world, yet he has also embarked on one of man's most ambitious courses.

I tell him that I have read that one of his models was Gandhi, and that he himself wanted to change the life styles of America radically.

"That's a view," he replies. "There can be only so many views. After a while, you can just write 'op cit.' "

•

THIS afternoon, Brown speaks to two university crowds—at Southern Oregon College, in Ashland, and at Oregon State University, in Corvallis. At both stops, the crowds are large and enthusiastic. Brown does well with college crowds, and he knows it. "I've tried to carve out a new path in politics," he tells the crowd in Ashland. "I've tried to get beyond the stereotypes and divisions that are tearing us apart. I think that I have a sense of what we are in this country and what we can become." He knows what people are looking for. People, in politics as in life, want to have a sense that there is another chance, that we can begin afresh, and talking to this impulse is a traditional political approach. With a slight Wallace-like populist touch, he says, "I'm very skeptical of the experts,

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the people who come down with their special pedigrees"—and the audience laughs—"and give us the answer." He says, "What I'd like to do as President is to scale back on the inflated pomposity, the ritual of self-congratulation that has characterized too much of government activity." He talks of setting up a public-service corps, saying, "We've exerted too much negative energy, and when we do that, then the country begins to really go on the downbeat, and I think we've been on the downbeat too long. I think it's time to start moving up, and that's positive energy."

On the plane, flying to Corvallis, Brown tells me of a phone call he made at the last stop. He tells me that he has just called a California state senator to ask him to support a bill that would give state workers—janitors as well as department directors—a flat pay increase, rather than an increase of a percentage of their income. Brown says, "That's something the people really respond to."

Brown does know how to touch things that "the people really respond to," and, as a result, his campaign is the only thing in this year's elections which resembles a movement. Carter staff people passed by the Brown campaign office in Portland and observed it with envy. The place was always filled with intense people, most of them young, several of them Mexican farm workers—followers of Cesar Chavez, and skilled organizers. As often as not, there would be a young woman breastfeeding. On the walls were hand-painted posters quoting Jerry Brown. One read, "The role of the leader is to help shape the discussion of national issues and not help foster unreal thinking." Brown's Oregon campaign director, Llewellyn Werner, is inclined to quote the Zen scholar Shunryu Suzuki's aphorism: "In the mind of the beginner, the possibilities are infinite. In the mind of the expert, they are few." These people believe that they are on

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to something; they believe in Jerry Brown, the man in the conventional pin-stripe suits and Giorgio ties who talks politics in an unconventional way. They think he will change the face of America.

Brown's ability to manipulate symbols stirs the imagination. Like the ability to organize, it is a neutral thing, which can be turned to good or bad ends. Great leaders stir the imagination; so do dangerous ones. Brown is neither at this point. What we don't know about him is what he will become, if *anything*, beyond what he is. He is still forming. We don't know what power will do to him, or heightened popularity. When it comes to choosing those who will govern us, we are presented with a dilemma. We want them to have enough support so that they can move, but not so much that we can't hold them down. We are uneasy, or should be, about a politician riding a popular wave—especially a politician about whom we know little, who hasn't been much tested. Brown is new at running for the Presidency—this is only his second state. On the plane to Corvallis, he drops into a seat, rests his face on a hand, closes his eyes, and says wearily, "A lot of interaction out there. People coming up to you. You have to focus."

•

THIS afternoon, at Oregon State University, he has his largest crowd of this campaign swing. The crowd seems to give him a new surge of energy. His voice is flat, but there is an energy that comes across in what he says. On the campus, he uses more hip language than he has used in other appearances. He says that the big automobile is a "macho ego symbol." He says that Ronald Reagan, in making the Panama Canal an issue, is "on some kind of a macho trip." Laughter and applause. And, having listed some difficult issues, he tells this crowd, "I'd like to try. That's all I can do is try. That's all." He says that he would come at the questions with "a different ethic, a different approach." Then he says, "That's what this election's about. Are we going forward, or are we going to prop up the things of the past?"

•

SOMETHING is happening that helps explain the Brown phenomenon. Brown's ability to stir the imagination and capture attention and command extensive coverage and, in practically no time after entering na-

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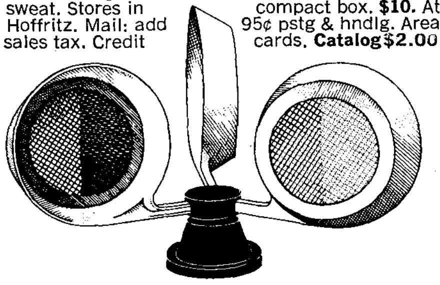

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[illegible] Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark. SWANK, INC.–Sole Distributor tional politics, be taken seriously as a possible President has to do with the magnification that goes on in our communications. The speed with which a person, or a fashion, is blown up from a speck into a phenomenon—and, as often as not, burns out afterward—seems to have increased in recent years. The velocity with which we move from inattention to saturation to boredom is almost dizzying. There are some identifiable markers along the way: the covers of the news magazines, television features, *People* magazine. Our capacity for boredom may have increased in direct ratio to the velocity of the magnification process. And it seems to be affecting our politics. The flower children of Haight-Ashbury. Patty Hearst. Henry Kissinger. Secretariat. Twiggy. Burt Reynolds. Within five months, Jimmy Carter was the unknown face, then the face on the magazine covers, then a very familiar face. Jerry Brown is new. And because of the magnification process he is coming across as more different than he is. The magnification process cannot linger long, study nuances, wander around among complexities. It moves fast. It is well suited to such things as a governor who turns down the governor's mansion. (Just as Michael Dukakis, the Governor of Massachusetts, got national attention for riding the subway.) It is not well suited to issues. It can make a man a national force—perhaps even a President—before we have time to find out very much about him.

◆

PORTLAND. At nine o'clock, Frank Church is having his television call-in program. Jimmy Carter had one last night, and Jerry Brown will have one at ten o'clock. In all three cases, the candidates bought the time for the program. Such a program is a relatively inexpensive way for a candidate to reach a wide number of voters, and to appear to submit himself to all questions. Perhaps some of the programs are in fact spontaneous, but an aide to one of the candidates tells me that his campaign makes sure to tie up the lines—phoning in questions that his candidate wants to answer and at the same time preventing the opposition from phoning in embarrassing questions. Church, at fifty-one, has a youthful face. If Jimmy Carter had not already appropriated the symbol, Church's would be his teeth. When Church is not projecting a look of deep earnestness and sincerity, he breaks into a great, wide smile, often accompanied by a deep laugh. Church

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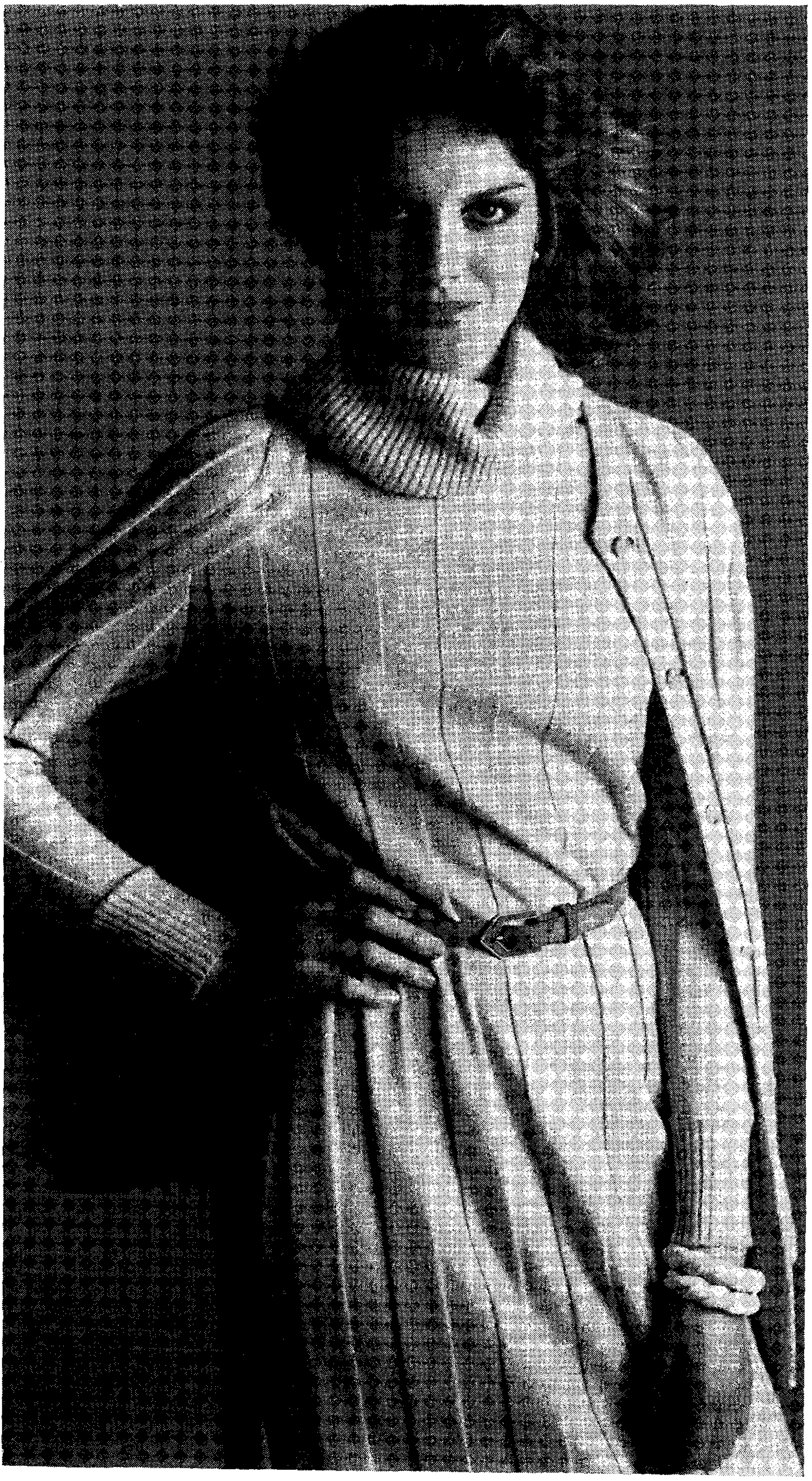

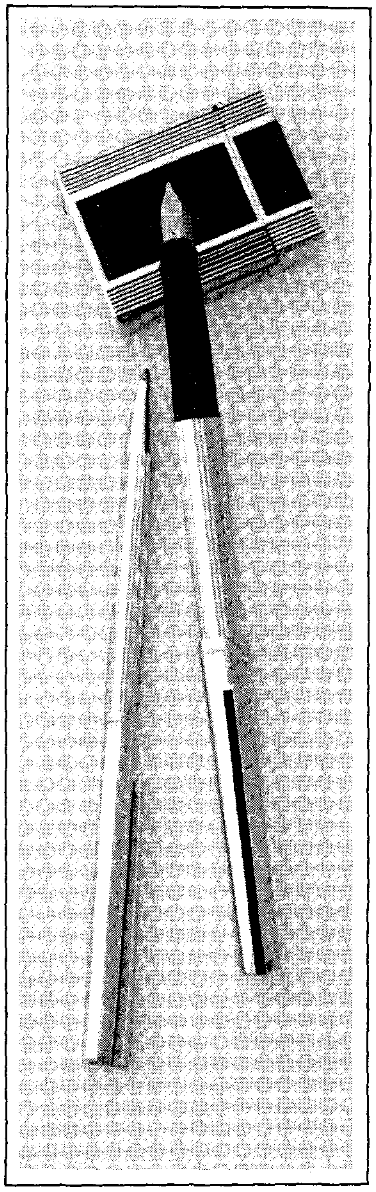

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is a puzzle. He is a serious, thoughtful man with good instincts—he fought early and hard against the war in Vietnam—but he hasn't quite shaken his boy-orator style, which makes him seem to be posturing, and he can't quite avoid exploiting issues, as he did in his investigation of the C.I.A. He is an old-fashioned speaker; on the stump, he waves his arms and speaks in an orotund style. He has campaigned hard in Oregon, his campaign a mixture of serious issues and trite stunts. He talks about the dangers of secret intelligence agencies and of multinational corporations, and he turns up on television and in the newspapers sawing wood, riding a bicycle, throwing a Frisbee. Tonight, on the call-in show, Church looks tired. The first question is what he would do about the C.I.A., and he talks about the importance of constraints and oversight (saying "I know the importance of intelligence"). He is asked about the bureaucracy, and he likens it to "an orchestra band that has spilled over the stage," and says that too many programs are centralized in Washington. He keeps referring to the moderator, who reads him the questions, by name—"Ben." As the program approaches its close, Church faces the camera, saying, "Well, Ben, I appreciate the questions you've asked," and then he makes a little speech to the voters. Church is running as a good, safe, traditional Democrat, a responsible senator. He says, "I hope here in Oregon that those Democrats who have supported Jackson and Humphrey and Udall will unite together behind my candidacy." He is running in Oregon as a man from a neighboring state, Idaho, who understands the region's problems, and he says in his closing, "Here in the Northwest, we have a certain quality of life. Our problems are different. I think it is about our turn." He smiles, and looks into the camera. But then Ben says he has another question. He says that he is impressed by "the substantive quality of what you've done," and he in effect paraphrases a Church ad about the difference between rhetoric and reality on the energy question. Then Church does another closing. "I just don't believe that the White House is a proper place for on-the-job training," he says. And he smiles at the camera. But Ben goes on. Clearly, there has been a mix-up: the signal to cut was given while there was still time remaining. Ben asks Church a question about the fact that "you're a man who is trying to think through the problems," and Church denounces "the simplistic approach" and "the politics of style," and

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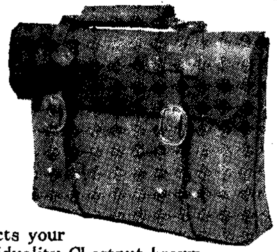

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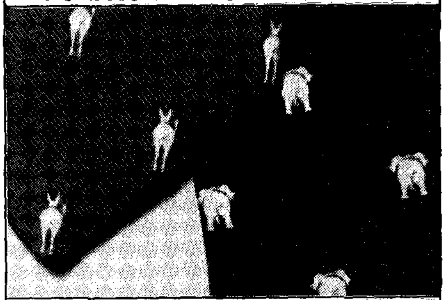

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he does still another closing: "I ask the people of Oregon for their support on the basis of a record." And he gives the camera that closing smile again, and at last he says, "Thank you and good night."

•

TODAY'S papers say that Edward M. Kennedy says that Jimmy Carter can't be denied the nomination if he comes to the Convention with one thousand three hundred and fifty delegates. (Fifteen hundred and five are needed to win the nomination.) That is an even higher requirement than the one set by Hubert Humphrey, who began by saying that Carter should not be denied the nomination if he had eleven hundred delegates, and then raised the ante to twelve hundred.

•

OREGON's high-school mock Convention the other day was won by Hubert Humphrey, on the fifth ballot.

MAY 26

THE papers reported today that Iran has announced that it has signed contracts to buy two nuclear power plants from France. Iran's Prime Minister, Amir Abbas Hoveyda, said that the agreement "covers the whole gamut of nuclear technologies."

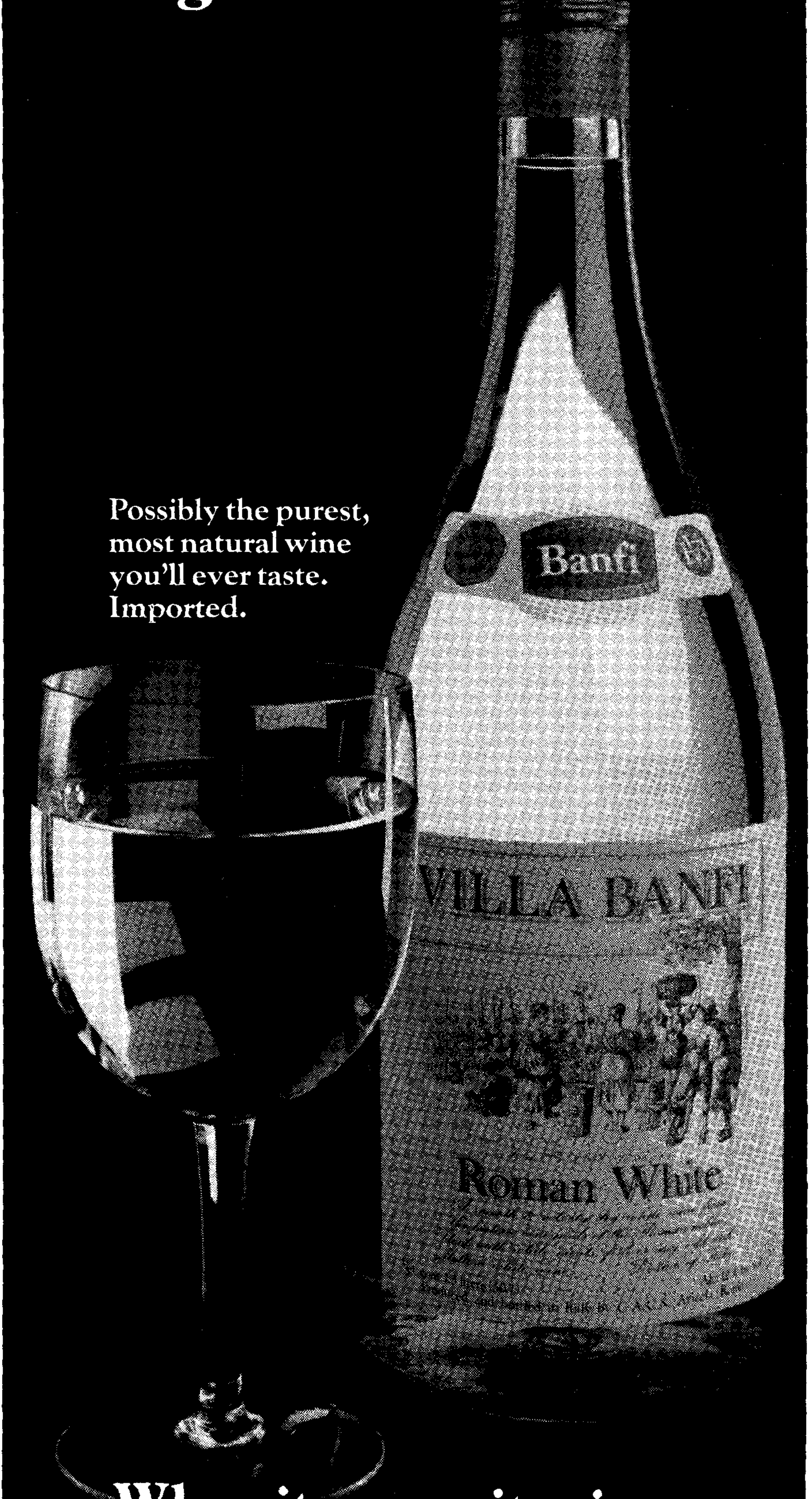
•

ANOTHER inconclusive day of primaries yesterday. Frank Church won the Oregon primary, Carter came in second, and Brown was a close third, with a strong write-in vote. Church won Idaho, his native state, and Brown won Nevada, a neighbor of California. (Campaigning in Idaho, Carter told listeners that he had a deep sense of kinship with them because both he and they raised products that grew underground.) Carter's victories were in the South—in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas—where he was virtually uncontested. President Ford, as had been expected, won in Oregon, but he lost Nevada and Idaho to Reagan. The President carried Tennessee and Kentucky but lost Arkansas. Reagan caused himself some trouble in Tennessee by saying that selling the T.V.A. to private enterprise "would be something to look at."

Now the consensus is that we must wait until June 8th, when the final primaries take place.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)



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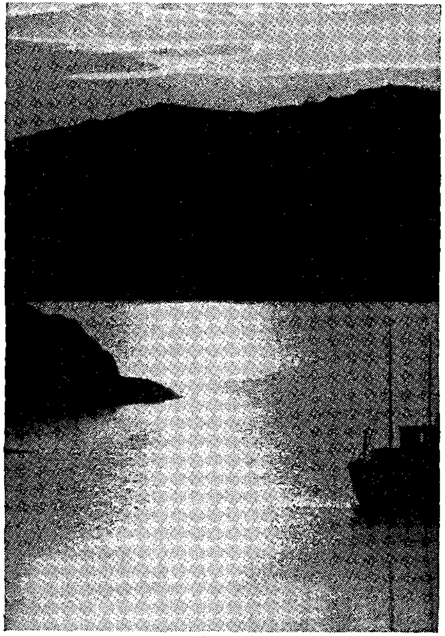

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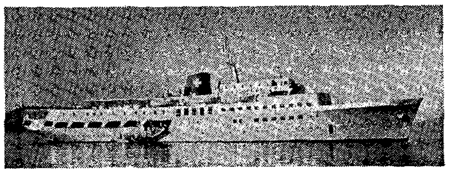

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN'S fame as one of the inventors of the symphony and the string quartet is so great that his work in another musical field—opera—has been neglected. Haydn wrote a dozen operas that were performed at Esterháza, the swampy Hungarian estate at which he served for nearly twenty-five years as *maestro di musica*. One of these works has at last been recorded—"La Fedeltà Premiata," sung by the Suisse Romande Radio Chorus accompanied by the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Antal Dorati (Philips 6707 028; eight sides). The singers are Lucia Valentini, Tonny Landy, Frederica von Stade, Alan Titus, Ileana Cotrubas, Luigi Alva, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Kari Lövaas. The libretto, which concerns nymphs, shepherdesses, some other neoclassical conceits, and an evil monster who eats newly engaged couples, is not particularly interesting, but Haydn's music makes "La Fedeltà Premiata" one of the jewels of eighteenth-century opera. As performed by this excellent cast, the work is amusing, in a tragicomic way, and wholly engaging.

A charming musical oddity is a recording of Haydn's and Beethoven's arrangements of Scottish folk songs, sung by Janet Baker with the assistance of Yehudi Menuhin, violin, George Malcolm, harpsichord and piano, and Ross Pople, cello (Angel S-37172; single disc). Haydn wrote his arrangements to save a London publisher from bankruptcy and Beethoven considered his to be potboilers, but composers are not always the best judges of their own works.

THE Broadway-cast recording of Scott Joplin's opera "Treemonisha" is now available, and I must say that it is a total delight. The work is beautiful and touchingly innocent—possibly the most genuine and original American opera written to date. It is not really a ragtime work; its antecedents are European opera, American folk song, and such American Negro idioms as cakewalk rhythm and blues harmony, used sparingly. Gunther Schuller, who conducts the performance, is to be credited with remarkable taste and skill in his orchestration of Joplin's original material. He shows painstaking reverence for the era and for the intentions of the composer. The singers, all excellent, include Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, Willard White, Ben Harney, Cora Johnson, Kenneth Hicks, Dorceal Duckens, Dwight Ransom, Raymond Bazemore, Edward Pierson, and a very fine chorus (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 083; four sides).

Jessye Norman, the Georgia-born soprano who has of late been much in evidence on records, has now recorded Richard Wagner's "Wesendonk Lieder," plus the Prelude and "Liebestod" from Wagner's opera "Tristan und Isolde," with the London Symphony under the baton of Colin Davis (Philips 9500 031; single). Miss Norman does the lieder with appropriate subtlety, and in the "Liebestod" she is right up there with the best of the big-voiced Wagnerian sopranos. She cuts through the thick Wagnerian orchestration, but she also manages to capture the full emotional content of the work.

Rossini's sonatas for string orchestra are somewhat overrecorded, but his Variations for Clarinet and Small Orchestra and his Serenade for Small Orchestra are not. All these works are played with distinguished virtuosity on a recent RCA recording by I Solisti Veneti, with Claudio Scimone conducting (AGL2-1339; four sides). They are pleasant compositions—not profound but quite likable.

Philips has released Lalo's Symphony in G Minor, his overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," and his Rapsodie, performed by the National Opera Orchestra of Monte Carlo, Antonio de Almeida conducting (6500 927; single). These are not really great works, but a certain lyricism redeems their Romantic fustian. The performance, sad to say, is merely adequate.

Schoenberg's famous Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16, are paired with Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso No. 1 on a single disc recorded by the Chicago Symphony under Rafael Kubelik (Mercury SRI 75036). The performance of the Schoenberg is so sensitive that I found the atonal compositions at least bearable. The Bloch item is a sturdy affair, based on an analogy with Bach. A reissue of another of Bloch's works, "America, an Epic Rhapsody," has been released by Vanguard. It is performed by the Symphony of the Air and the American Concert Choir under Leopold Stokowski (SRV 346; single). The work is based mainly on American folk tunes, and is simple and direct when it is not windy.

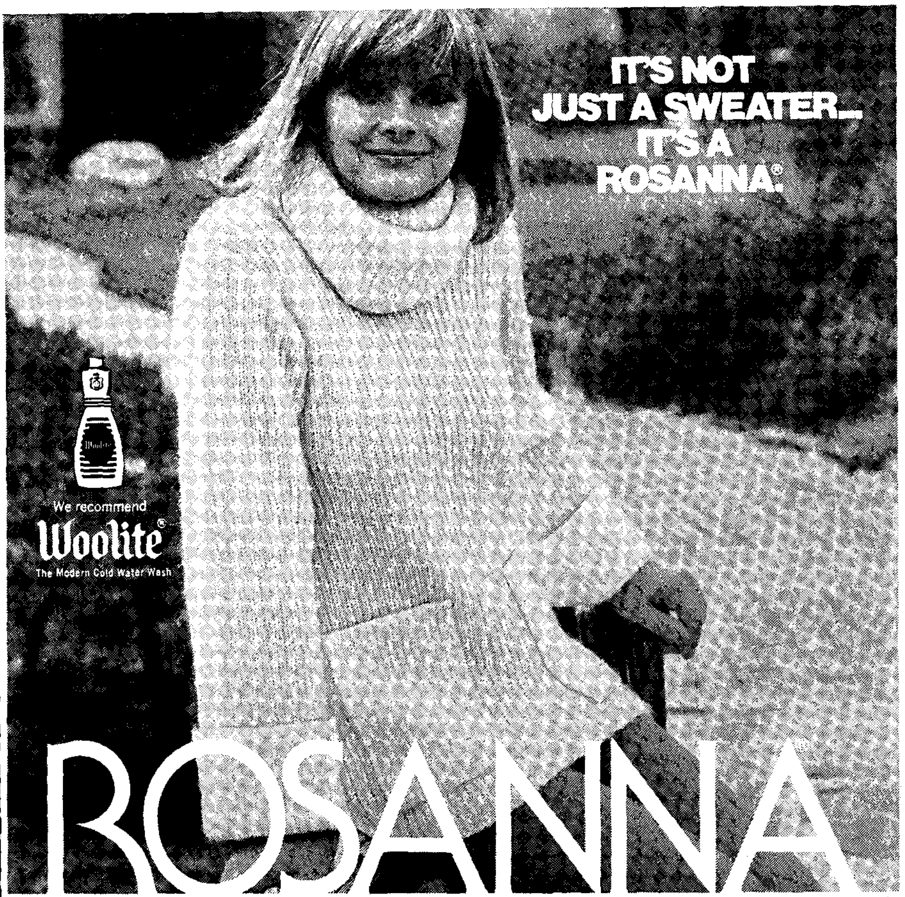
The ballet music that Mozart composed for his opera "Idomeneo" and for Jean Georges Noverre's ballet "Les Petits Riens" is performed by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, David Zinman conducting, on a single disc by Philips (6500 861). The "Idomeneo" ballet music is a rarity on records; the "Petits Riens" is more familiar. The performances are good, and the music is fine middle-period Mozart.

Stravinsky's Suite from "Le Baiser de la Fée," along with his Suite from "Pulcinella" and his Duo Concertant, is performed by Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Bruno Canino, piano (Angel S-37115; single). These compositions are typical of Stravinsky's ballet music—satirical and amusing rather than deeply serious. They are demanding for musicians, however, and they are expertly played on this disc.

THE first recording of a number of late-sixteenth and early-seventeenth-century love songs has been issued by Archiv Produktion (2533 305; single) under the title "Canti Amorosi." The composers, who include Giulio Caccini, Sigismondo d'India, Claudio Saracini, Jacopo Peri, and Marco da Gagliano, were, for the most part, members of the Florentine Camerata, which invented opera during that period. The songs are both quaint and interesting, and are beautifully sung by Nigel Rogers, tenor, to the accompaniment of chitarrone, harpsichord, viola da gamba, and other early instruments.

The Los Angeles String Trio, with Irma Vallecillo, piano, has recently put on record Richard Strauss's very early Quartet for Piano and Strings, Op. 13—the only recording of this work now available (Desmar DSM 1002; single). Strauss's equally early Sonata in F for Cello and Piano, Op. 6 (along with Beethoven's Variations on Mozart's aria "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" and on Handel's "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"), is superbly performed by Mstislav Rostropovich and Vasso Devetzi (Angel S-37086; single). Both the quartet and the sonata are quite Brahmsian, with some flashes of Strauss's later style.

Elly Ameling, Elisabeth Cooymans, Peter van der Bilt, and the Nether-



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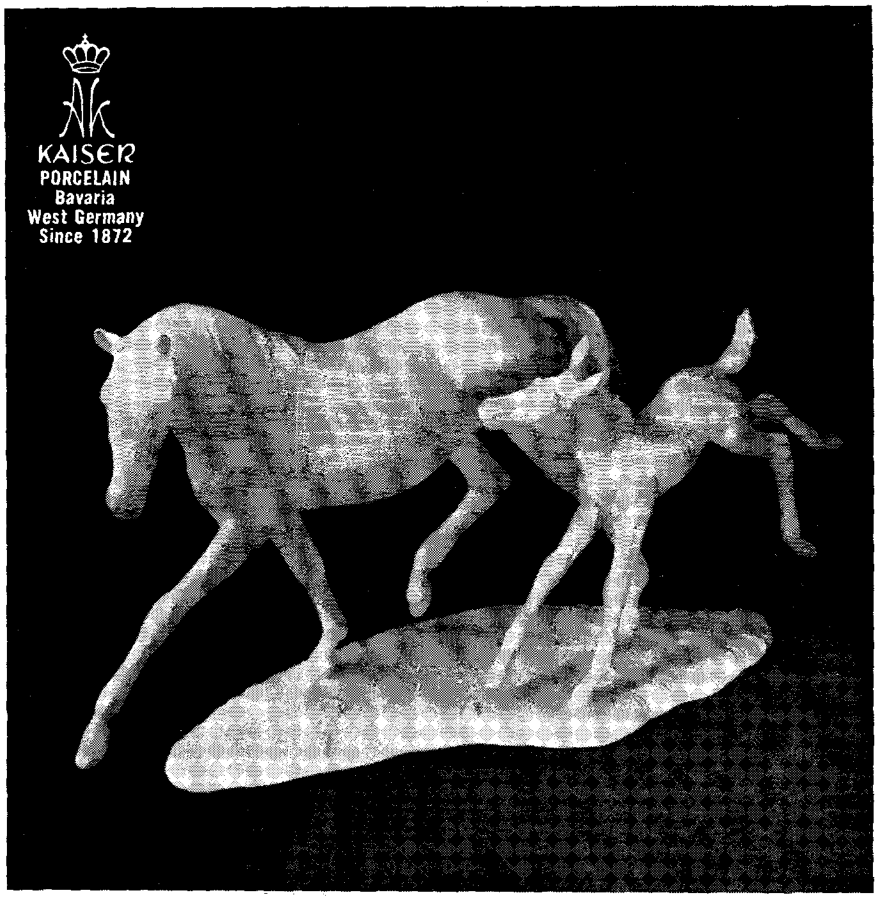

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lands Wind Ensemble have collaborated on another series of oddities: Mozart's Notturni, K. 346, 436, 437, 438, 439, 549; his Divertimenti, K. 439b, Nos. 1-5; and his Duos for Horns, K. 487, Nos. 1-12 (Philips 6747 136; four sides). The playing of the horn duos, by Iman Soeteman and Jan Peeters, is spectacular, and the whole collection is very enjoyable. The same composer's Serenade, K. 203, along with his March, K. 237, is excellently performed by the Dresden State Orchestra under Edo de Waart (Philips 6500 965; single).

Paderewski's somewhat obscure Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 13, and Busoni's Sonata for the same instruments, Op. 36a, performed by Endre Granat and Harold Gray, appear on a single disc issued by Desmar (DSM 1004). The Paderewski is rhapsodic and facile; the Busoni, as might be expected, is denser and more intellectual. Desmar has also recently released a recording of ten sonatas by the eighteenth-century Catalan composer Padre Antonio Soler (DSM 1001; single). They are played here by the distinguished harpsichordist Fernando Valenti, and they show Soler to have been a highly original and powerful musical thinker.

Third-Stream music (the mixture of symphonic and jazz music envisioned by Gunther Schuller some time ago) has, I think, produced little worth listening to. The trouble seems to be that the two idioms never really coalesce. This is true, once again, of David Baker's "Le Chat Qui Pêche" and Morton Gould's Symphonette No. 2, two third-stream items that appear on a single disc issued by the Louisville Orchestra's First Edition Records (LS-751). The orchestra and a number of jazz musicians collaborated on the recording, and the result is fairly interesting, but the various movements turn out to be either symphonic or jazz, not both together.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

Residential Treatment, people wanted to work in new behavior mortification program, experience preferred.—*Adv. in the Boston Sunday Globe.*

Let's see, where would you get that kind of experience?

•

*This chapter was written as well as authored by Albert Z. Guttenberg. —*Footnote in Norman D. Levine's "Human Ecology," a college textbook.*

Busy, busy, busy!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Study of a Man Under the Axe

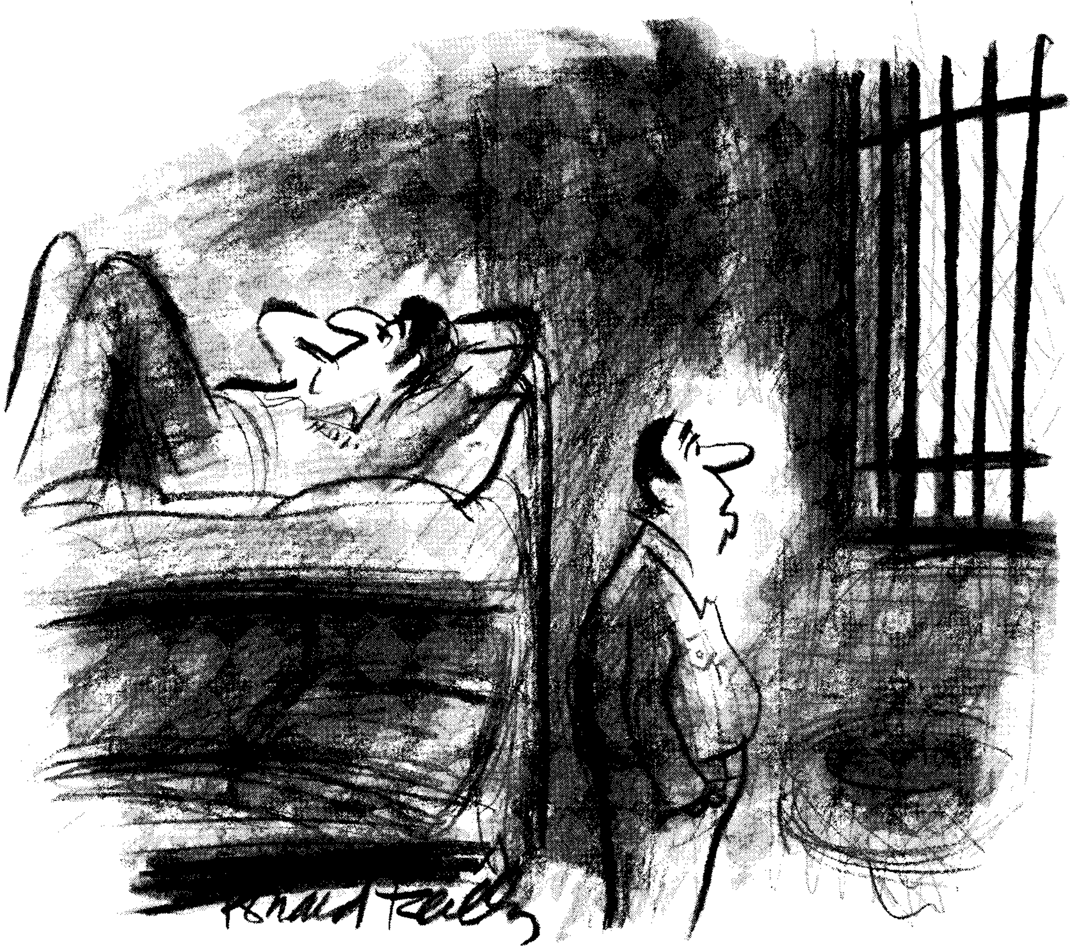
AGING? Death? Never. The mortal commonplaces of our lives have become, in this century, the unrecognizable facts of the West. Old age is pushed under the carpet; many old people's homes in New York have been carefully put next door to subway stations, but the young and hale still hygienically avoid coming to see their aging relatives. We are left alone to deal with death. Religion can lift the weight, but many of us have discarded it; art has historically taken death to be its proper subject, but not in this century in Western civilization. Why? Because any submission to desuetude calls to account the ethics of ambition, individualism, and staying young by which we live? What would happen to the face-lift trade if our culture accepted the beauty of Rembrandt's mother as he painted her?

But now there is a Japanese film, called "Kaseki," that considers death with a majesty of intellect rare in cinema. Its quality of mind often brings up thoughts of Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." The director is Masaki Kobayashi, born in 1916. He is most famous in the West for an immensely long and fine work of pacifism called "The Human Condition" (1958-61), a trilogy set mainly in modern Manchuria, and for "Harakiri" (1962), which tears to pieces the cruelty and self-interest of the samurai tradition. But the samurai hero ends by committing ritual harakiri. "Why?" an English filmgoer asked Kobayashi, at some conference held in the sixties. Kobayashi has a delicate way of thought, and he is rather funny. He paused, and then said softly, through an interpreter, "He was, after all, a samurai." The film was showing us a man locked into a system that ruled out change.

"Kaseki" (1974) is about the opposite possibility. Change is achieved. The film begins with a voice-over narration about the middle-aged chairman of a Tokyo-based construction company. The actor is Shin Saburi; Itsuki, the character, is getting ready for work. A stiff man, on whom black office clothes look right. Even his face seems to have been made obedient to formality. The only feature that shows emotion is the mouth. At the very start, the narrator tells us that we are watching a self-made man who is going on a trip to Europe, where he will learn that he has an incurable disease. Kobayashi's film is not one that relies on suspense. Based on a novel by Yasushi Inoue, it uses many devices of coolness. We are watching the chronicle of a man who fends off intimacy. He is a widower, with two married daughters who have their own homes. One of them comes to see him off at the airport, but she is kept from him by a pane of glass. Her left hand, long-fingered, presses against the glass to stretch out to him. He fits his to hers, as nearly as he can. Icon of a separate man.

In France and then in Spain, he has with him a brash young assistant called Funazu (Hisashi Igawa). Funazu is a go-getter, racing around Paris to the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, as though the sight of each place were a trophy to be sent back to Japan like a picture postcard. Funazu would never ponder the difference between the medieval Western civilization that thought it worthwhile anonymously to build Chartres and the modern Japanese industrialism that has paid his passage to see Chartres. Funazu is aware of no great contrast between Japan and Europe. He lives securely in the present, as big business's ardent fan: close a deal; dwell in a nod from the chairman. Funazu would never reënact things in the middle of the night. Paltry enterprises, unracked sleep. There is a difference between generations here. Itsuki, his boss, is very capable of remorse. In the company of a young Japanese business couple, he visibly goes over his own past, and speaks with terse regret of never having brought his wife abroad. There is much that he has failed to do, it begins to dawn on him. The young couple's happiness warms him. But he is looking at them also through plate glass.

Change occurs. While Funazu speeds up, Itsuki slows the pace. He sees the Musée Rodin for the first time. The tireless businessman absorbs "The Thinker." Out of the blue, he remarks on the beauty of women in mourning. Tranquillity unexpectedly begins to



"Oh, mine is the old story. Someone set in motion a wave of events that eventually engulfed me."

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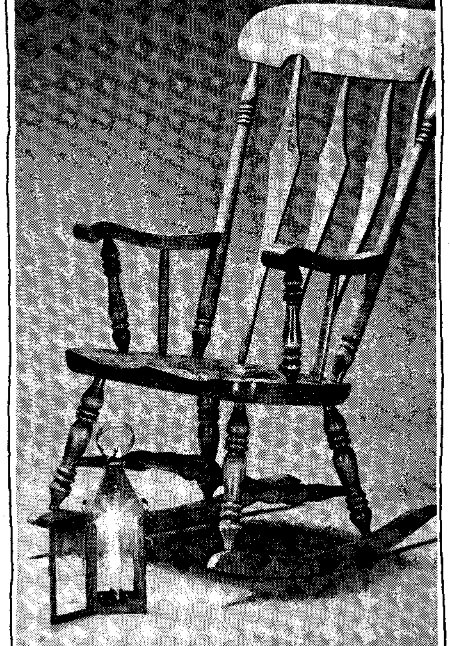

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draw him. He likes the sight of women knitting, too. "A woman knitting is absorbed in her work."

He grows ill. For this man who is mysteriously trying to remake himself, solitude is more important than medical help, but his nerveless assistant persuades him to submit to tests. Later, back in his hotel, Itsuki intercepts a telephone report from a doctor, who means the call for the assistant. Inoperable duodenal cancer. A vision of change cruelly cut off as soon as it has been dreamed of. There is a shot of the hero taking the news as he sits on the floor of his hotel room, photographed through the legs of a pretty little antique occasional table. He asks questions in a steady voice about "the patient." A technique of distance, again. He gets his hands on the reports, reads them out-of-doors in the serenity of a Paris park, stays in his room for two days. He wishes neither to see nor to be seen. A woman friend, Mme. Marcelin (Keiko Kishi), is his accomplice in hopes of a cherry-blossom tour of Japan next year. But she has glancingly appeared to him first as a mirage of death, and now he can never quite be rid of the association. This beautiful woman who offers him the world also, now and then, signals its unthinkable removal. By a process familiar to anyone who has been in combat with anxiety, every chance person he sees becomes a character in collusion with the enemy. Itsuki sends the boisterous assistant off to Italy—he seems to have begun to feel that the tenet of getting ahead has much to do with keeping thoughts of mortality at bay—and goes on a tour of Burgundy with the young Japanese couple. Mme. Marcelin, as if by a wonder, joins them. He speaks of the graves lining the road. French youths, killed by the Nazis. There are many ways to die.

Mme. Marcelin's blitheness cancels out the bleakness of his past. Self-trained in eremitism, he now grows debonair and open. He becomes obsessed by the stoic beauty of Romanesque church architecture and sculpture. Ancient endeavors revive him: statues, stone floors that have been there for centuries. There are places like this in Japan, he says, but he hasn't seen them; he had imagined that the gods would push a log in his mouth and say swallow, he says, this man of surprising thoughts.

Back in Japan, he walks with a toddling new grandchild but still can't bring himself to talk to his family about the French doctor's diagnosis. Trying to start again from the beginning, with

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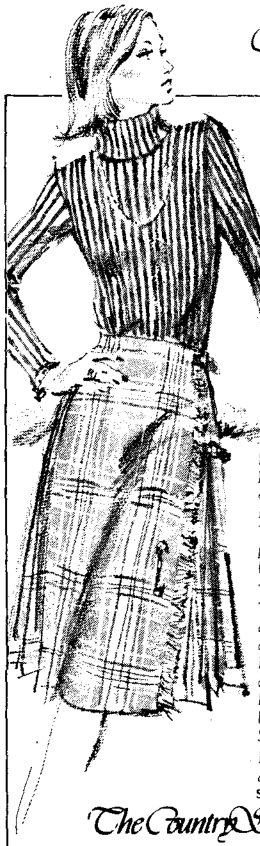

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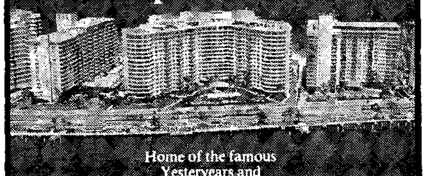

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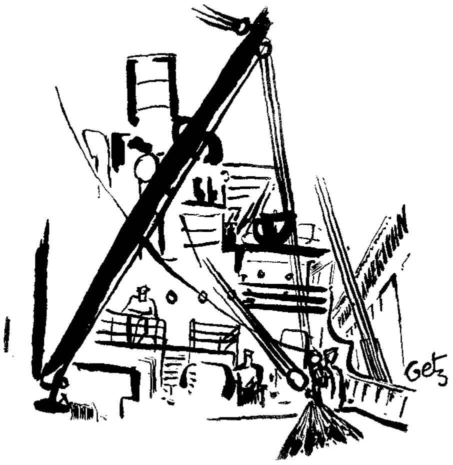
barely any time, he seems enlivened. He watches a young couple among his relatives, fooling and in love. Again, he is warmed. He apologizes to his stepmother for being harsh when he was young. No, she says, he was gentle. He has it wrong. Perhaps he has had everything wrong all his life? There is an unforgettable line spoken by his younger brother when the two of them are lying side by side to sleep. They are talking about their dead father. The brother says, questioningly, "Loftier than we thought in his last years?" Probably. Like the condemned son.

This is a marvellous piece of work, which comes to terms with bedrock subjects usually out of film's depth. Details linger. We are seeing a man on the brink of change. In extremity, alone and frightened in European hotels, he sleeps, touchingly, on one side of the bed. The past is so alive for him that it is as though his wife had just left the room for a moment. Once he is back in Japan, one of his first acts is to see an old friend he was in the Army with in the war. Itsuki has since neglected him, and now the friend—an easy, kind, smiling man—is one of the few people he can talk to freely. Outwardly, business goals prevail. In pain, Itsuki is drawn back into salvaging his construction company from disaster. We see him mustering chairmanly fury with negligent underlings. There is urgent talk of a contract with Peru. He pours his own money into the company. Why hold on to anything? Then this man under the axe is given a surgical reprieve in Tokyo which may last him until he is ninety. But he is no longer the same person. His staff's neglect of company business now seems less important to him than his own neglect of his old friend.

"Kaseki" throws into doubt the belief in the virtues of self-improvement and ambitiousness which are cultivated in all civilizations modelled on



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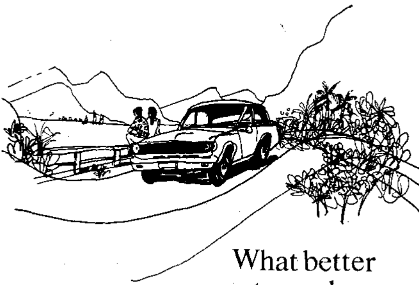

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the West. It meditates upon the religion of the pursuit of happiness. When Itsuki is most troubled, and incapable of pursuing anything, he is most happy. His friend from the past shows him a wall made of fossil (*kaseki* means "fossil" in Japanese), and the sight alters Itsuki's intelligence. Brecht once said, "Steel stood." Fossils, too, have remained. To die anonymously becomes Itsuki's new business. To hell with saving companies by seizing contracts from Peru. The long film and the apparently impassive hero have a presiding gaiety, of the sort that Yeats wrote about in "Lapis Lazuli":

> There struts Hamlet, there is Lear,
> That's Ophelia, that Cordelia;
> Yet they . . .
> Do not break up their lines to
>   weep.
> They know that Hamlet and Lear
>   are gay;
> Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.

Itsuki's mandate to create a new man of himself just as he thinks he is going to die is equivalent to the effort of trains of unnamed craftsmen come to rebuild old civilizations that have been sacked. It is a gay employment.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Evening Standard*]

THE CASE OF THE 5.22 'BOMB'

I was waiting at Fenchurch Street station the other day for the 5.22 pm train to Tilbury Town when there was a loudspeaker warning about bombs and unattended luggage. Good idea, I thought.

I boarded the train with my wife and several other passengers and as the train pulled out of Purfleet Station, one of the passengers asked if a briefcase on the luggage rack was ours. We all said "no" then began to get worried because we thought it could be a bomb.

When the train called at Grays I got out and advised everybody else to leave the carriage, which they did; I told a ticket collector that we had found the briefcase on the luggage rack and that we were worried. Much to my amazement he turned round and said "Oh, I don't know, mate, you had better see someone up there."

I walked back along the platform, found another railway official and explained the position to him. "Didn't you take it off?" he asked. I then showed him where it was and to my amazement he wrenched it off the luggage rack, shook it several times and hit it twice with the flat of his hand. "No, that ain't a bomb, mate," he said and walked off.

What a way to check something that could have been highly explosive.

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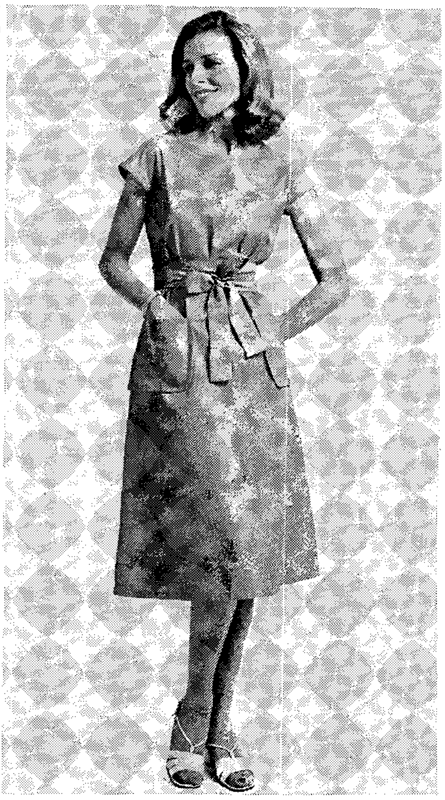

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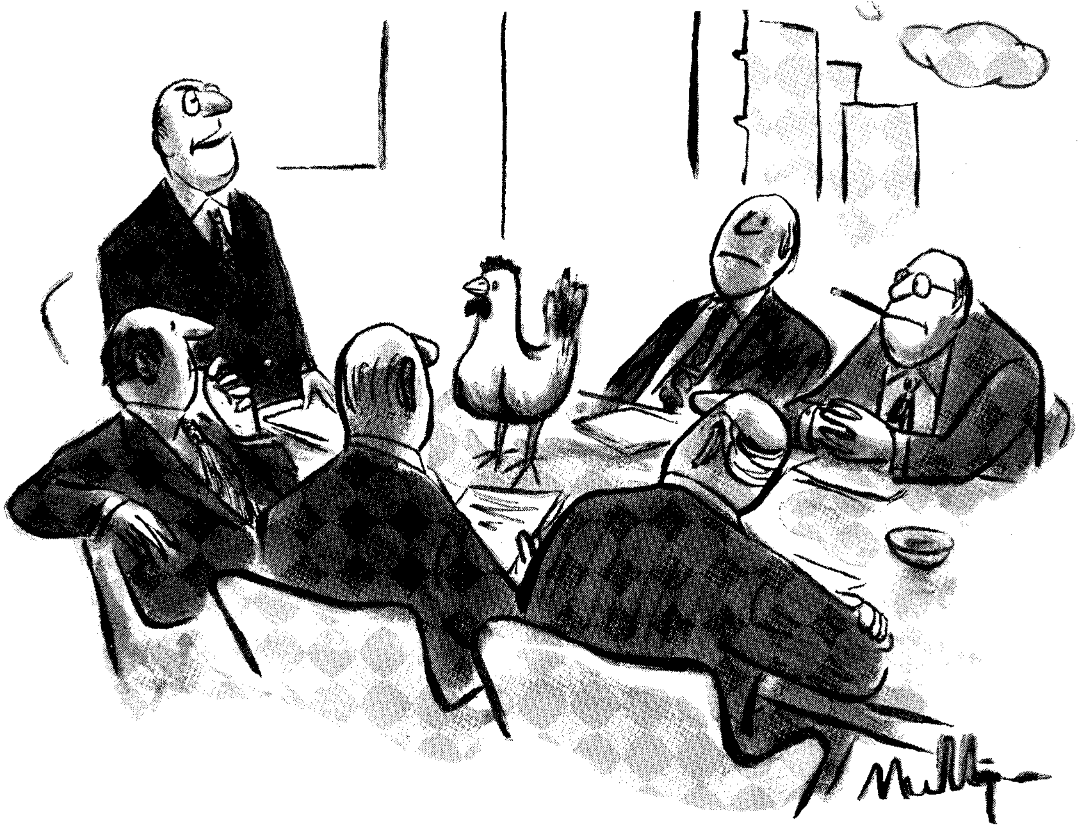
LETTER FROM SRI LANKA

IN the middle of Colombo, near the Bandaranaike Memorial International Conference Hall, stands an old bo tree whose many twisting and interlocking branches designate, among other things, according to English words on wooden placards on the ground beneath it, "Sympathy," "Joy," "Equanimity," "Compassion," and "Universal Kindness"—traditional Buddhist virtues, in this predominantly Buddhist country. At the fifth Summit Conference of Non-Aligned Nations, attended by representatives of eighty-five countries and one extranational body (the Palestine Liberation Organization) in mid-August, these qualities were scarcely in evidence as, in speech after speech by some of the world's leading statesmen, and in the political and economic declarations and resolutions ultimately adopted, the "imperialist" nations, most notably the United States, South Africa, France, and Israel, were excoriated for their sins and shortcomings. The rhetoric and polemics that echoed through the Conference Hall during the four-day main event and during a week of ministerial and special committee meetings preceding and accompanying it interfered with the substantive work of the meeting, which was the largest international political gathering ever held in Asia, and did nothing to amplify the message that the non-aligned nations, which now dominate the United Nations, are trying to get across: the need for the rich, developed countries to deal realistically and forthrightly with the many economic and social problems of the poor, developing ones. According to some students of the movement, including an amiable Egyptian editor I met who identifies himself as a "Doctor of Non-Alignment" and has written a philosophical dissertation on the subject, this conference was more moderate in tone than four such gatherings earlier—in Belgrade in 1961, in Cairo in 1964, in Lusaka, Zambia, in 1970, and in Algiers in 1973. However that may be, it appears that as the non-aligned group has become larger—there were only twenty-five nations at the Belgrade meeting—it has become more motley, unwieldy, and diffuse. This, of course, is a reflection of the ever-increasing number of independent nations in the world, and of the discord and bellicosity that often mar the United Nations itself. Last month, with so many different points of view being expressed by countries whose economic situations vary greatly, and which often regard each other with suspicion, if not downright hostility, the theme of "collective self-reliance," on which the conference sought a consensus, was somewhat blunted.

The presence of so many dictatorships of the left and the right—exemplified at one end of the spectrum by the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, Kampuchea (Cambodia), the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, and Cuba, and at the other by various Arab nations—along with the Palestine Liberation Organization and numerous large and small Latin-American and African nations of various political persuasions, which can hardly identify each other on the map, made any kind of consensus all but impossible. Quite a few of the nations at the conference scarcely appear to qualify as "non-aligned" in today's political context. The early criteria for membership in the movement, which were adopted in Belgrade and were still theoretically followed, were support of national independence movements, non-participation in any military pacts or blocs, and no concession of military bases to a foreign power, but nowadays the definition of "non-alignment" is pretty fuzzy, and just about any country, big or small, that wants to call itself non-aligned can do so and thereby join the movement. There was some argument at the outset of the conference about whether Rumania (which belongs to the Warsaw Pact), Portugal (which is a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization), and the Philippines (which have American bases) could become full members, and it was resolved by their being allowed in as "guests"—a role that permitted them to sit in on discussions but not to take part procedurally. Almost as soon as this preliminary issue was settled, the voices of the extremist countries took over, and for four days of often inflammatory speechmaking they outshouted the lesser number of moderates. The moderates, however, did some solid spadework at the smaller committee meetings, and by the end, despite all the showmanship and grinding of axes, the delegates were able to produce several valid programs and proposals, especially in the economic area. They hope that these will now draw the earnest attention of the Western world, so that the differences between the rich and poor countries can begin to be resolved and the North-South dialogues—continuing economic discussions among developed nations, mostly



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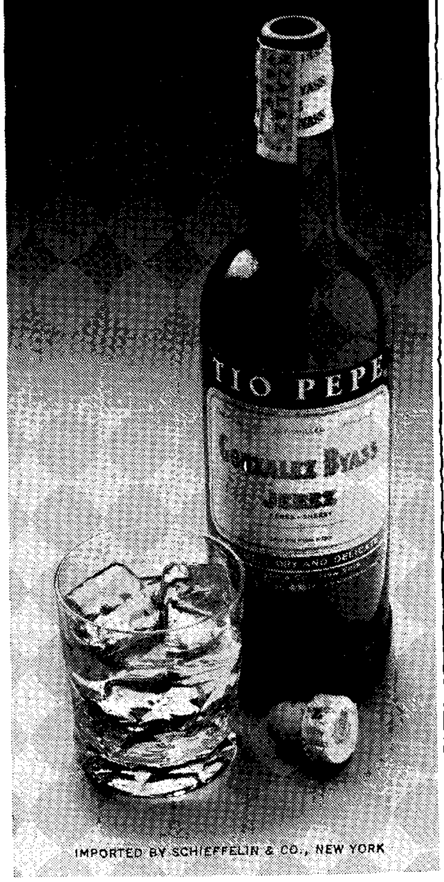

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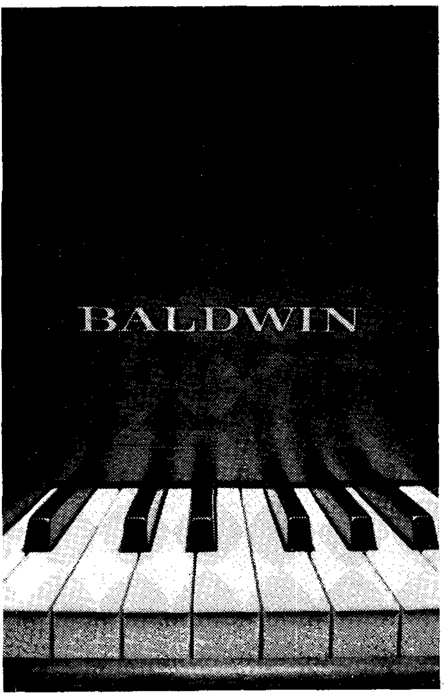
in the Northern Hemisphere, and undeveloped ones, many in the Southern Hemisphere—which have not been particularly successful heretofore, can make greater headway.

It was a colorful conference, with many of the delegates attending in their multicolored native robes, dresses, headgear, and so on. Its theme was set by the Sri Lanka Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, who, wearing attractive saris, performed her role as hostess with charm and dignity. Denying that the non-aligned movement has become a "tyranny of the majority," she said in an opening address, "If anything, it has been the most powerful weapon against other tyrannies which the world, especially the Third World, has been familiar with over the last five centuries: the tyranny of poverty, the tyranny of hunger, malnutrition, and starvation, the tyranny of disease and premature death, and the tyranny, above all, of the complete absence of the prospect of any happiness or hope." Mrs. Bandaranaike's own small country, which is a lovely one, suffers from some of these tyrannies itself, and they have been reinforced by the worldwide recession of the past three years. Sri Lanka was one of the nations hardest hit when the Arabs raised the price of oil, and there was some irony—apparently unintentional—in her remark that "our movement has lent support to, and found inspiration from, the joint action of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in demanding a more realistic price for their oil, irrespective of the sacrifices which some countries have had to make as a consequence of this support." In her speech, Mrs. Bandaranaike mentioned several areas of potential economic cooperation among the Third World countries, including agreements by the producers of other raw materials to control prices and distribution—a subject to which virtually all the subsequent speakers addressed themselves—and one of her suggestions, for the creation of a "Bank of the Third World, the Bank of Asia, Africa, and Latin America," was incorporated into the final economic resolutions.

There was some irony, too, in the fact that the greatest disruptive force at the conference was North Korea, which in 1971 was accused of backing a rebellion in Sri Lanka, furnishing weapons to a body of radical unemployed youths who called themselves the Che Guevarists. The rebellion was put down with military equipment supplied by the United States, Great Britain, and, of all countries, the Soviet



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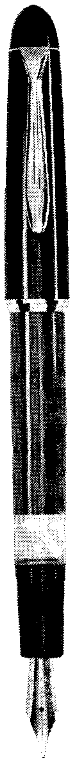

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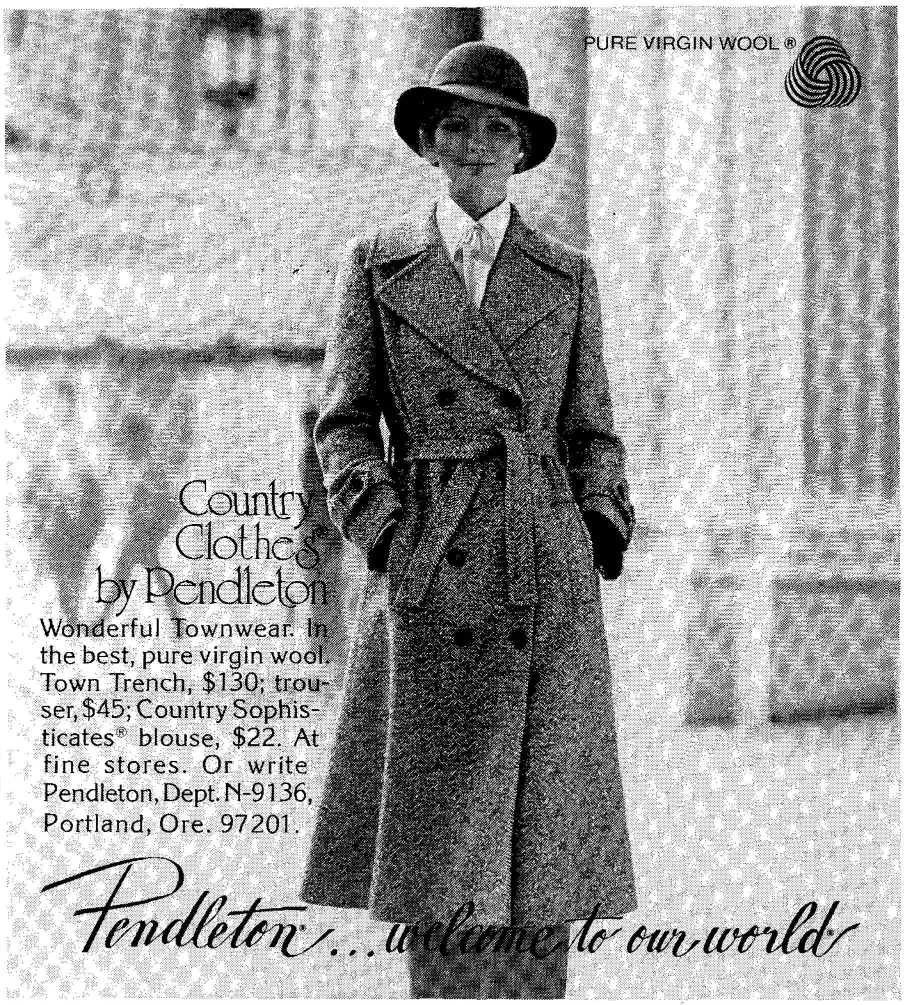
Union, but at least twelve hundred persons lost their lives. (Some estimates put the figure at twice that.) The North Koreans caused considerable chaos at the closing sessions of the conference by entering a last-minute resolution violently condemning the American role in Korea and warning that if "the imperialist maneuvers there are not foiled, war will break out in Korea which will expand to Asia and the world." At least fifteen nations—an unusually large number when it came to protesting immoderate language—took immediate issue with the strong wording of the resolution and entered reservations, but it was adopted anyway. The Pyongyang delegation, which included several rough-looking men implausibly identified as delegates or members of the press, injected the question just as the new crisis arose in Korea over the brutal killing of two American officers in the Demilitarized Zone. A group of the unprepossessing North Koreans hung around the press center almost constantly, and at one point they threatened a South Korean journalist (who may well have had some association with his own country's ubiquitous intelligence organization), telling him he would "disappear" if he showed up again at the press center. He did show up, and lodged a formal complaint.

Neither these few incidents nor the presence of a number of other firebrands, such as Libya's leader, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi (he brought along about eighty security guards, who surrounded him in a phalanx wherever he went), caused any major disruptions, such as had been feared might take place, and the proceedings in general went off smoothly. This was due chiefly to extremely tight security measures taken by the Sri Lankans. Half the nation's sixteen thousand police were assigned to guard the Conference Hall and the best hotels, where the delegates were staying—and to which the correspondents, relegated to second-class lodgings, had no access; however, the delegates were available for brief interviews at the Conference Hall or, by appointment, elsewhere. Among the delegates were Prime Minister Pham Van Dong of Vietnam, President Tito of Yugoslavia, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi of India, and President Anwar Sadat of Egypt. Things might have been touchier if four other controversial figures who were expected to attend—President Kim Il Sung of North Korea, President Idi Amin of Uganda, Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba, and Yasir Arafat, leader of the Palestine



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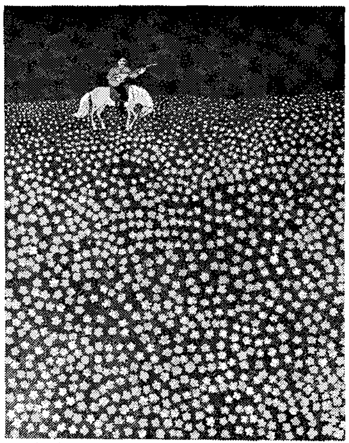

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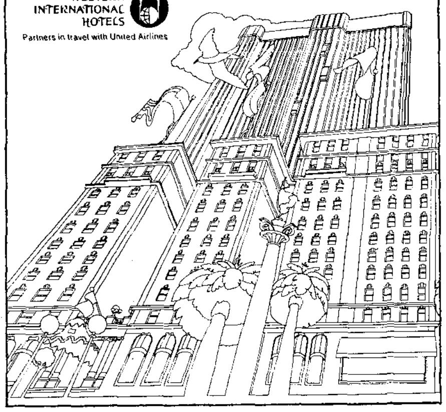

Liberation Organization—had shown up, but they all changed their plans at the last moment. Even before the incident at the D.M.Z., Kim was reported to be having trouble at home, with food riots and a political crisis that arose when he designated his son as his heir; Amin's apprehensions about leaving Uganda were probably heightened by his recollection that he had overthrown his predecessor, Milton Obote, while the latter was away at a conference; Arafat was busy with the Lebanese conflict; and Castro said he was preoccupied with elections and new economic plans, but I was told that he actually chose to stay away because he wasn't satisfied with security provisions here and because, having been selected as host of the next conference, three years from now, he didn't want to inject himself into any radical-moderate confrontation this time, preferring to hold his fire for what will presumably be a more radical meeting in Havana. A ministerial economic session to be held in Pyongyang prior to that conference also promises to be less than moderate. Ho Dam, the North Korean Foreign Minister, held a small audience with a few correspondents on the ship that the North Koreans arrived on, which had a total of a hundred and twenty people aboard—mostly security men—and powerful radio equipment, capable of monitoring all incoming and outgoing messages. (The Sri Lankans requested that they shut it down.) He said, smiling, that "circumstances" had kept Kim away. Another absentee was Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, a leading moderate, who sent a message in which he wryly noted that "the question I asked myself, as I read through the draft resolutions submitted to this conference, was: Who am I uniting with and for what objectives and purposes, and against whom?" Lee went on to praise many of the objectives of the summit meeting, including the final eradication of colonialism and racialism (a heading under which almost all the delegates bracketed "apartheid" and "Zionism"), but he denied that the whole issue of the meeting was "the poor versus the rich," and pointed out that even Rumania could not be considered poor, let alone the omnipresent, flashy oil-producing Arabs.

The speeches of the chief delegates, which dominated the summit conference, totalled more than half a million words. The members of the delegations and their entourages—about three thousand people, all told—and some six hundred correspondents were able to listen to them in simultaneous trans-

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ations in the conference's official languages—French, Spanish, English, and Arabic—at the Conference Hall or at he press center, where a closed television circuit had been installed by the Yugoslavs. Sri Lanka is too poor a naion to afford commercial or stateponsored television, but the public did ollow events by radio and in the newspapers, and large crowds gathered in he streets each day to watch the procession of delegates' cars to and from he Conference Hall—an elaborate edifice, which the Chinese built for the Sri Lankans at a cost of nearly five million dollars. Between conference meetings, the delegates, many of whom brought their families, visited the excellent local zoo (where the performing elephants worked overtime) and went shopping—principally buying locally made batik products and gems, for which Sri Lanka is famous—and they all took advantage of the fact that visitors to the country are able to exchange foreign currency at a sixty-five-per-cent premium over the normal rate of exchange, which is about eight rupees to the dollar. Even with the financial assistance of several other nations, the conference is estimated to have cost Sri Lanka from thirty to forty million dollars, which the country can ill afford, but the government derived satisfaction and prestige from it, and Mrs. Bandaranaike, who is pledged to hold national elections, which most observers expect her to lose, by next May, may move to call them sooner, before the lustre of the conference has faded. The lustre, however, was not altogether untarnished. Thousands of beggars and squatter fishermen had been moved to detention camps, at a cost of nearly three hundred thousand dollars, but there were still plenty of beggars about; the delegates, who were whisked around in sedans with police protection, didn't see as many of them as the correspondents, billeted in smaller, unpoliced hotels, did.

THE history of the summit conferences, which have become more glittering and plush affairs as they have progressed, can be traced back to modest meetings of a few Asian nations in New Delhi in 1947 and in Colombo in 1954, as well as to a more elaborate powwow in Bandung, Indonesia, in 1955, where a common approach to the problems of Asian and African nations was sought. The 1961 Belgrade gathering was aimed more specifically at counteracting the mounting Cold War tensions between the Soviet Union and the United

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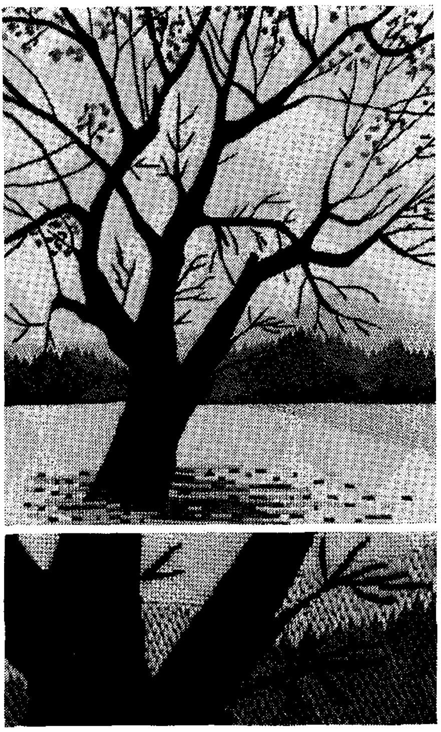

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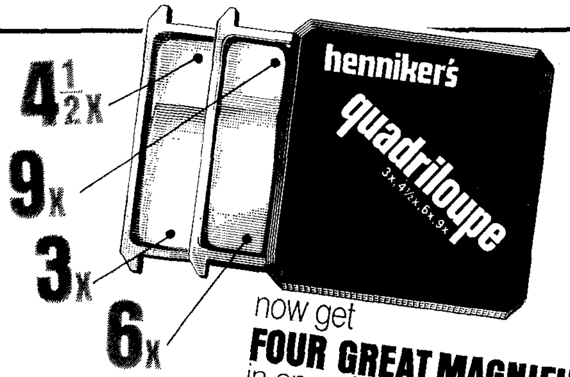

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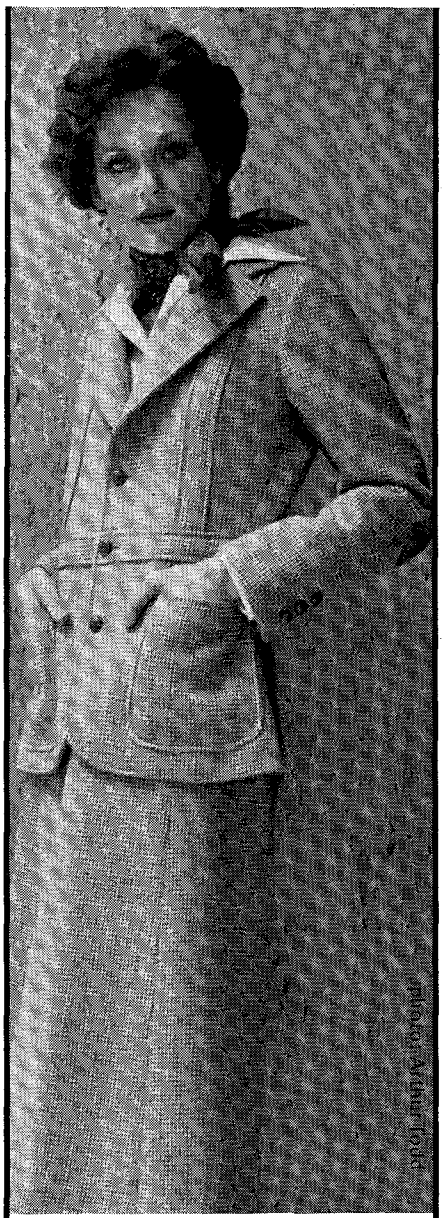
States. The initiators of that conference were Tito, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, President Sukarno of Indonesia, President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India. Of the five, only Tito—who obviously enjoyed his role here as the grand old man of the movement—is still alive. The three major issues that prompted the Belgrade meeting were the current Berlin crisis, the liberation struggle in Algeria, and the explosive situation in the Belgian Congo. The conferees offered to mediate on Berlin—an offer that was not taken up. Their final communiqué called for coexistence and for mutual support in the fight against colonialism and racism, affirmed the right of self-determination for all countries, asked the United Nations to call a disarmament conference, and urged greater economic and commercial coöperation among all nations. It concluded with a direct appeal to President John Kennedy and Premier Nikita Khrushchev to meet, in order to "prevent a catastrophe."

By 1964, when delegations from forty-seven non-aligned nations assembled in Cairo, international tension had diminished, and the major issue was opposition to "colonialism, neo-colonialism, and imperialism." Portugal, South Africa, and Rhodesia were condemned most strongly. In Lusaka, where the membership jumped to fifty-three countries, economic themes were emphasized for the first time, and a special declaration asked for coöperation among the Third World countries on trade and monetary questions, food and agricultural problems, sovereignty over natural resources, and exchange of technology, among other matters. These economic aspects of non-alignment advanced further at the Algiers summit conference, which was attended by seventy-five nations, but the political tone became more strident, and colonialism was declared to be "still rampant in various forms, all rooted in political subjection and economic exploitation."

THERE are ample statistics to support the complaints of the poor countries and to substantiate the call of the Third World nations for a New Economic Order, which was the principal theme of the Colombo conference. In her speech, Mrs. Bandaranaike stated that more than a hundred developing nations, with half the world's population, accounted for only fourteen per cent of the gross global product, while about twenty-five developed nations, with only eighteen per cent of the population, accounted for sixty-six per cent, and that in 1980 the per-capita annual income of the poorest billion of the world's population would have risen only three dollars in a decade, to a hundred and eight dollars, while that of the developed world would have increased nine hundred dollars, to four thousand dollars.

Experts at the United Nations and in various research organizations can argue about these figures and come up with any number of variations on them, but there is no doubt that great imbalances exist, and that the condition of the poor nations (which, depending on just how poor they are, some economists classify as members of a third, a fourth, and even a fifth world) is not improving—that, if anything, the disparities between rich and poor have increased. The key question remains: Do the poorer, developing nations have the necessary bargaining power to change the situation? The optimists in Colombo maintained that they do—that the so-called "trade union of poor nations" is becoming more powerful, and it would be a mistake to assess "the current poverty of a majority of mankind" as "permanent impotence." The skeptics are not so sure that the solidarity of the non-aligned movement is sufficient to bring about significant changes, particularly since there is a diversity of political and economic objectives. They point out, for example, that oil was a raw material on which the Arabs were able to agree when they imposed their embargo, whereas other raw materials are held in unequal amounts by many developing nations and do not lend themselves to such decisive and centralized control; and they also point out that it is by no means certain that "the new oil-rich nations" will align themselves with the poor countries rather than join "the old rich nations."

There was general agreement at the Colombo sessions that political bargaining power remains as important as economic bargaining power, and that, in fact, the two cannot be separated. And despite the slow progress made at most international gatherings, such as the recent fourth United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, in Nairobi, and the North-South talks, in Paris, the dual political-economic



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strategy is certain to be followed by the non-aligned nations during the debate in the United Nations General Assembly later this month. The United States was widely attacked in Colombo (where the critics of "the major powers" never mentioned the Soviet Union by name), yet many of the delegates were deeply interested in the American elections, and I was repeatedly asked about Jimmy Carter and what sort of policy he would adopt toward the Third World. (In recent interviews, including one with C. L. Sulzberger, of the *Times*, he has said he would give it a great deal more attention than it has been given in the past.) Since the United States has donated vast amounts of money for social and economic aid to many Third World nations, and still gives more than the Soviet Union, this interest in the elections was hardly surprising.

WITH the growing clout that the Third World countries have at the United Nations, and their ability to both promote and dominate a number of other forums, the importance of taking their pronouncements seriously is no longer in question. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, in his declining days in office, has been doing so, though not nearly to the satisfaction of the delegates who gathered here. The Americans, who watched the Colombo proceedings very closely through our Embassy here (and a representative from the American delegation to the United Nations was also on hand), were not happy about some of the political resolutions that were adopted, most notably the Korean one, or about some of the statements in the main political declaration, which took swipes at us over the Puerto Rican, Panamanian, and Cuban questions, though references to these were toned down considerably between the first and final drafts. Nor were Americans pleased with the almost unanimous disparagement of Israel—"Zionism" seemed almost an obsession with the delegates, and the speeches of virtually all of them called for the condemnation of Israel, demanded Israel's withdrawal to the 1967 boundary lines, and urged recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization and restoration of land to the Palestinians. One paragraph in the political declaration said, "The racist regimes in Israel, South Africa, and Rhodesia established by alien colonial settlers combine the ugly features of colonialism and racism, as they all practice racism and subject the indigenous population to every force of dis-

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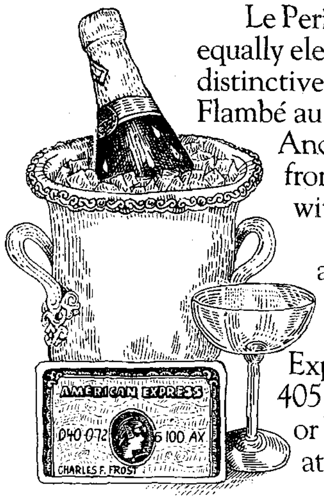

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crimination, oppression, occupation, and alien domination," and another section referred to "the possibility of eventually depriving [Israel] of its membership in the United Nations and specialized agencies." Israel's "flagrant violation of Uganda's sovereignty and territorial integrity" and its "wanton destruction of life and property" during the Entebbe Airport raid were also condemned. There was no condemnation of any Arab position anywhere in any way.

Reading through the political declaration, which ran to fifty-seven pages, one was struck by the amount of moralistic self-congratulation over the success of past liberation movements and confident prediction of future victories. "The increasing adherence to the Non-Aligned Movement is due undoubtedly to a growing appreciation of its efficacy," the declaration said, and it went on, "The participation of non-aligned countries has become a determining element in the solution of most international problems." The Asian liberation struggles in Indo-China having reached their culmination, the declaration and all the delegates in their speeches mentioned the "magnificent victories" of the Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Lao, but conflicting resolutions offered by the Lao and the Malaysians on the question whether the rest of Southeast Asia should be declared a neutral zone were set aside, because no agreement could be reached over a vague Laotian reference to "balance of forces" in the area. Otherwise, the political declaration concentrated much of its attention on Africa—described as "a continent which has suffered the worst ravages of slavery and colonialism." A key paragraph read:

> The emancipation of Africa, the ending of racial discrimination against people of African origin all over the world, the protection of Africa from the rivalries of the external powers, the denuclearization of Africa should not be merely regional or continental concerns but the priorities of the Non-Aligned Movement and of the United Nations.

France and Israel were specifically condemned for selling submarines and missile-equipped corvettes, respectively, to South Africa, and military and commercial sanctions against South Africa were called for in a special resolution. The political declaration expressed support and encouragement of the independence movements of Namibia (South-West Africa), Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), and Azania (South Africa); it harshly condemned South Africa's creation of alleged independent tribal states called Bantustans. Compensation for damages caused by the

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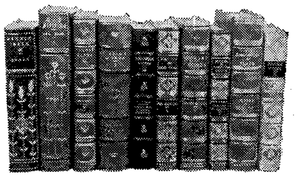

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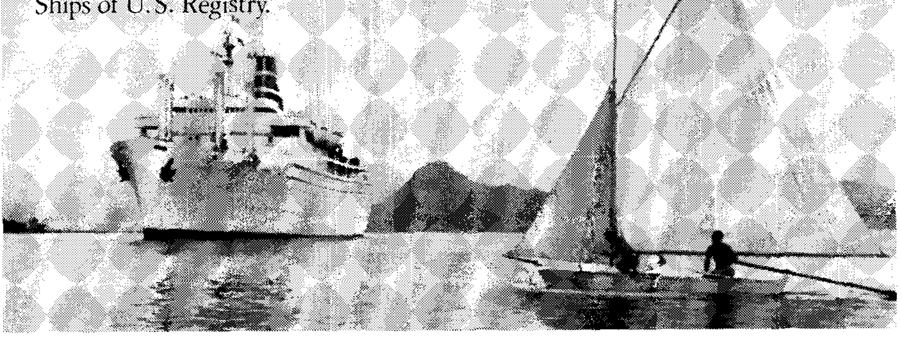
South Africans in Angola, one of the new heroic participants in the conference, was demanded. Rhodesia's actions against Mozambique were also condemned in the declaration, but the issue of control over the formerly Spanish Western Sahara territory was not dealt with, because differences among the Algerian, Mauritanian, and Moroccan delegations led to postponement of action on that. The declaration called for the independence, territorial integrity, and non-alignment of Cyprus, and for the immediate withdrawal of all foreign forces from that island. It demanded that the United States "heal the wounds of war" in Vietnam and Laos, and denounced "continuing acts of sabotage perpetrated by aggressive imperialism" in Laos. "The elimination from the Indian Ocean of foreign bases, military installations, and logistical supply facilities" was called for, along with the establishment of "a zone of peace" in that area, but although special mention was made of the new American base on the island of Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean, nothing was said about the Russian base not too far away in Somalia. The declaration strongly condemned "techniques of destabilization" in Latin America; it singled out American actions in Panama, and supported Panamanian control over the Canal Zone. As for Chile, which is a member of the non-aligned movement, the conference offered "homage" to Chile's late President Salvador Allende, but its present government was not invited to the conference, whose participants decided "to keep the situation under its permanent observation and to promote solidarity with the Chilean people." A fresh call for a world disarmament conference, under the auspices of the United Nations, was issued, and the United Nations was praised for its work generally in a special section of the declaration, though at the conference a separate resolution was passed calling for abrogation of the big-power veto power in the Security Council.

ECONOMICS were dealt with in a fourteen-page declaration and in a separate twenty-page "Action Program for Economic Coöperation," which together served as a blueprint for the New Economic Order. In the more important "Action Program," emphasis was placed on the organizing of producer associations concerned with "primary export products" in order to "secure just and remunerable prices;" on obtaining further support for the cooperative financing of stockpiles of raw



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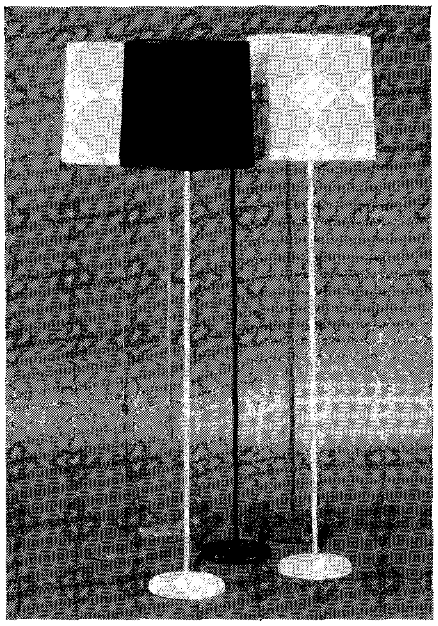

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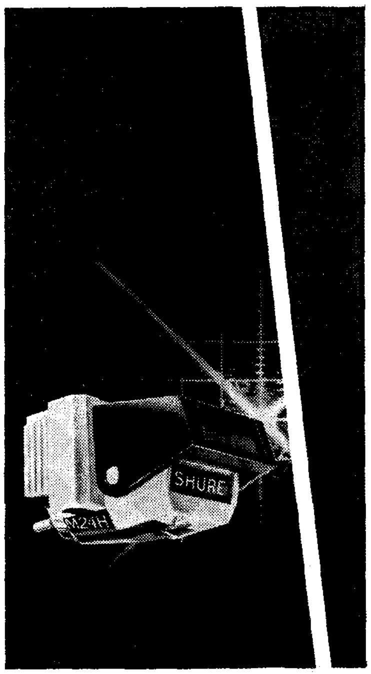

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materials, such as rubber and tin; and on working out common strategies within the so-called Group of 77—which now actually includes well over a hundred developing nations and seeks to formulate "an integrated program for commodities" governing transactions with both developed and developing nations. Other common objectives set forth were a policy of joint procurement of imports, a global system of trade preferences, and common marketing schemes. Various financial and monetary measures and reforms were proposed, including the establishment not only of a Bank of the Developing Countries but of "a countervailing currency backed by the economic potential of the non-aligned and other developing countries." On the subject of industrialization, the declaration called for the developing countries, which have widely condemned multinational corporations, to establish some of their own in the field of natural resources, in order to develop technology, to provide capital for the mass production of goods, and to meet "other basic needs." Production-sharing agreements—something else the non-aligned nations have condemned—were also proposed. Other sections of the "Action Program" dealt with coöperative efforts among the developing countries in the fields of food and agriculture, transport, telecommunications, health, insurance, exchange of information, sports, the role of women, and matters relating to education and manpower, including the "brain drain" that affects many developing nations, Sri Lanka itself being an outstanding example. The "Action Program" concluded with a series of demands made to the developed countries—that they should "implement fully their international commitment to transfer seven-tenths of one per cent of their annual gross national product for official assistance to developing countries," eliminate trade barriers, convert existing loans into grants or reschedule them, cancel the debts of the poorest countries, and compensate the developing nations for the exploitation and depletion of the resources of all those nations which have "been subjected to foreign aggression and occupation, alien and colonial domination, racial discrimination and apartheid." The threat was made that if the developed countries failed "to reach a satisfactory conclusion on these subjects"—especially the monetary ones—"the non-aligned countries will convene a conference with other interested developing countries in the first half of 1977 to decide

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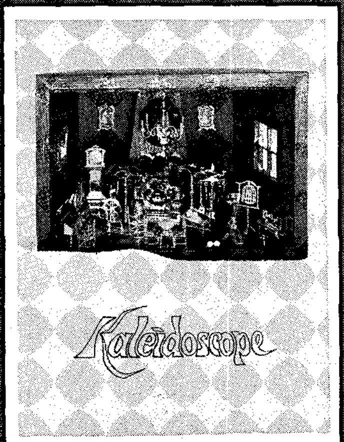

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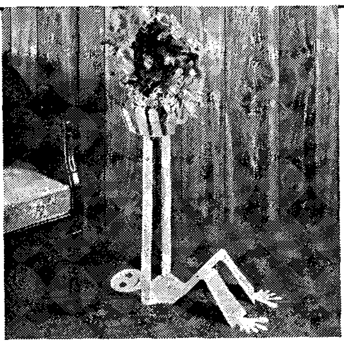

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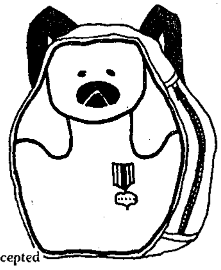

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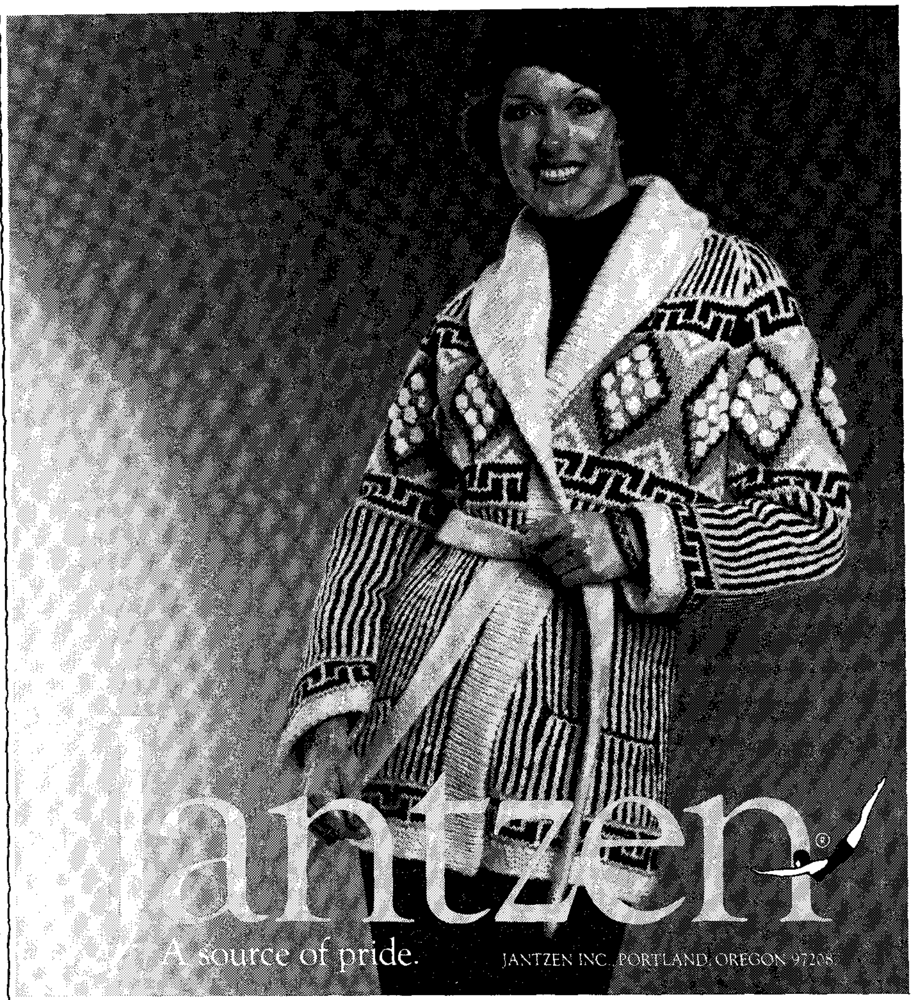
on appropriate and united action."

The broad shopping list contained in the "Action Program," which was supplemented by twelve special resolutions making some of the demands more explicit and more stringent, constituted the most ambitious and inclusive program ever set forth by the non-aligned movement. It contained a detailed brief of the indictment against the developed nations, which was summarized in the more ideological economic declaration. This document accused them of "a lack of political will" and of "compounding the economic crisis" by continuing the "wasteful arms race, particularly in the fields of nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction." In 1975, the declaration said, the flow of financial resources to the developing countries was only about twenty billion dollars, in contrast with arms expenditures of three hundred billion. Moreover, it charged, the balance-of-payments deficits of the developing countries had risen more than threefold in the past two years, to more than forty billion dollars, and, the way things were going, were likely to triple again by 1980, while the countries' external indebtedness, which was more than a hundred billion dollars in 1973, would double by the end of 1976. If the money spent on arms was diverted to helping the developing nations, the declaration said, many of their problems would be solved, but, in the face of the stubborn attitude of the developed nations, "nothing short of a complete restructuring of international economic relations through the establishment of the New International Economic Order will place developing countries in a position to achieve an acceptable level of development." The declaration continued, "It is important that the developing countries should use their sovereignty and their independence at the political level as a lever for the attainment of their sovereignty and independence at the economic level." This they will seek to do through their "solidarity" and their "collective self-reliance and bargaining strength."

IN their speeches, the Presidents, Prime Ministers, and royal leaders stressed economic aspects of non-alignment in varying degrees, but for the most part they engaged in political rhetoric, with special concentration on their own problems and grievances. Sadat, who stayed only a little more than two days at the conference, made it clear that the Middle Eastern situation was still a long way from being solved, and offered the usual criticism of the Israeli



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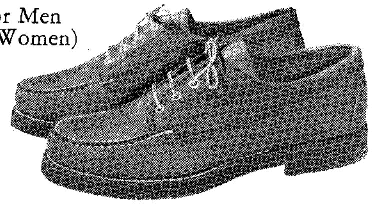

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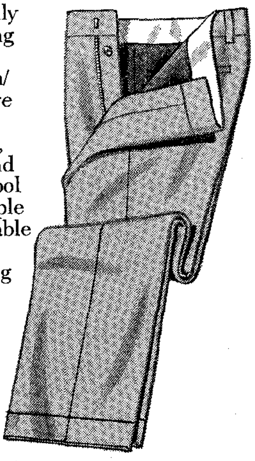

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position, especially in regard to the future of the Palestinians. President Hafez al-Assad of Syria sharply attacked the "settler colonialism" of Israel, and warned that Israeli "intransigence" would "sooner or later inevitably lead to a new explosion in the region." He also strongly defended Syria's efforts to bring peace in Lebanon. Qaddafi made a fiery extemporaneous address, in which he attacked the American position throughout the Middle East and Angola, and made a reference to "Trojan horses" in the ranks of the non-aligned nations—an obvious attack on Sadat. (At a subsequent press conference, I asked Qaddafi what he thought of Sadat's calling him a "madman," and he replied, "The President of Egypt is not a qualified physician." He also defended his backing of aerial hijackers.) Houari Boumédienne, President of Algeria and the host of the previous conference, offered a long overview of the movement, which he said had by now acquired "a distinctly operational character," spoke of the need for a Mediterranean "zone of peace," defended his position on the Sahara question, and said that a solution there could come only through "the freely expressed will of the Saharan people." He charged, "Just as the policy of Vietnamization was employed to use Vietnamese to fight Vietnamese, so today there is a determined effort to set Arabs against other Arabs, Africans against other Africans, in a context of conflict so as to disperse and weaken the current wave of liberation." In much the same vein, President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia called for the non-aligned nations to give immediate assistance "in arms, ammunition, transport, food, and medical facilities, and, indeed, personnel" to the African liberation movements. Dr. Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, Cuba's Deputy Prime Minister, said that Cuban troops, though they had begun a withdrawal from Angola, would stay there as long as the Angolans "deemed it necessary." Tito made a fatherly speech placing nonalignment in historical perspective and then took an indirect swipe at the Russians by referring to "certain forces" that "have been trying to fan differences and disputes with the aim of paralyzing the action of non-aligned countries at such an important juncture of our movement." Pham Van Dong, who was one of the new luminaries at the conference, made a relatively moderate speech. It included the standard references to "neo-colonialism" as more dangerous than "colonialism," but in brief private talks with several cor-

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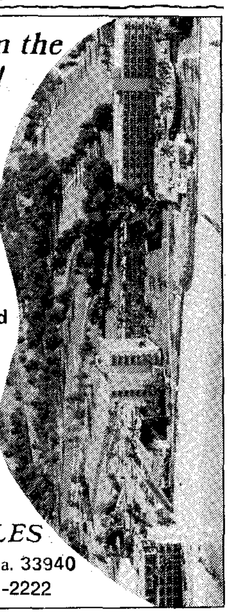

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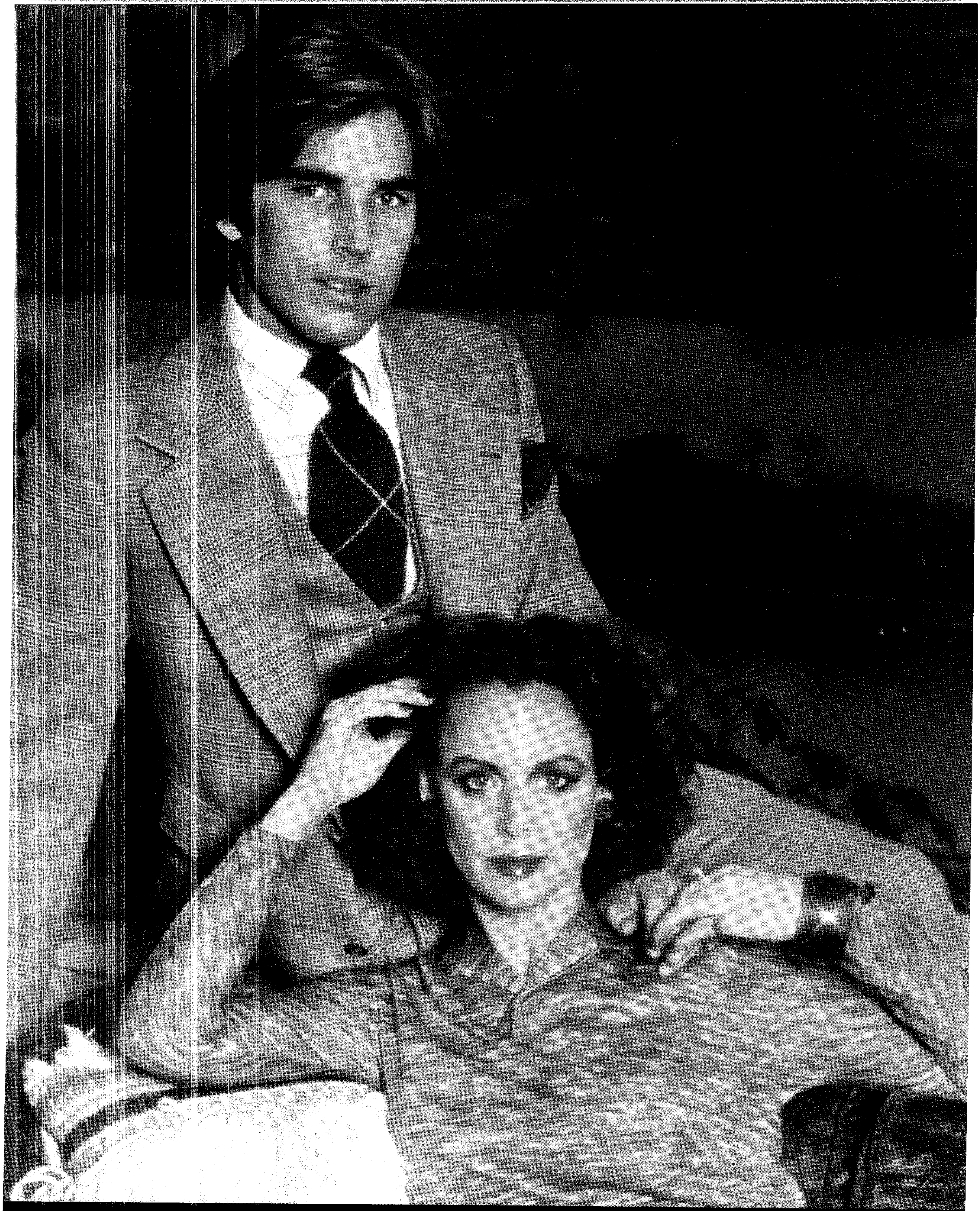

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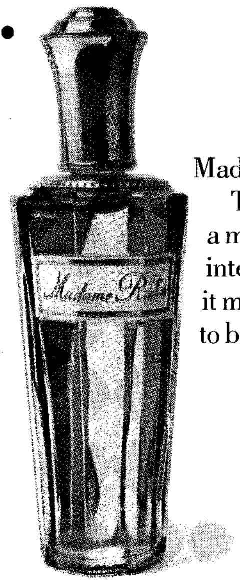

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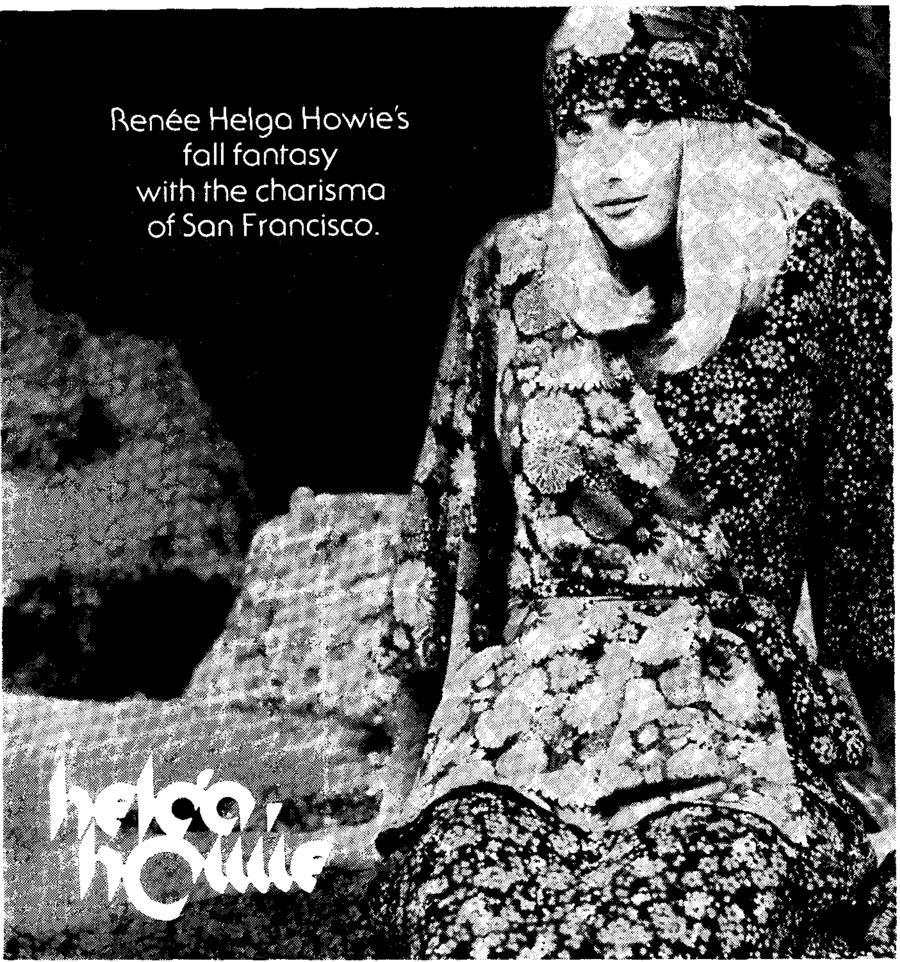
respondents he emphasized the new policy of flexibility that North Vietnam is adopting toward the idea of reaching an agreement with the Americans. President Souphanouvong of Laos criticized the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) for not really being "a zone of peace, independence, and neutrality," while Prime Minister Hussein Onn of Malaysia defended it, and warned against "wittingly or unwittingly being dragged or trapped into supporting dissident or insurgent groups calling or identifying themselves as national liberation movements . . . fighting against lawfully established governments"—by which he meant Chinese and possible future Vietnamese support of the insurgents in Malaysia. Foreign Minister Adam Malik of Indonesia, in one of the most thoughtful speeches, urged the non-aligned nations to think in regional terms as well as globally but warned that the experience of ASEAN (a group comprising Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, and the Philippines) had shown that it was unwise "to entertain the illusion that effective and all-embracing economic coöperation among developing countries is within easy and immediate grasp."

The speeches, taken together, demonstrated that despite all the efforts to cement the non-aligned movement into a unified entity, it still has many fissures in it. Kurt Waldheim, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, in a polite and supportive summation of the movement's achievements, spoke of the "mutually reinforcing effort" of the United Nations and the non-aligned group, and described its five summit conferences as "landmarks in support of the efforts of the United Nations toward the universal application of the principle of decolonization." It was interesting to note that although détente among the superpowers was alluded to with faint praise and some skepticism by a number of speakers, virtually no direct mention of the two Communist powers, China and the Soviet Union, was made. Premier Hua Kuo-feng of China sent a brief congratulatory message to the conference, and the Chinese press hailed the meeting as a great success and emphasized China's support of Third World nations. It also took the occasion to attack the Soviet Union, which, Peking said, was made "to feel like sitting on thorns" because of its destructive superpower role. The Russians, in their subsequent propaganda, struck back at Peking and, while formally commending the results of the conference, showed plainly that they did not at all



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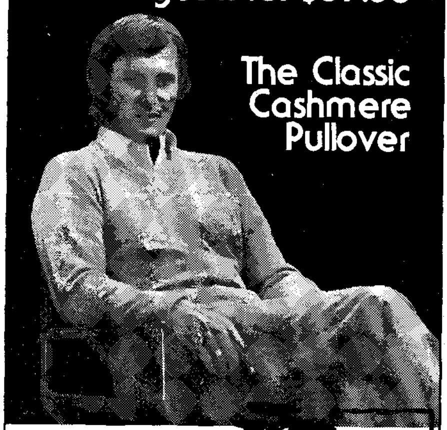

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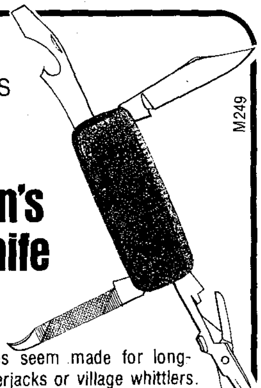

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care for the way some speakers disparagingly lumped them with the Americans as superpowers, especially on issues like the proposed Indian Ocean zone of neutrality. A *Pravda* editorial commented that this was "an attempt to resort again to the unwarranted device of placing Socialism and imperialism on a par."

It seems clear that none of the three major powers have so far really figured out a way to deal with the movement. It also seems clear that the movement itself, despite its deliberations and determinations in Colombo, will continue to be subject to political differences such as are bound to be exacerbated by the Sino-Soviet quarrel. Its Coördinating Bureau, a continuing interim body charged with keeping track of the various matters that concern the nonaligned group, was enlarged in Colombo from seventeen members to twenty-five—Vietnam beat out North Korea for one of the new seats, and Mozambique and Angola were among the others added—and was given wider powers to call meetings on critical issues between now and the next summit meeting. Most observers regarded the enhancement of the bureau's authority as a victory for the left, in view of the political coloration of the new members and also of the fact that Algeria and Cuba, which were already members, dominate many of its subcommittees.

ONE of the vulnerable points of the non-aligned movement is the uncertain political existence of many of its leaders. Coups and revolutions have in the past removed a number of them and led to their nations' changing course to become, as somebody here put it, "unaligned non-aligned." In her brief closing address, Mrs. Bandaranaike praised the work of the conference, saying it had demonstrated that "reconciliation is more constructive than recrimination, partnership more productive than partisanship, concord a better alternative to discord." She was given a mandate to represent the movement at this month's General Assembly meeting of the United Nations in New York, and will undoubtedly do so, but whether she will be around to lead the Sri Lanka delegation and make the keynote address at the meeting in Havana three years from now is somewhat doubtful. Unless she follows the autocratic course of Mrs. Indira Gandhi—and this is considered unlikely—she will carry out her pledge to hold elections next spring, or sooner, and the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, which she heads, will almost certainly lose to the

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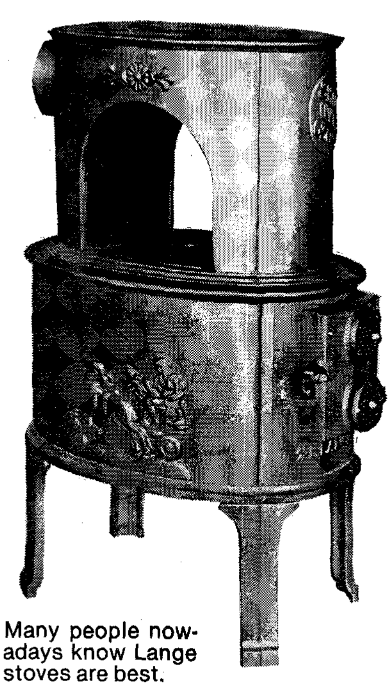

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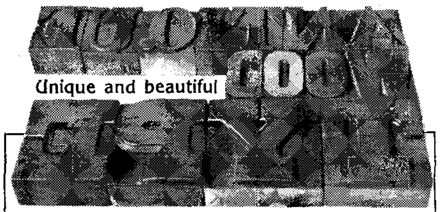

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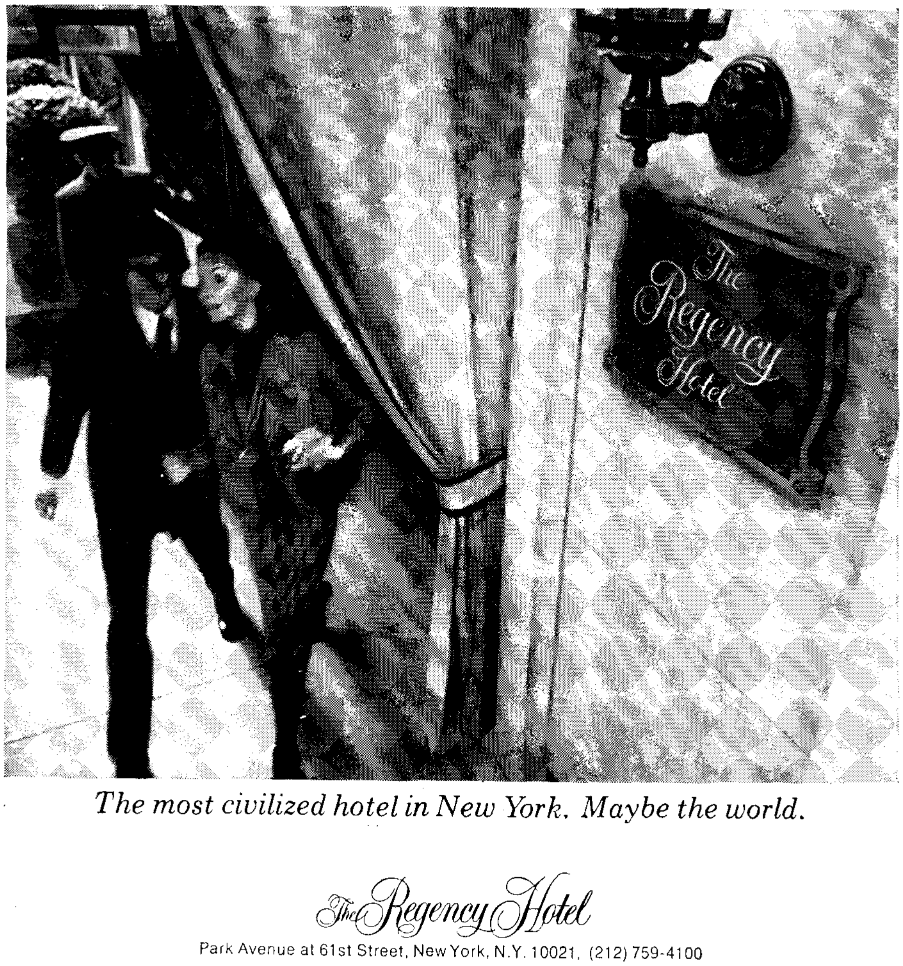
United National Party, headed by seventy-year-old J. R. Jayawardene. Although emergency regulations imposed during the 1971 rebellion are still in effect, Sri Lanka, which has one of the longest colonial histories in Asia (four hundred and twenty years, under the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the British), has remained a parliamentary democracy since 1948, when it was granted independence by Great Britain, and in the past three decades there have been seven changes of government. Under the provisions of the constitution, adopted in 1972, which changed the name of the country from Ceylon to Sri Lanka (the "Sri" is an honorary prefix, and "Lanka" is a Pali word derived from the Sinhalese word "*laka*," which means "island"), elections are to be held every five years.

The country today faces a host of problems. At least a quarter of the labor force is unemployed, and a much larger percentage is underemployed; the average wage earner, when he can find work, makes only about twenty dollars a month. There is some malnutrition, and if it were not for the fact that all non-taxpayers—meaning those with cash incomes of less than eleven hundred dollars a year, or about ninety per cent of the population of more than thirteen million—receive a pound of rice free each week and another pound at about a third of the market price, there would be far more. A severe drought hit the rice crop this year, and more than a third of the rice required had to be imported—most of it from China, in exchange for rubber. A huge irrigation scheme whereby the resources of the Mahaweli River, in the central part of the island, would replenish buried and dried-up "tanks," which are really small man-made lakes built a thousand years ago, is getting under way, with foreign aid, but it will take years to complete. The country meanwhile remains almost totally dependent on two major exports, tea and rubber, whose prices fluctuate incessantly. The government has borrowed heavily to try to create three hundred thousand new jobs before the election, and has increased the money supply by twenty per cent since the start of the year, thereby risking serious inflation, but these palliatives, coming so late, probably won't help it politically. The Sri Lanka Freedom Party, which calls itself Socialist or Social Democratic, has maintained an alliance with the Communist Party after throwing out the other members of the coalition, the Trotskyites, last September, but it is riddled with inter-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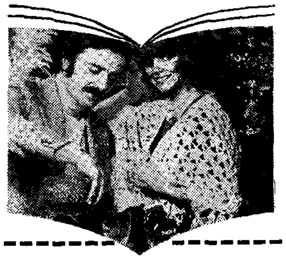

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nal jealousies and dissension—despite the fact that a good number of influential jobs are held by relatives of Mrs. Bandaranaike (brothers, a son, daughters, nephews, cousins, and in-laws). In 1975, the British-owned tea plantations were nationalized, and two years earlier Lake House, the chief newspaper and magazine publishing enterprise, was broken up by the government—two moves that have by now been followed by the government's reversing course to encourage foreign investment, particularly that of banks engaged in development-support projects, but so far this has not alleviated the general atmosphere of economic stagnation. "The government has no clear-cut policy," I was told by Ranasinghe Premadasa, the United National Party whip, and many independent observers agree. Having won all but two of a dozen by-elections in the past five years, the U.N.P., which favors decentralization while retaining a presidential system—the incumbent President William Gopallawa (who is the father-in-law of Mrs. Bandaranaike's brother) is a figurehead—is confident of victory.

Whether this would solve the island's special ethnic and religious problems is debatable. The population consists of three disparate groups. There are more than nine million Buddhist Sinhalese, more than two and a half million Hindu Tamils, and eight hundred and fifty thousand Muslims (called Moors here), and the Tamils are demanding a separate state. The Tamils, I was told by one of their leaders, are "in no mood to compromise, because it's too late in the day to talk of moderation." In 1972, their minimal demand was for Tamil—a tongue allied to the Dravidian family spoken in southern India—to be declared an official language, but this was rejected in the new constitution, and since then, largely as a result of restrictions imposed on them under the emergency regulations, they have grown more rebellious. During the period of the conference, there were several violent incidents in and around Jaffna, their principal city, in the north. The Tamils are strung out in a belt that runs from the northwest down along the coast to the southeast, and they want this area to be declared a separate state, called Eelam—the old Tamil name for the nation, much of which they ruled eight hundred years ago, before giving way to the Sinhalese. They claim that their sovereignty was taken away from them when the Portuguese captured Jaffna in 1619 and was not

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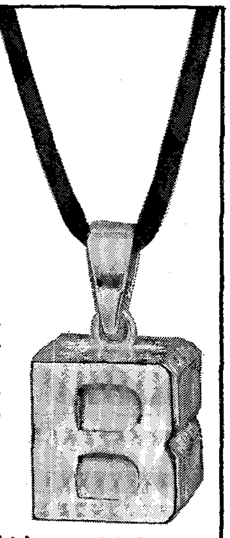

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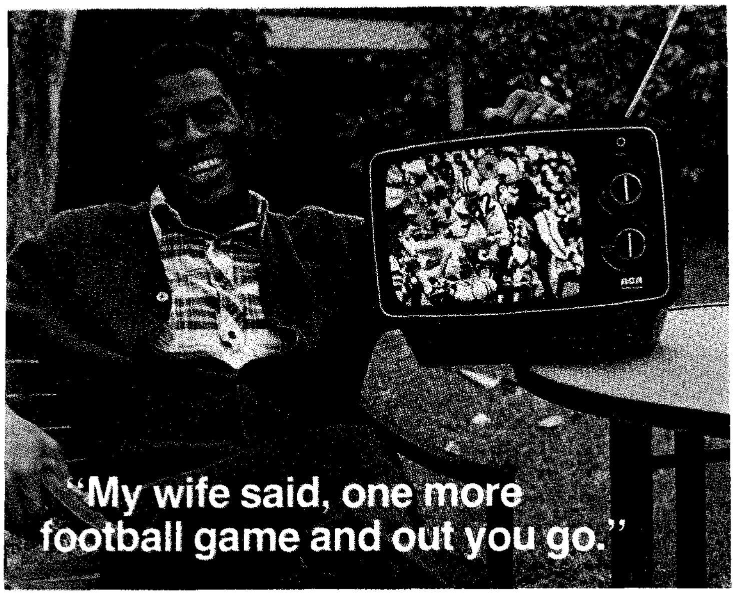
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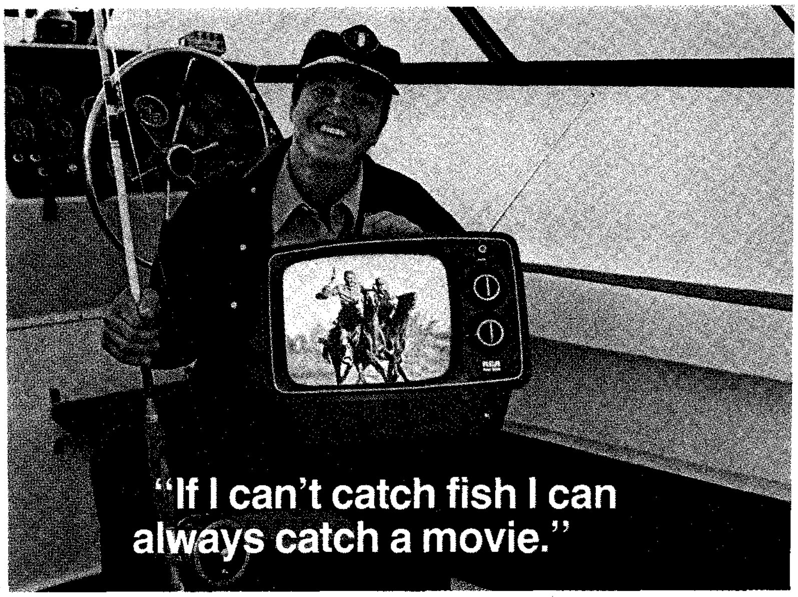
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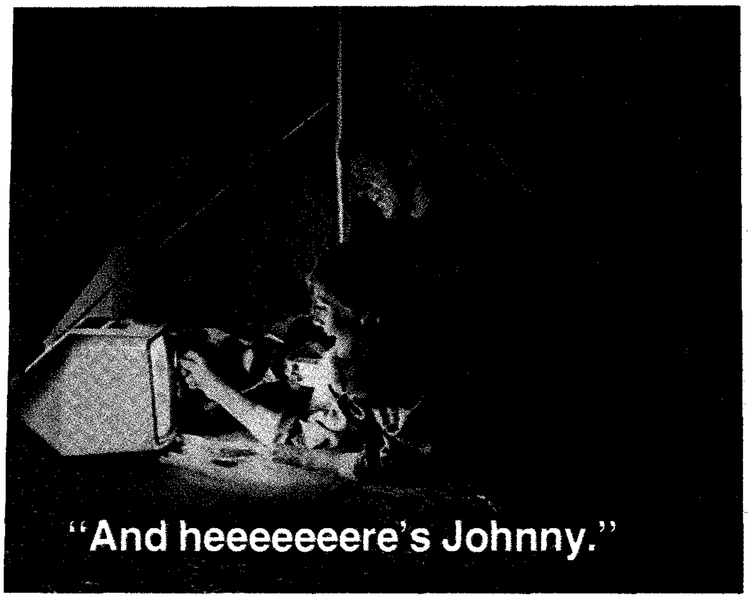
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legitimately restored when the British granted independence thirty years ago. There are three Tamil parties—the Tamil Congress and the Ceylon Workers' Congress, both moderate, and the Federal Party, which is activist—but the spearhead of the growing violence is the Tamil youth. Moreover, the nation's Sinhalese youth have remained disaffected since the 1971 rebellion, and, with jobs still very scarce, may erupt again, with the possibility that this time it will be the Chinese who assist a rebel movement. "All the issues of 1971 are still here, and worse," one Western diplomat says.

Beautiful and calm on the surface, Sri Lanka seems destined to face severe challenges in the months and years ahead. Mrs. Bandaranaike, who is personally popular, holds three Cabinet posts, including the combined one of Foreign and Defense Minister, and has spent much of her time on foreign matters, including the non-aligned movement, leaving internal affairs to the able but not especially popular Finance Minister, Felix Bandaranaike (a second cousin of her late husband), and to Agriculture Minister Hector Kobbekaduwa, who is the uncle of two sisters married to two of Mrs. Bandaranaike's brothers (also in the government). On the eve of the conference, I watched a Tamil ceremony outside my hotel which featured the crushing of thousands of coconut shells on the street as a procession moved slowly along in front of a brightly lit altar. The coconut crushing, I was told, symbolized the opening of Tamil hearts to their Hindu gods. Whether the Hindus and the Buddhists will be able to open their hearts to each other, and to maintain the relative harmony they have established over the years, is a big question, and Sri Lanka may soon find itself internally non-aligned.

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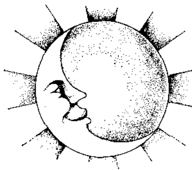

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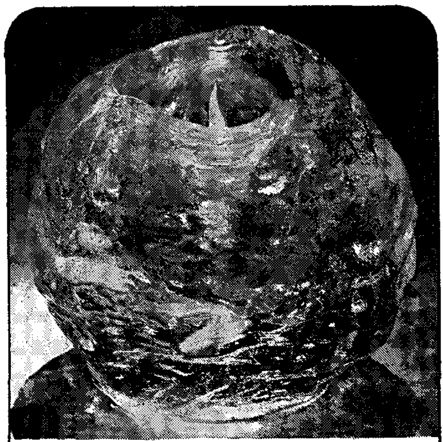

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THE RACE TRACK

Back to Belmont

WELL, racing's back on Long Island again till it's time to return to Saratoga next August. On opening day, a crowd of more than twenty-four thousand, including the boys who got in on a badge, came out to Belmont Park, which looked lovelier than ever to the travellers from the Spa. The Fall Highweight Handicap, in its old place once more as the main event of the first afternoon, was run in two divisions—one sure sign that there is no lack of horses on the grounds. In the first, Stephen Clark, Jr.'s, Relent, who carried only 120 pounds, won by five lengths from Kirby Lane. Soy Numero Uno, a three-year-old, tired under the 137 pounds he carried and was third. In the second division, which had the place of honor on the card, the Pen-Y-Bryn Farm's Honorable Miss, who won the race last year, gave Shoemaker, who came East for the occasion, a rocking-chair ride to win by four and a quarter lengths from Lachesis, 23–1 in the betting. Rushing Man was third. Gallant Bob's impost of 140 pounds anchored him, and he finished eighth. Honorable Miss, who carried 130 pounds, was the last of the ten starters out of the gate, but she galloped along nicely and took the lead from Lachesis after the turn into the stretch. The time for the six furlongs was 1:10. (Miss Merriment was the first filly to win the race twice—in 1934 and 1936. Then came Ta Wee, in 1969 and 1970, the second time under 140 pounds, topping—if you take into account the weight allowance for fillies and mares—the six males that have won under the same weight.)

In the course of the meeting, which will run eight weeks, Belmont will offer some of the most important events of the season, with prize money running into seven figures. For Labor Day, there will be a double feature—the Astarita Stakes for two-year-old fillies and the Jerome Handicap for three-year-olds (which the *American Racing Manual* says was first run at mile heats in 1866 at Jerome Park). On the following weekend, the Futurity will have its eighty-seventh running. The $150,000 Woodward Stakes, now a

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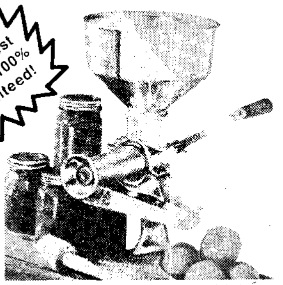

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handicap at one mile and a furlong, will be run on September 18th, and the $250,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap comes a fortnight later. (What a double that would be for Forego!) The new $125,000 mile-and-a-quarter Ruffian Stakes for fillies and mares three years old and up at weight for age—a memorial to the Stuart Janneys' gallant filly—will be run on October 9th. Finally, the Jockey Club Gold Cup, whose purse has been increased to $300,000, making it the richest race in the East, will be run on closing day, October 23rd.

FOR a change from combing through past performances, Wrong Horse Harry suggests a new book called "The Track," by Bill Surface (Macmillan). The innocent-sounding subtitle is "A Day in the Life of Belmont Park," but what with some of the shenanigans that Mr. Surface describes, the book actually reads more like an account of preparations for the Anything Goes Stakes at Upsan Downs, a half-miler in the hinterland. Make no mistake—Mr. Surface, a Kentuckian, knows his racing (even though, if I may say so, his ear hasn't quite caught the vernacular of the backstretch). From his conversations with horsemen, you will learn such things as how they feed and fit their charges for racing and how the racing secretary makes up the program for each day. As one might expect, the author goes rather deeply into the subject of the medication of horses. He scares you, too. I got a high figure on my Richter scale when I read, "The legendary Man o' War, so popular that his burial in 1947 attracted a large crowd and live national radio broadcasts, is still spoken of by some as the 'greatest hophead horse of all time.' "

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—*Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette.*

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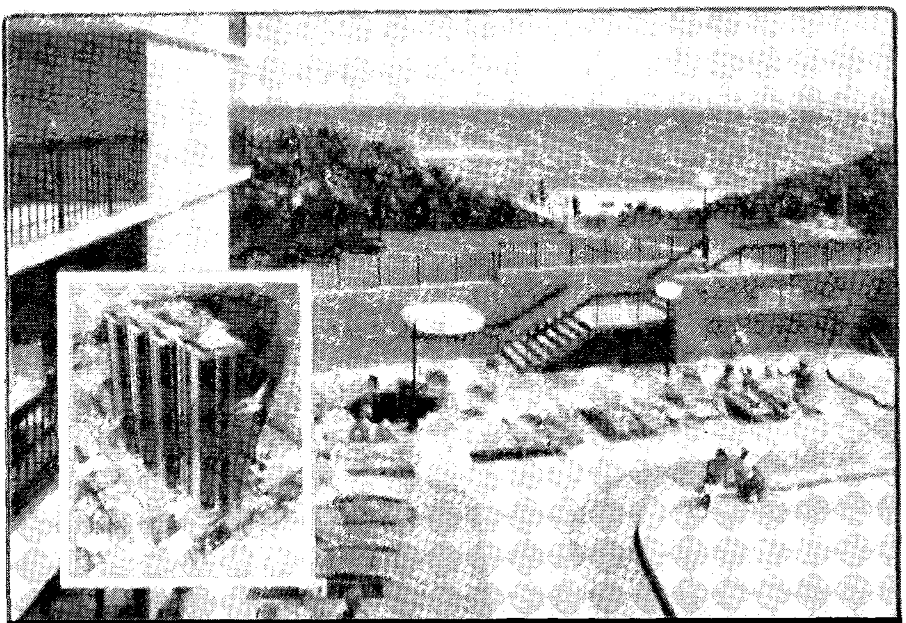
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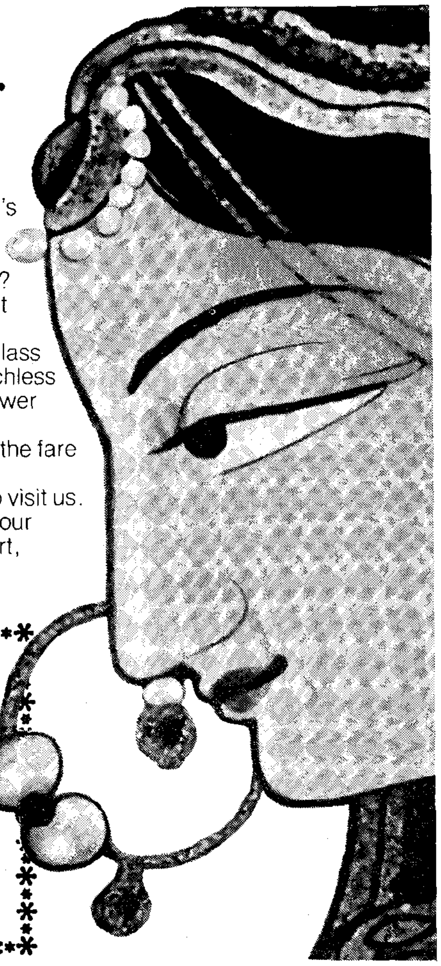
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BOOKS

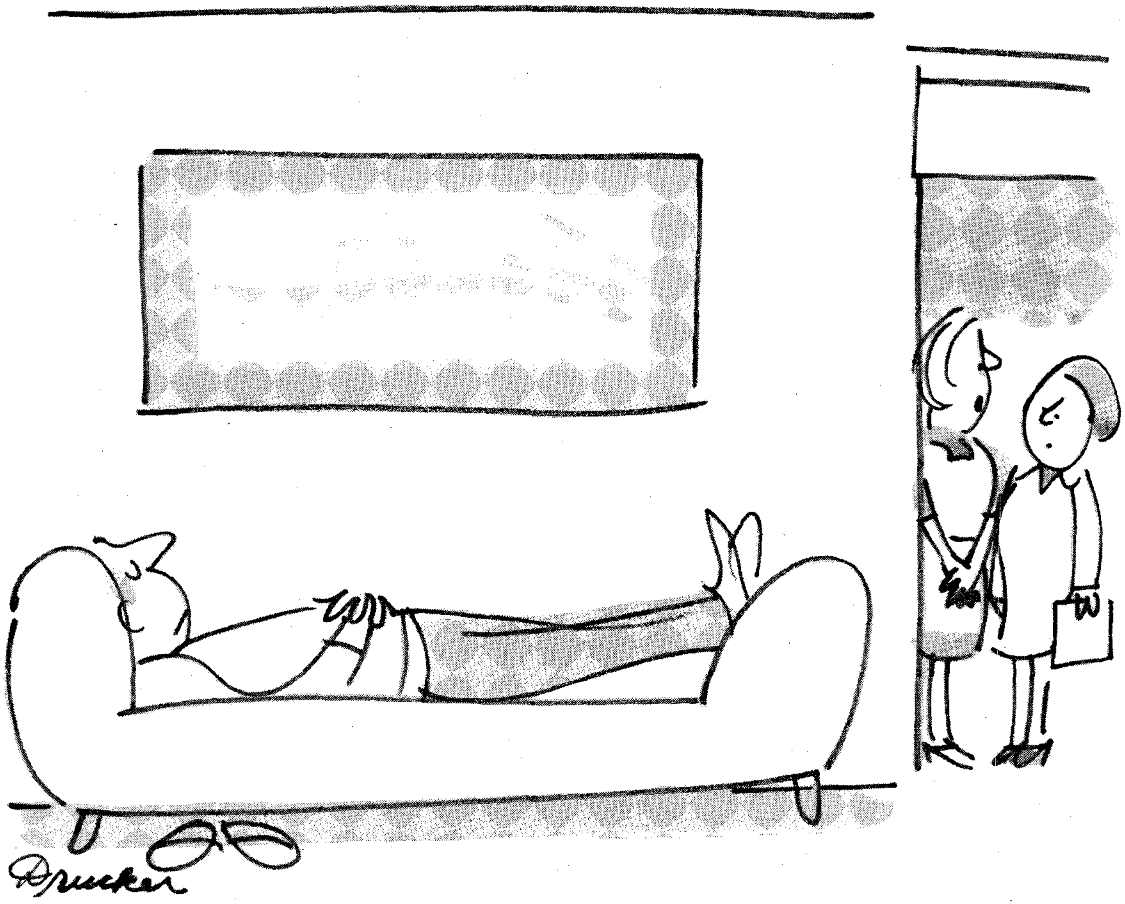
The Strange Case of Dr. Destouches and M. Céline

ONE would like to write of Céline without touching upon his anti-Semitism, his Fascism, his collaboration with the Nazis, his political loathsomeness. The three book-length "pamphlets"—"Bagatelles pour un Massacre" (1937), "L'École des Cadavres" (1938), and "Les Beaux Draps" (1941)—with which the great novelist made himself a scandal were simply excluded from the collected works published by André Balland, and have never been available in English. Even fragmentary direct quotations from them are hard to come by. George Steiner, writing in these pages eight years ago, claimed that "it is nearly impossible to quote from them without physical revulsion," and Mavis Gallant recently in the *Times* offered a sentence (the ellipses of course not her own but integral to Céline's unique style): "Jewish bluffer . . . Dirty *con*, layabout . . . pimp of the universe . . . parasite of all time." Patrick McCarthy, in his biography and critical study "Céline" (Viking), devotes an entire chapter to "Céline the Pamphleteer," but here the wording and reasoning of the pamphlets are softened by his careful psychoanalysis of the author, and by a perhaps unavoidable note of pleading. Mr. McCarthy is at pains to point out where the anti-Semitic frenzy becomes almost confessedly absurd:

> In "Bagatelles" he exaggerates to the point of creating disbelief. Léon Blum is Jewish, he tells us correctly; Masaryk and Beneš are also Jewish, so are Gide, Maurras and the Pope; the entire English nation is Jewish. At this point one stops: clearly Céline does not want to be believed.

In the next pamphlet, "L'École," "there is still exaggeration: the Pope is Jewish and his name is Isaac Ratisch . . . the Jews are responsible for the 843 treaty of Verdun which separated France from Germany." Comical or not, the pamphlets amount to a call for the extermination of the European Jews a few years before such an extermination was all but completely carried out. In 1943, while the Nazis were mercilessly removing Jews from France, Céline allowed his publisher to reprint "L'École des Cadavres" and, with illustrations, "Bagatelles pour un Massacre;" a year before, he had written to the organizers of an anti-Semitic exhibition professing to be "surprised and a little hurt" to find neither "Bagatelles" nor "L'École" on display. Mr. McCarthy, for all his equanimity and tact, cannot help but reveal that Céline's views were more odious than one had dared suspect—more odious, it might be urged in his defense, than they needed to be for any sort of personal advancement or convenience. In this, he rather resembles Hitler, who carried forward the Final Solution to the detriment of the German war effort. Céline late in 1941 wrote, in a letter, of Hitler's anti-Semitism, "It is the side of Hitler that most people like the least . . . it is the side I like the most."

Mr. McCarthy advances what mitigating factors he can. Anti-Semitism pervaded Europe between the wars, and was very strong in the shopkeeping class, from which Céline sprang and whose meannesses and anxieties he retained to the end of his life. Céline composed his notorious pamphlets within a specifically French tradition of violent rhetoric and theatrical exaggeration; other pamphleteers, like Daudet and Maurras, Bernanos and Bloy, wrote with similar extremism. Like other reactionaries, Céline was repelled by modern materialism and was nostalgic for the supposed pre-industrial virtues. A genuine dread of the impending war between France and Germany, rooted in his traumatic experiences as a soldier wounded in 1914, led him to a frantic pacifism and a desperate need for a scapegoat. His brief career as a League of Nations functionary had disposed him to see Jews as the nationless manipulators of the modern world. He was truly patriotic and believed (like the Norwegian Knut Hamsun) that his country must in its weakness submit to Germany. Céline, under his real name of Louis-Ferdinand Destouches, was a doctor, who preferred to work among the impoverished, who filled his life with acts of personal kindness, who said of himself that "there was no suffering to which he was indifferent." He loved animals. He was abstemious, and a meticulous reviser of his apparently dishevelled prose. Most interestingly, Mr. McCarthy portrays Céline as a terror-ridden man of many impersona-



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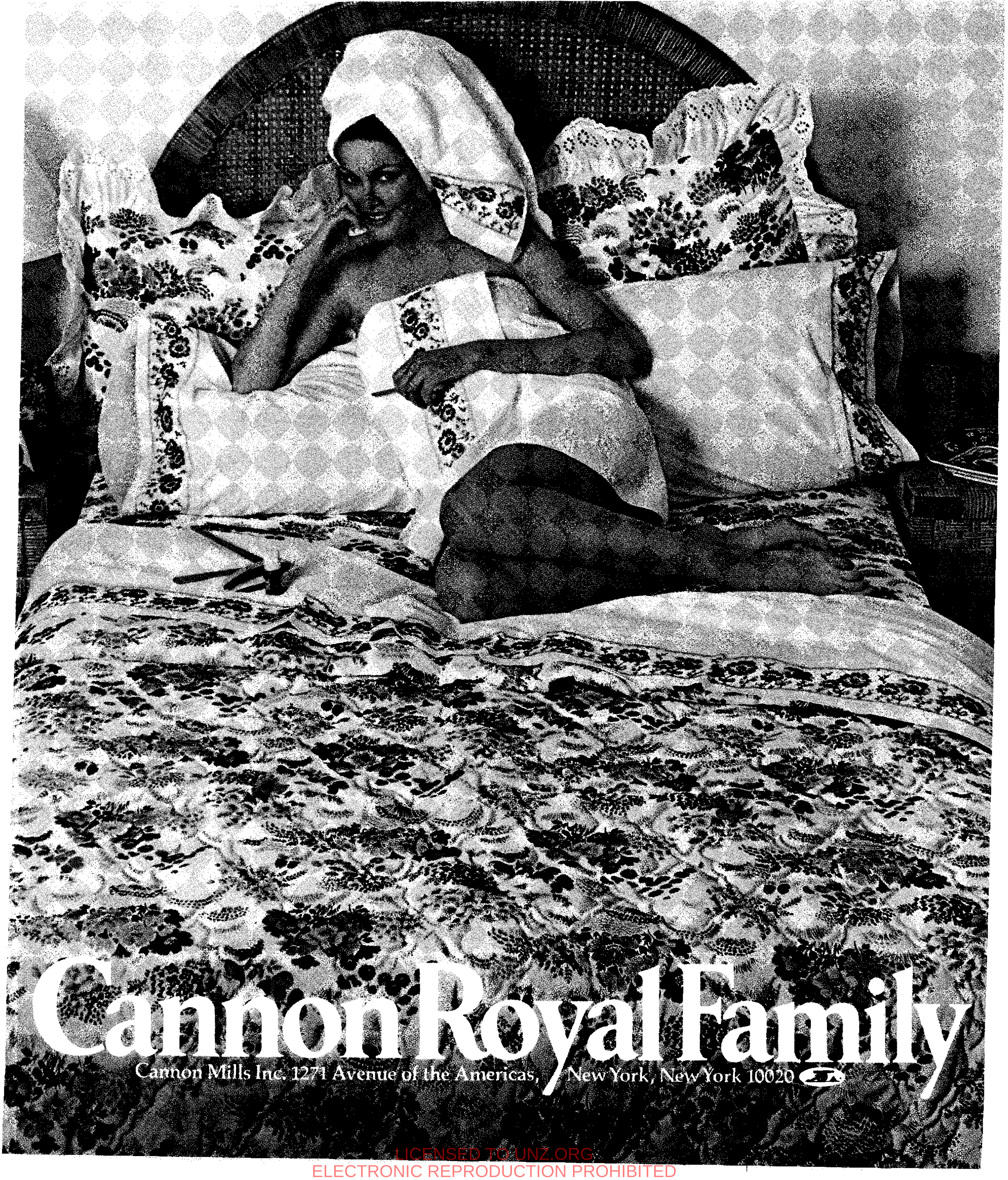

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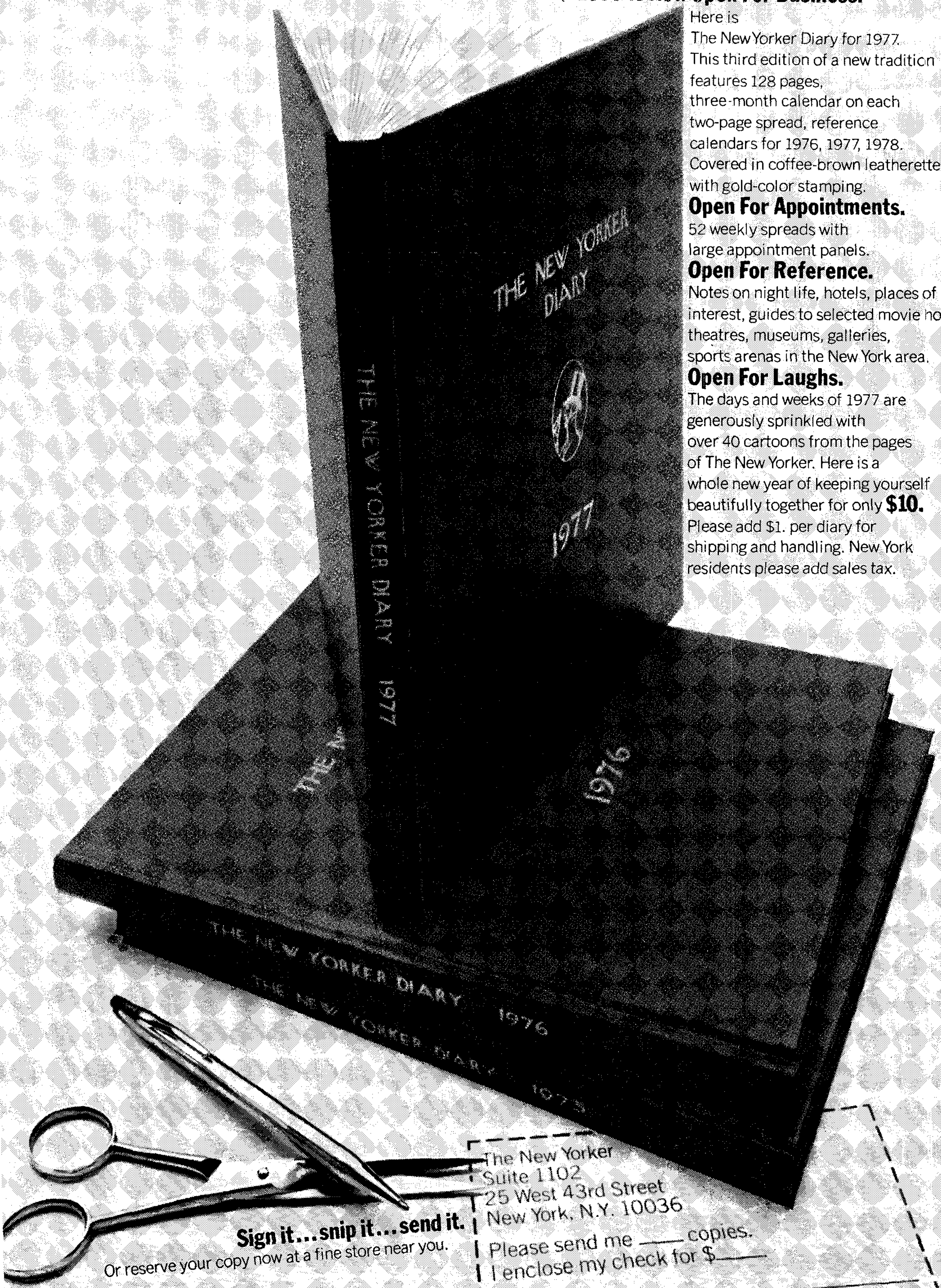
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tions, and the somewhat clownish political hysteric as being, in Céline's mind, one more role, which had little serious connection with Dr. Destouches humanely practicing medicine among the Paris poor or with Céline the prose genius aspiring to the ranks of Rabelais and Ronsard. In his role of anti-Semite, "Hydra-Céline is putting only one of his heads on the block. He is still evading, still showing fear. He has fallen into a *délire*, just like one of the minor characters in his novels. The *délire* may be defined as the other, separate world that the maniacs and exiles invent when the normal world becomes impossible." This amounts to a plea of insanity, and certainly Céline's brain, battered ever after his war injury by headaches and insomnia and a roaring in his ears, flickered on a variety of wavelengths. His pamphlets are repetitious and irresponsible even by the standards of gutter literature, and amid their murderous nonsense is some harsh self-mockery ("a poor imbecile," he calls himself), including the gibes of his "Jewish friend Gutman" (who tells him, "You are delirious, Ferdinand"). One of the twists of the pamphleteer's tortuous tirade is a kind of identification with Jews, and "Bagatelles" contains a curious invitation to the Jews to kill him as a sacrifice, so that the Germans may not slaughter the French. At the war's end, an execrated exile, he went so far as to include the Six Million in comradeship with his own sufferings: "The Jews have paid like me." But he never distinctly recanted, merely shifted to Asiatics the focus of his crazy terror of "mongrelization;" once back in France, under an amnesty of 1951, he revelled—via interviews and the autobiographical explosions of his later books—in his vituperative isolation. One may add, in feeble defense of the resolute malevolence of his public personality, that Céline culled few favors from the Nazi establishment of the Occupation, and that his anti-Semitism taints surprisingly little of his fiction. The character of Bloch in Proust is a fuller Jew *qua* Jew, with more construably anti-Semitic overtones, than any portrait in Céline's novels.

Nevertheless, knowledge of Céline's bizarre and barbarous convictions disturbs one's appreciation of his art, all the more in that he anticipated so many qualities of postwar fiction. Thirty years before "Catch-22," he wrote of the military life as sheer craziness and of cowardice as the only sanity. Long before "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," he found the mentally ill a superior sort of society. Before William

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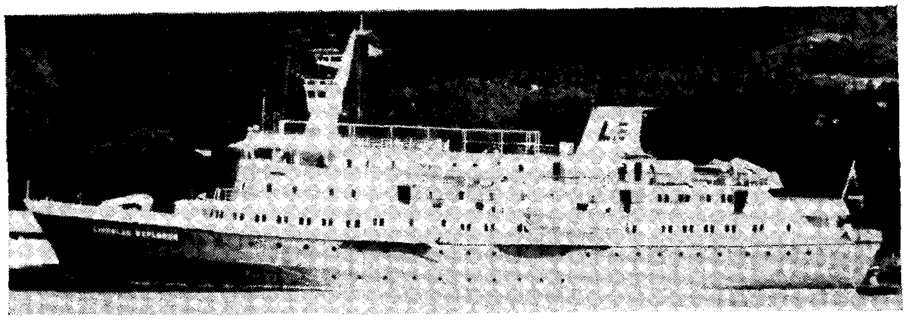

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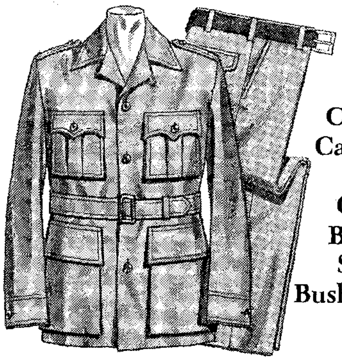

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Burroughs, he sensed behind the electronic apparatus of modernity an enemy promoting spooky derangements and sudden deaths. Before Kerouac and the Beats and the tell-all Beatrices that have come along a generation later, he perceived that a good long monologue is novel enough, if the names are slightly scrambled and the events are linked to a nebulous "search." If not the inventor, he is the classic promulgator of the nouveau picaresque, with its comfortable paranoia, its pleasant assumption that the world is uniformly zany and corrupt and therefore cannot be analyzed, only experienced at random. Events without precedent, behavior without motivation, characters who come and go like strangers in an elevator—Mr. McCarthy almost names these as flaws in his description of "Journey to the End of the Night" but concludes that the disconnections have a philosophical function: "By this technique Céline destroys cause and effect." It has been a technique fruitful at least of verbiage; discarding cause and effect absolves the novelist of any duty to keep his mock-world coherent, and has made fiction as easy to write as free verse. Like the removal of metre and rhyme from poetics, this discarding throws upon the writer a continuous challenge to surprise and astound. Without any consequential development linking events, the reader is led along by the writer's voice alone, and its promise of ever-new prodigies of horror or style. These prodigies Céline was better equipped to provide than most of his successors; he did not flinch from the chasm of possibility he had opened up, and showed in his later work how truly *anything* can go into a novel—personal exhortations, fantasies, stories within stories, all sorts of confusions and noise. Has any writer ever been as fascinated with noise, with bangs and buzzing and shouts and rattling that fill the world, so that it seems, like the Detroit factory to "Journey's" hero Bardamu, a "vast frenzy of noise, which filled you within and all around the inside of your skull and lower down rattled your bowels, and climbed to your eyes in infinite, little, quick unending strokes"? Céline's style, with its famous three dots replacing all logical punctuation, became a hammering of "little, quick unending strokes," driven with maniacal monotony toward a single point of deafness, of nothingness, of futility. If cause and effect are discarded, the world has no hinges for disassembly; nothing can be demonstrated save futility. This Céline was inexhaustibly eager to do. His novels, like Beckett's, are testaments of defiance, gratuitous

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breakings of silence, a numbed survivor's snarled testimony to catastrophes that are scarcely distinguishable. Agglutination and dissolution characterize the Célinean event; where a rationale might be perceived, it is suppressed. What Bardamu and the Pordurière Company of Little Togo are attempting to achieve at their trading outpost in Bikomimbo totally deliquesces in the nightmare of rain and fever—"Everything was melting away in a welter of trashy goods, hopes and accounts, together with the fever, itself moist too." The nightmare is compounded when Bardamu manages to set this sodden mass afire, kindling perfect physical anarchy, with a ball of crude rubber smoldering and stinking in the middle. This reductive vision, the glutinous confusion of dreams imposed on daylight as well as night, runs strikingly counter to the doctor's function, which is to diagnose and correct. In fact, Dr. Destouches prescribed few drugs, and advised his patients simply, "Drink no alcohol, exercise regularly." Except for his mastery of some technical terms, the doctor-hero of Céline's fiction appears a helpless witness, sullenly listening—in one dreadful episode of "Journey"—to his patient's blood drip away, drop by drop, to the floor beneath the bed. When Bardamu's friend Robinson dies, he describes the process with a cold medical eye, and in a kind of ultimate of Gallic psychological acuity observes that even in dying the man is dislikably human:

> I would even, I believe, have more easily felt sorry for a dog dying than for Robinson, because a dog's not sly; whereas, whatever one may say, Léon was just a bit sly. I was sly too; we were all sly.... All the rest of it had fallen by the wayside and even those facial expressions, which are still some use by a deathbed, I'd lost as well. I had indeed lost everything along the road, I couldn't find anything of what you need when you're pegging out, only maliciousness. My feelings were like a house you only keep for the holidays. They were barely habitable.

Céline really did what Camus wanted to do—anatomize the emotional emptiness of modern, Godless man. Within the explosions and brawls of his prose there occur, like hollows in a sponge, haunting islands of emptiness: hotels miraculously undamaged amid the rubble, or the deserted landscape of the opening battle scene of "Journey," abandoned to the contending armies like a room to a newly married couple—"We're by ourselves like newly married folk doing dirty things when every one's left." In the noise of Detroit, some sounds are "so violent that they spread sort of silences around themselves which make you feel a little

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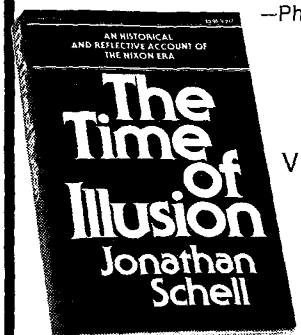

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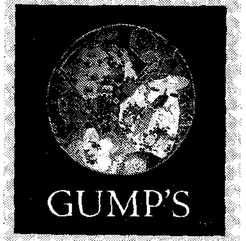

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WILLIAM MORROW

better." A strange perverse grace glimmers here and there in the infernal mess this author makes of the world. In the last novels, the trilogy based upon Céline's remarkable journeys through the collapsing Europe of the Second World War, bombs fall, filling the page with their noisy emptiness and giving every sentence the texture of a flying shard. Yet these novels are not depressing. The wayward beauties and accuracies of Céline's style give delight; his sheer destructiveness and mordancy are exhilarating; he has the gift (like no one in modern English so much as Bernard Shaw) of irresponsible exaggeration; and the constant company of his first-person voice shelters us from the kind of confrontation with massive, inexorable reality that the great third-person novels provide. A first-person narrator is a survivor, or he wouldn't be there on the page. This minor technical fact mutes the sense of death that Céline ostensibly evokes, and tinges with frivolity the kind of autobiographical novel of which he is patron saint.

Mr. McCarthy, an English scholar who now teaches French at Haverford, has done a fine, firm job of bodying forth a man who habitually obfuscated the facts about himself, who was obscure for the first forty years of his life and a recluse for the last ten. Chapters of ascertainable fact juxtaposed with critical chapters describing the major works rather successfully solve the recurrent problem in literary biography of giving both the external life—the life of record—and the internal life, the author as refracted in his own verbal creation. Céline, like many another, wrote worse of himself than he was. Bardamu, the first of his alter egos, enters America illegally and finds farcical employment as an official flea-counter; *in truth, the young* Dr. Destouches was sent to this country by a body no less august than the League of Nations, in order to conduct a study of the health conditions of the Ford workers in Detroit, a study he creditably carried out. At all the junctures of his often irregular life, Céline sought out opportunities to practice medicine. Amid the debacle of his flight from France into a collapsing Germany, he ministered to the community of wretched French collaborationists at Sigmaringen, and upon his return from exile, pardoned but far from forgiven, he hung out his shingle ("Dr. L.-F. Destouches of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, 2-4 P.M. except Friday") in the Paris suburb of Meudon. Mr. McCarthy, though his book is nowhere

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ear the gargantuan size of the lives hat are now being devoted to even minor writers, moves steadily through he welter of Céline's adventures, and is calm, methodical manner spares us much idle speculation. His level prose at worst becomes trite telegraphy:

> [Léon Daudet] was so famous a critic hat he could make or break a book with ne article. He read "Voyage" and wrote glowing review. Success, both literary nd popular, followed. The novel made n enormous impact.

On the other hand, his critical discourse displays many fine discriminations and, n connection with Céline's increasingly murky plots, a powerful gift of synopsis; as he describes them, generally unadmired, and in English unavailable, works like "Féerie pour une Autre Fois" sound exciting. He can write a entence of such witty compression as his, of the French journalists who espoused collaboration:

> In one sense their cause had been doomed from the start: it was impossible to convince the French that their real enemies were not the Germans who patrolled the streets, but the English who had killed Joan of Arc.

His sketch of the collaborationist community, which included, besides Céline himself, sensitive writers like Robert Brasillach and Lucien Rabetet, is vivid enough to make one wish for more. And more, too, might be told of Céline's women, other than that they tended to be dancers and that he waxed rapturous over long-legged American beauties. Elizabeth Craig, who had lived with Céline during the composition of "Journey," was pursued by him all the way to Los Angeles, where she in the course of disputing her father's will had married one of the lawyers—an episode as surreal as Philip Roth's fancy that Kafka came and taught Hebrew in New Jersey. Céline died, we learn, the very day he had completed a draft of "Rigodon," the third book of the trilogy that to some extent had rehabilitated his literary reputation. He died swiftly, of a brain seizure, and in his wife's arms—a peaceable, workmanlike death for a man who had taken so much of our century's violence into himself.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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EARTHLY BREAD, by Michael Mewshaw (Random House). A fat, spiritually troubled Paulist priest is transferred from New York City to Austin, Texas, where he becomes embroiled as a kind of mediator in an

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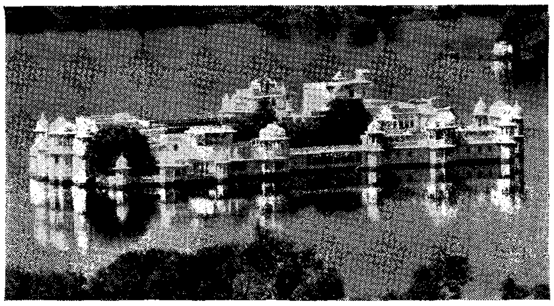

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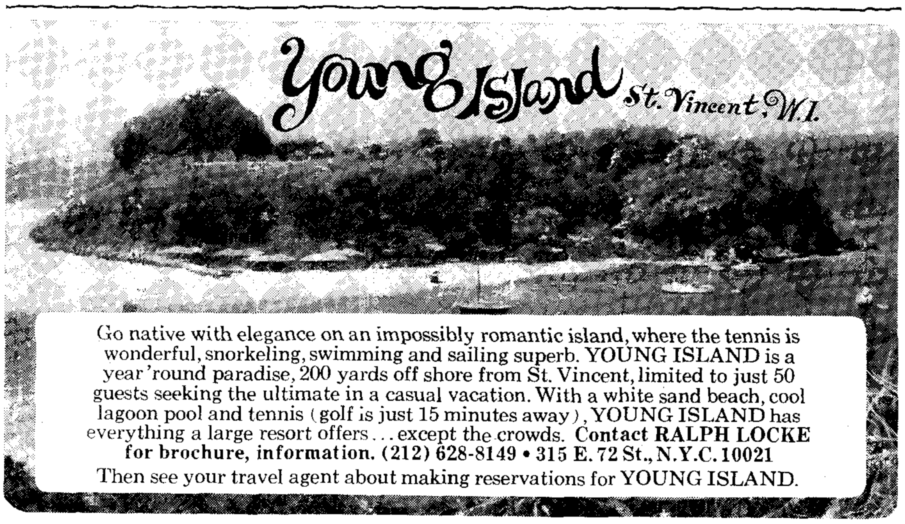
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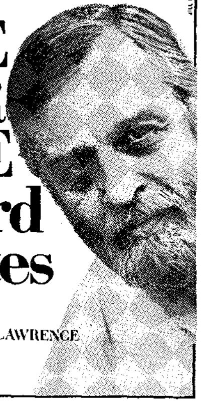

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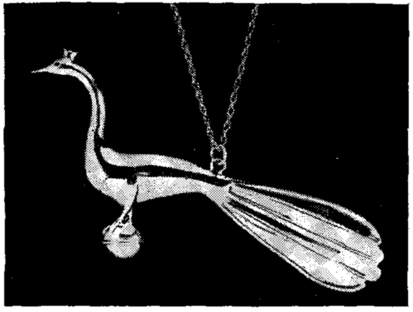

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attempt by a hard-nosed professional deprogrammer to brainwash a young Jesus freak out of his embarrassing Pentecostal faith. The action largely takes place in a sunbaked whorehouse motel whose owners raise armadillos for flowerpots and hold a young Mexican servant in linguistic bondage by teaching him a bogus English. This is in a very real sense a serious novel (“I realized those guys at college and my parents were willing to let me do almost anything except commit myself to the Lord. They prided themselves on being tolerant toward every sort of strange behavior. It was only religion they wouldn’t stand for”), but Mr. Mewshaw chooses to expose his seriousness in the wrong-side-out kinetics of slapstick. While there is, to be sure, something a little fashionable about this choice, the result is highly effective, and even affecting. There is gravity behind the belly laughs.

GENERAL

The Transformation of Southern Politics: Social Change and Political Consequence Since 1945, by Jack Bass and Walter DeVries (Basic Books). An excellent study, which combines regional generalizations and specific state-by-state facts about history, economics, political science, and sociology. It is credible particularly because the authors do not claim too much. The South, by a variety of indices, has begun to resemble the rest of the country. But it is not yet really two-party territory, since many sections lack a regular Republican organization. And, for another example, though blacks have risen in status, income, and political power, opinion polls show considerable divergences of attitudes between black and white Southerners. The authors’ many interviews with practicing politicians are entertaining and illuminating.

Where the Money Was, by Willie Sutton, with Edward Linn (Viking). The memoirs of the most famous bank robber since Jesse James. Sutton, who is now seventy-five and lives “in a small town in the South,” tells of his boyhood in the old Irishtown section along the Brooklyn docks, but he does not use early poverty and lack of privilege as excuses for becoming a criminal. Stealing always appealed to him. It was a way of matching his intelligence against society’s defenses, and in robbing banks—the most lucrative as well as the most perilous form of

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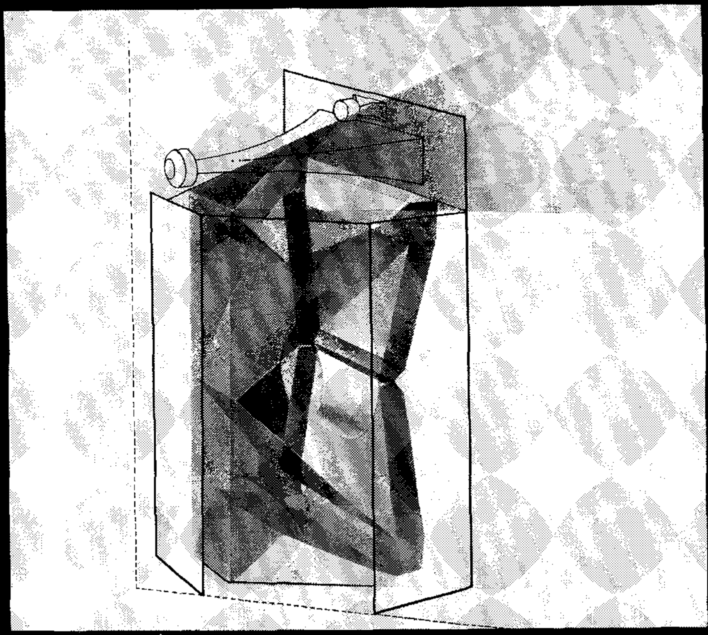
direct stealing—he found that he felt more alive than at any other time in his life. "I loved it," he says. The book recalls the more notable of Sutton's forays against the banking community, but since thirty-three of the forty-eight years of his active criminal career were spent behind bars, the bulk of the book deals with life in prison, and with his three successful attempts to go over the wall. When he was not mapping out an escape, Sutton spent his prison time in study—of psychology, to improve his criminal techniques, and of literature, philosophy, and the law, to improve himself. Although the book acknowledges the help of a professional writer, an unmistakable individual emerges from its pages—crafty, humorous, pragmatic, worldly-wise.

MAIN CURRENTS IN MODERN AMERICAN HISTORY, by Gabriel Kolko (Harper & Row). The past century, as viewed by this young American historian, is unrelieved failure, for American capitalism cannot cope and the American working class has remained unradicalized. Professor Kolko, who teaches at York University, in Toronto, is sometimes striking and sometimes shrewd, but the spirit of his book is reductionist: he feels that the economy, economic issues, and economic arrangements alone are real, and that other concerns, subjects, and attitudes are "false consciousness" or sheer irrelevance.

SOME TIME IN THE SUN, by Tom Dardis (Scribners). The sun of Mr. Dardis's title is southern California, or Hollywood, and he here examines the attempts of four well-regarded novelists—Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Nathanael West, and Aldous Huxley—to make a living as screenwriters in its fitful light. He also includes a short, and largely irrelevant, section on the highly professional film career of the quasi cult figure James Agee. This is an enormously interesting and revealing book. Mr. Dardis gives us a skillful portrait of Hollywood in the nineteen-thirties and forties (its customs, hangouts, and wage scales), with a sometimes startling sidelong look at his subjects, and he corrects a number of misconceptions. None of his novelists seem to have felt that they were prostituting themselves by writing for the movies. They were eager to get the job, and they tried (with varying degrees of success) to do good work. He further points out that Fitzgerald's experience in Hol-



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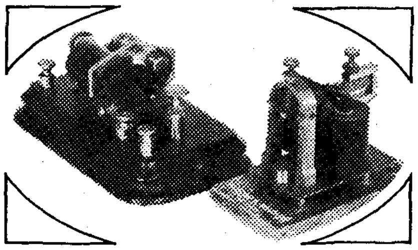

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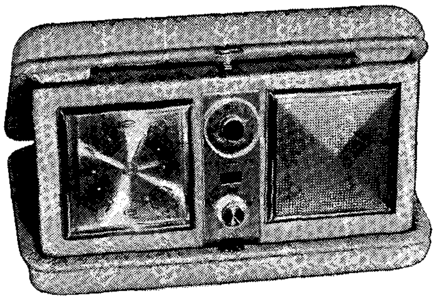

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AMERICAN ART: 1750-1800, TOWARDS INDEPENDENCE, edited by Charles F. Montgomery and Patricia E. Kane (New York Graphic Society). This splendid book, the permanent record of an exhibition put together jointly by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Yale University Art Gallery, is a Bicentennial celebration that truly and with an edifying dignity celebrates the American Revolutionary period. Its subject is American art—both fine and applied—of the last half of the eighteenth century, and it pictures, in full color and black-and-white, more than three hundred works: paintings (and drawings and watercolors), prints, furniture, silver and gold, pewter, brass, ceramics, glass, and textiles. The exhibits are described, in depth and detail, by authorities in the several fields, and giving the whole a perspective and resonance are five specialized essays by such scholars as J. H. Plumb, Neil Harris, and Jules David Prown. The theme, as epitomized by Professor Harris, seems to be the peculiar tug-of-war that produced the beginnings of an American style. "Colonial cultures," he writes, "often fluctuate between defiance and adulation; simultaneously, they can resent and emulate the centers of power that dominate their own provincial existence." Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

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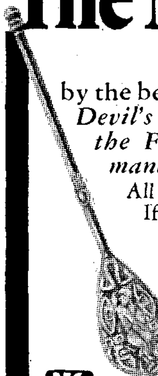

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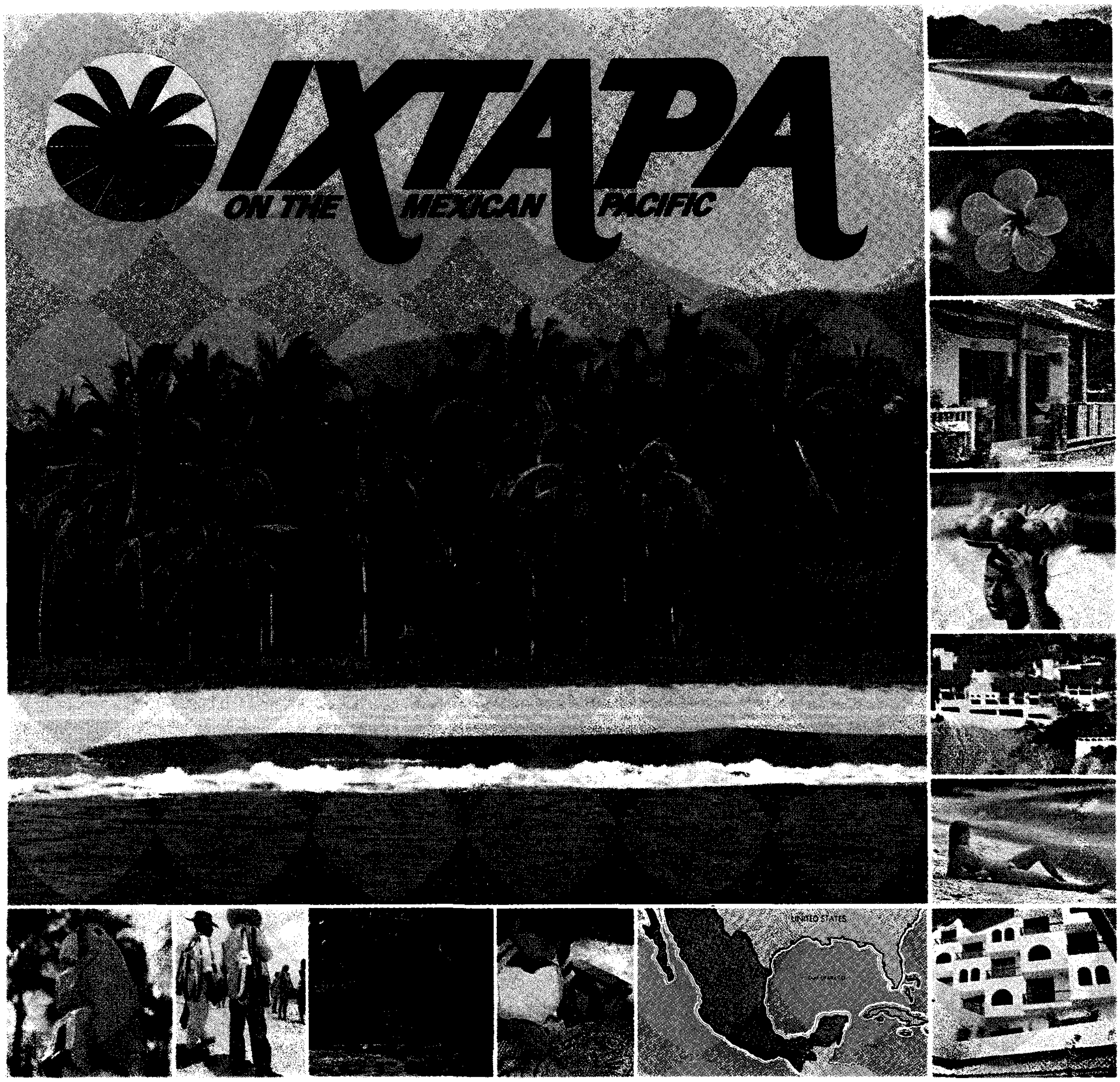

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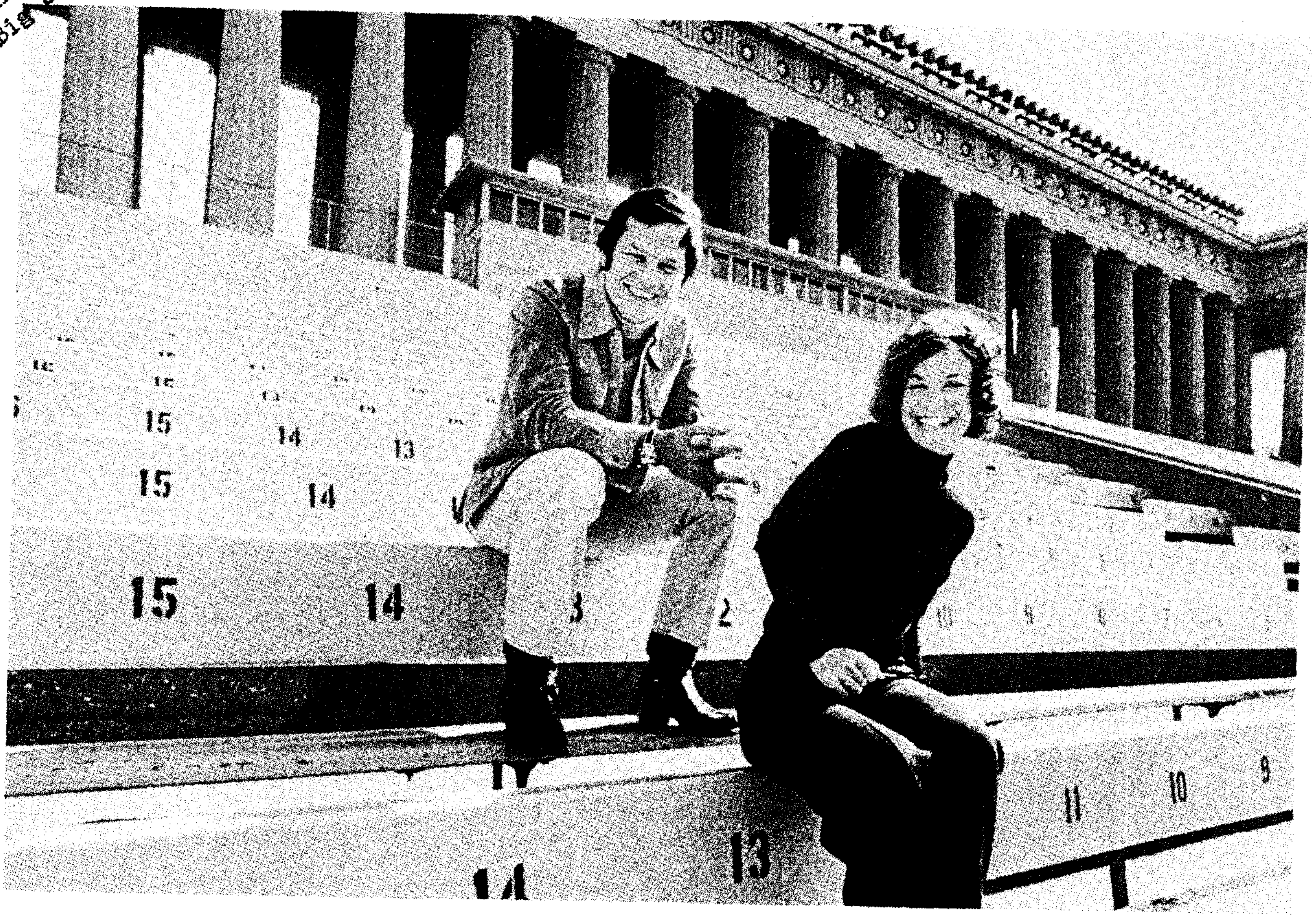

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